



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

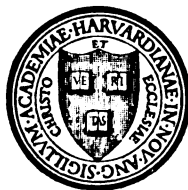
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



The Tomahawk

P 671.1
A

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918



LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.

1868.

P371.4
A

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERET JANSEN WENDELL
1918

LONDON :
M'GOWAN AND DANKS, STEAM PRINTERS,
16 GREAT WINDMILL STREET.



THERE was a Council of the Braves.

TOMAHAWK, surrounded by his Children, rested round the Watch Fire.

Said the Great Chief to his Followers, "Children, I greet ye, once more do I greet ye. Christmas has come again, bringing to us Mistletoe, Mistletoe and Holly, full of glad tidings with mirth and with jollity. With joy in my heart, with love in my heart, Children, I greet ye."

Then cried the Children of TOMAHAWK, "Thanks, O Great Chief, thanks, O TOMAHAWK. From our hearts we greet thee, with our hearts we love thee. Only our Master, ever our Father, we bow down before thee. Thanks, O Great Chief, thanks, O TOMAHAWK, thanks, O Master so kindly, O Father so gentle."

And TOMAHAWK rose and cried, "My Children, all hear me. When I last was among ye, in the time of the summer, in the summer so sultry, so long and so sultry, I spoke certain words, words of wit and of warning. What was my wit, and what was my warning?"

Said one of his Children, who carried a bundle, a bundle of papers, papers marked "Peep-Show," "Peep-Show" and "Canard." These names, and others. "Thy wit was so light, so light and so sparkling, that it now is remembered with smiling and laughing, though all but forgotten. To thy warning we have hearkened, and obeyed thee most nearly."

Said TOMAHAWK, "Have ye taught Kings and Queens the duty they owe to their Lands and their Peoples? To the Lands that are theirs, to the People who serve them?"

PREFACE.

Then cried one of the Braves, with a head that was covered with hair at once flaxen, at once flaxen and curly, "Great Chief, we have."

Said TOMAHAWK, "Have you shown to the People their Idols, as clay in the water, as wax in the furnace?"

He was answered by one who was grave and most mournful, "We have. 'On Trial' have we placed them, and found them most wanting."

Said TOMAHAWK, "Have ye struck at the folly of woman and fopling, at sham, and at humbug, and at all that is boastful?"

Then cried three of his Children (they who wore cocked hats and long hair, and one who was lengthy), "TOMAHAWK, we have."

"And what is your war cry?" asked the Great Master.

"Help to the weak and woe to the wicked!" shouted they all with a voice made of thunder.

And TOMAHAWK smiled as his Children then left him, left him still crying,

"Help to the Weak and Woe to the Wicked!"



THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 61.]

LONDON, JULY 4, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

VÆ VICTIS !

WHAT the Lords will do with the Suspensory Bill is at the moment of our writing these lines still a matter for discussion. If the prophets, however, are to be believed, it will not long remain in that interesting condition, for in all probability by the date this, our sixty-first number, is in circulation, it will have been disposed of in a very beggarly manner. Some of those who know all about it can even now tell to a fraction the precise majority by which the august assembly to which we refer is doomed to throw itself into violent opposition to the nation. The *Times*, for instance, the other day was very unhappy on the subject, and got almost pathetic while it told naughty and obstinate peers how they ought to vote. It "hoped against hope," as it expressed itself, cried a little, and talked about the impossibility of maintaining injustice, and so forth. The Radical Press has, of course, been Radical, and the old and really not bad jokes about a useless and tinselled assembly have been burnished up, and have looked as splendid as ever. What Mr. Gladstone has been thinking about nobody knows. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli has—well, Mr. Disraeli has been Mr. Disraeli, and that is the most disagreeable thing that can be said about him. As to the State and Church party, they have been talking bigoted rubbish by the mile, rubbish which has been going down wonderfully in clerical assemblies to the cheering uproar of Kentish fire. Both parties are therefore quite eager for the struggle, and it is on this account that some unusual amount of excitement has attached itself to that most dull and insipid of all schismatic performances, a division in the House of Lords. It need scarcely be added that "decisive results" are to follow a content or non-content issue, and it is the nature of these that really gives a very exciting character to the whole business. As a sort of guide to the future in either event may act as a hint or a warning to both parties, and prove especially useful to trimmers, we publish a couple with much pleasure :—

COMPILED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

June, 1868.

Suspensory Bill carried in the Lords by a majority of 1.

Creation of 400 new peers, and re-reading and subsequent rejection of bill by a majority of 399.

Proceedings of Mr. Disraeli questioned in the Commons, Parliament dissolved, and appeal to the country.

July.

General Election. Massacre of every Roman Catholic in Ireland by Orangemen. Explanation and defence of Mr. Disraeli. £10,000,000 taken, without the consent of Parliament, for the purpose of influencing the elections. Triumph of Ministry in all quarters.

ARRANGED BY THE OPPOSITION.

June, 1868.

Suspensory Bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 599.

"Upper House Abolition Bill" read three times running in the Commons, and sent up to the Lords the same evening.

Same thrown out in Lords, riots all over England, and Mr. Gladstone proclaimed dictator at Wapping.

July.

The second great English Revolution.

The original guillotine, from Madame Tussaud's, carried in triumph to Tower hill. Preparations to be-head 600 peers, Mr. Disraeli, the Editor of the *Standard*, and all the Court tradesmen. Refusal of guillotine to act.

August.

Meeting of New Parliament.

Following bills carried with enthusiasm :—

That voting be by ballot.

Carried unanimously.

To abolish Jews, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics.

Majority, 657 to 1.

To increase the salaries of English bishops, re-establish the Star Chamber, and pinch Archbishop Manning, Messrs. Samuel Brothers, and Mr. Spurgeon.

Majority, 657 to 1.

To call upon all the civilised Governments in the world to establish the Irish Church in their midst.

Majority, 657 to 1.

September.

Partridge shooting begins.

Patriotic spirit aroused. The English army scours the Continent and establishes the Irish Church at the point of the sword in Russia, France, Prussia, Austria, the Papal States, India, Japan, the North Pole, and several volcanic islands in the Pacific.

Universal discontent and appeal to British Tory Government.

October.

"Levelling up" of Roman Catholicism, the Oriental Church, Mahometanism, Quakerism, Buddhism, Paganism, Mormonism, Mesmerism, at a cost of 290 millions a year to British tax-payers.

Extinction of the world, and triumph of English Church and State principles everywhere!

And a great deal more, under both heads, to the same effect. Perhaps each prophetic utterance is the least bit too wild, inasmuch as the most noble Lords will, in all human probability, throw out the Suspensory Bill to-day, for the purpose of showing the world with what relish they are capable of eating their own words—to-morrow. That will be about the worst thing, at least we hope, that will happen.

A NEW READING OF KEATS (DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE PRESENT AGE).—A thing of beauty is a *toy* for ever.

A BREACH OF PROMISE FOR WHICH ONE WOULD NOT LIKE TO PAY THE DAMAGES.—The Breach in the Plymouth Breakwater Target at Shoeburyness.

August.

Despatch of aristocrats to French penal settlement, by special arrangement with the Emperor.

Escape of same from their gaolers, and re-establishment of Church of Ireland in Cayenne.

Lord John Russell (without his title) in the Foreign Office.

Despatches sent to all the European Cabinets.

Invasion of England by everybody.

United attempt of the Sultan, the Emperor of China, and Count Bismarck to re-establish the Irish Church, and offer of two Irish archbishoprics to Mr. Gladstone. Conditional acceptance of same by him, and panic.

September.

Partridge shooting begins.

Patriotic spirit aroused, foreigners driven out, and the Emperor of China and the Sultan engaged at the Alhambra, Leicester square, for life.

Return of the Tories to office.

Messrs. Beales, Bright, Rearden, Citizen Disraeli, and Archbishop Gladstone sent to the Tower.

Reaction.

October.

Fresh beheading of aristocracy, and triumvirate of Messrs. Bradlaugh, Disraeli, and Rearden. Universal truth established by Act of Parliament. Arch-priest Dr. Colenso supported by a talented company. Collapse of Great Britain as a power. "Essays and Reviews" pronounced canonical, and apostasy of everybody!

"THE SPANISH GIPSY."

The Plaza Paternostéro.

THE lithe fandango charms the listless crowd,
Who called to gaze with staring orbs, stare on.
Many have danced with more or less success,
And no one dancer seems to fire the air;
Sudden, with irksome movements like a hen
That on some stream would swim as ducks at home,
A figure far from feminine now flashed
Across the midst with mem'ries of success
Achieved in other circles, but now fired
With aching yearn to crown her tripping feet.
Silas stood fixed; pale Adam Bede retired
Back to the row; while many voices fell
From shouts derisive to more earnest tones,
Half meaning sorrow, half astonishment.
"Will Lady Romola then dance for us?"
But she, sole swayed by doubt irreverent,
Feeling all Christianity was lies—

Persists in dancing, and though there is something grand and masculine about her attempt, the Lady Romola certainly does not seem to feel music in her movements. She is much applauded by Don Dallazzo and other well-known critics, but at this moment TOMAHAWK steps in and fixes her with a piercing look. Romola leaves the *Plaza Paternostéro*, and follows where he leads, when the following conversation takes place:—

TOMAHAWK.—Lady, why have you left the charming fields of romance, in which you were almost worshipped by your admirers, to fly at poetry, for which your talents do not fit you?

ROMOLA.—But do they not? Does not harmony flow in every line?

TOMAHAWK.—By no means, madam. There is much that is fine in figure, much that is noble in idea, and almost Shakespearian in grasp, but no music, no harmony.

ROMOLA.—But surely much of my descriptive worth is rife with chords?

TOMAHAWK.—You use continually what you are pleased to call *multitudinous-sounding* words, a compound epithet which is difficult to construe.

ROMOLA.—Oh! I do so love that word *multitudinous*—five syllables—so useful! It makes one feel strong, like the *mountainous elephant*.

TOMAHAWK.—By the way, what is a mountainous elephant? I have heard of mountainous country, and a camel's back might fit the word when blessed with two humps. Your ladyship is rather fond of a nice derangement of epitaphs.

ROMOLA.—No, but really, I wish for your opinion; don't you like the sentiment?

TOMAHAWK.—It seems to me that the atmosphere is impregnate with sacrilegious atheism. Down with all faith! all love—all is powerless by the side of race. Blood is the only religion. Christianity is the hated Inquisition.

ROMOLA.—I think I have not spared the hypocrisy of cant.

TOMAHAWK.—What do you mean by

"The only better is a Past that lives
On through an added Present stretching still
In hope unchecked by shaming memories
To life's last breath?"

Did you ever love?

ROMOLA.—Love is only Platonic—but I prithee question me as a poet, not as an individual.

TOMAHAWK.—You are right; I will remember what I have loved in your past work—that work which has raised you above the level of most women—that work which has inspirations George Sand has not approached. Ah! why did you leave those fields for this?

ROMOLA.—TOMAHAWK, don't be unkind. You said just now my grasp was almost Shakespearian.

TOMAHAWK.—I repeat it. For instance, that about the sentinel mounting guard and feeling every inch a king.

ROMOLA.—Quote correctly, if you do quote.

TOMAHAWK.—All the critics have quoted it correctly.

ROMOLA.—Then don't quote at all. Surely you think me womanly?

TOMAHAWK.—Womanly! and leave your love to follow blindly in the track of a gipsy band you never knew or cared for. But I forgot, you never loved. Womanly! why, madam, there are more sentences than one in your book which few men,

which perhaps only one man now living, would soil a pen with writing. No, we will not quote; but a flagrant example is to be found on page 73.

ROMOLA.—You are getting rude. Many greater critics than you have lauded me, and I am happy.

TOMAHAWK.—You must be; your faith, if it is the Zincalo's, ends most ruefully. *Cui bono?* Fedalma overcomes her love, her promises, her religion—for what? Miss Evans only knows, for the Spanish Gipsy ends in a hazy void, an abject *néant*; as, indeed, all life must do without a faith based on religion.

THE ENTIRE.

OWING to the numerous instances in which, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Breakfast at Buckingham Palace last week, the noblemen and gentlemen who were honoured with invitations were mistaken for their own butlers, in consequence of the official announcement that an evening dress coat worn over morning clothes would be *de rigueur*, the following regulations have been framed for the costume of gentlemen attending the next Royal entertainment of this nature, which may be expected to take place in 1871:—

Rules to be observed by the Noblemen and Gentlemen attending Morning Entertainments given by the Court.

Coat.—Cloth, swallow-tail, of a dark colour. May be worn open with a striped waistcoat, or buttoned with a bouquet of flowers.

Buttons.—Gilt, emblazoned with the crest and coat of arms of the wearer.

Breeches.—Plush.

Stockings.—White or pink, at discretion.

Shoes.—Patent leather, very broad, without heels.

Necktie.—White.

Hat.—Black beaver, ornamented with a band of gold or silver lace. Persons holding Queen's commissions, or Members of the Houses of Parliament, may also wear a black leather cockade attached to the left side of the hat.

Hair.—Must be powdered.

These regulations, it is hoped, will prevent the recurrence of the serious mistakes which, on the occasion of the breakfast at Buckingham Palace, gave so much unnecessary pain to the butlers and gentlemen's gentlemen out of livery in the metropolis.

VENUS v. PHŒBUS.

CERTAIN it is that were the worship of the heathen gods once more to find a stand-point in England (and really there is no saying where change of creed may stop), Apollo, we fear, would have no fane dedicated to him by the Women of the Epoch.

The Girl of the Period, we have settled, does not exist, so we beg leave to use the expression, Woman of the Epoch.

But Apollo is godfather to the Muses, and patron of German bands and Italian organs! That may be; but, my dear madam, you should have seen the Far-darter in the Drive ruthlessly flinging his satirical rays into the front windows of the broughams and other chariots filled with Women of the Epoch. We say ruthlessly, because there was not the slightest respect for personages. His arrows of light brought out the paint on the Countess of Kickenville's features just as palpably as on the face of Miss Dalilah St. Evremont; the flood of glory tipped the salient points of Mrs. Mactartuff with a metallic hue which was quite as prominent on the countenance of Miss Jimmy Slangable, the little actress at the Strand.

When will the Woman of the Epoch find out that the brain that has wit can give points to beauty and win a love game? She can't paint wit, and if she has it she won't paint beauty. If she paints, it is to attract man's attention to her complexion; man, on looking, finds her complexion is purchased, which proves she has no wit; and though man may be, and often is, attracted by beauty without wit, a kiss is no kiss through a veil, especially when that veil is a meretricious one. This hankering after the paint-pots of Egypt is a bad sign, and Phœbus shows his sense by telling Venus she can't dazzle with false charms while he stares her in the face.

TO THE POINT.

THERE is often nothing like a bold compromise, where certain grievances, involving a great deal of party rancour, have to be settled, and we therefore suggest the following without apology. The Church Establishment in Ireland is an acknowledged offence to all Roman Catholics and to a vast majority of liberal Protestants. On the other hand, an influential and desperate minority revel in its existence. Under the circumstances, the shortest way to please both parties will be

1. To let the Church of England and Ireland continue to flourish undisturbed, and
2. Throw open all its prizes to public competition by examination.
3. Let every candidate bring a certificate, signed by two or more people of known respectability, to guarantee
 - a. That he knows some hanger-on to the aristocracy.
 - b. That he can write dog Latin.
 - c. That he has never expressed a definite religious opinion in his life, and
 - d. That he is eminently respectable and worldly.
4. Let him be examined in the following works:—
The XXXIX Articles,
The Court Circular,
Burke's Peerage, and
How I Manage my House on £5,000 a-year.
5. Let him write an essay on one or more of the following subjects:—*Purple and Fine Linen, Opera Boxes, Marriageable Daughters, Dives and Lazarus, and Rotten Row.*
6. Show how he can, at one and the same time, live in ease in Tyburnia and govern a diocese in Kamschatca, without neglecting his duty as a bishop and damaging his position as a man of principle.
7. As candidates may reasonably be expected from all denominations, let a committee of examiners be appointed, consisting of Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Jowett, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Colenso, Dean Stanley, Mr. Maurice, and Dean Close, for the purpose of ensuring his assent in some sort to the leading *formula* of the Church of England.
8. Failing this, let him take six lessons in reasoning from the Bishop of Oxford.

THE NEW TRAGEDIAN.

FOR some time past, among the theatrical advertisements, the appearance of Mr. Allerton, of the Theatres Royal, Birmingham, Brighton, &c., &c., has been announced with the usual prelude of flourishes. On Monday, the 15th ult., the great genius—this gentleman of *haut-ton*, who veils his identity under this *pis-aller* of a *sobriquet*—appeared at the Princess's Theatre. We wonder that the shade of Mr. Charles Kean did not revisit the scene of his many triumphs to witness the *début* of this rash intruder. We fancy that, had it done so, the shade would have scented the morning air some few hours before the proper time, and have fled in horror—anywhere from the hideous spectacle of the murder of *Hamlet* by Mr. Allerton.

Were Mr. Allerton capable of improvement, it would be worth while to criticise his performance in detail. But he evidently has reached, in his own mind, such a high standard of perfection that to offer him any hints would be presumptuous. He could not understand, and he would not accept them. It is evidently his ambition to be original in his conception of *Hamlet*—and he quite succeeds. Mr. Allerton does more with a chair than any street acrobat that ever was seen. If to sit down when he ought to stand up, and to stand up when he ought to sit down, to walk about when he ought to be still, and be still when he ought to walk about, be original, Mr. Allerton's originality is unquestionable. But there is such a thing as original sin. However, actions are nothing without words in a play, and in his delivery of the text Mr. Allerton follows no guide but his own good taste and discretion. The result is very satisfactory—to himself. To the audience the sensation of novelty rather overpowers their delight. It is quite startling to find that those soliloquies, which we had always looked on as gems of powerful self-analysis and storehouses of beautiful thoughts, are nothing after all but arrant nonsense; their only philosophy peripatetic, their only expression gasps.

But stop! it is just possible that all this time we have been

the victims of a practical joke, and that Mr. Allerton, after all, is nothing but a new species of automaton, very cleverly made by one of Nature's journeymen; in which case his creator must be congratulated on his complete success.

If not, and Mr. Allerton is a breathing human being and not a gasping machine, he need not despair, notwithstanding our encouragement, of making himself a name on the stage. He has left upon our mind a deep and lasting impression—he *really does walk very nicely!* We have heard of such things as walking gentlemen on the stage. Surely of these Mr. Allerton might be *facile princeps*; or, if he would only deign to carry on a banner at the head of some procession, provided he abstained from opening his mouth, we prophesy that his success would be so complete, so brilliant, that it would almost, if not quite, satisfy his appetite for applause, which at present, owing to the unappreciative density of the public, seems likely to starve upon a very meagre diet.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Testament.—An act which proves the value of a husband.

Theatre.—A place of exhibition where the only serious comedy is played in the front of the house.

Thin.—A quality which, in woman's vintage only, recommends a good whine.

Thought.—A bird which flies too rapidly for woman to put any salt on its tail.

Time.—Woman's rival: for no tight lacing can compare with the waist of Time.

Tinsel.—The patent of stage nobility—but all the world is a stage.

Tobacco.—A pleasant weed before marriage, a foul habit after. N.B. Widows' weeds are the only ones which don't end in smoke.

Tombstone.—The stamp on Death's little bill.

Tongue.—The unruly member for Ply-mouth.

Tooth, Teeth.—Singular, a tusk. Perfect-plural, a set of pearls.

Treasure.—The husband who has left you a widow.

Truth.—An invisible girl condemned in hatred of chignons and false charms to remain at the bottom of a well.

WHY NOT?

EVERY DAY we see the necessity arising for the improvement of London as regards the facilities required for free traffic and public convenience. A proposition was made not long since, seeing the loss of time and money many of the inhabitants of the west and south-west quarters incur at present, to create a sunk road across Hyde Park, connecting Tyburnia and Knightsbridge. That a road is absolutely necessary across the Park no one will deny, except those grand ladies who are capable of suggesting, when there is no bread for starving families, that they might eat buns. But why should the road be rendered an absurd expense by sinking it? What is there to prevent the authorities making a road across the Park from Westbourne Gate to Albert Gate, with a branch from the Knightsbridge end to the Marble Arch? The "swells" will be very slightly annoyed by the sight of occasional four-wheelers, and if the aristocrats clamoured much against the common element what would be easier than to make the public road go under the Row and the Drive by a tunnel? But to make a big ditch right across Hyde Park because Lord Dundreary or Lady Delicutt can't abide the sight of four-wheelers and omnibuses is too preposterous for consideration.

SOMETHING WORTH READING.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL has just published a very readable little work called *Other People's Windows*. Not only do we recommend it to the public because it is readable, but because it contains much wholesome matter—matter which is doubly welcome in this age of shams and trickery. Mr. Friswell has our best wishes for his book's success, and in saying this we but invoke a blessing on the reading public.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE
of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, JULY 4, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A WAGGISH M.P., who heard an H dropped near Buckingham Palace at the evening breakfast, remarked, "that it was enough to make your constitution 'ill.'"

MADAME RACHEL'S extraordinary and sudden illness on the occasion of the adjournment of her case was not caused by her having rashly supped off some of her own pigments. It was caused by her having swallowed Sir William Ferguson's certificate, a calamity which Mr. Knox wisely avoided.

A PUBLIC School education has never been held to imply necessarily any extraordinary cultivation of the intellect. But there is one thing that everybody is supposed to learn at our public schools, and that is, to find their own level. Mr. Labouchere informed the House of Commons the other day that he had been three years at Eton, and had learned absolutely nothing. The honourable gentleman, on this occasion, had the whole House with him.

APROPOS of the great faction fight at the Guildhall, it is amusing to observe the indignation of the Radical Press at having their own weapons turned against them. Considering how often the Reform League has, through its mouthpiece, Beales, boasted of having educated the Tories, they should not be angry at finding that they have profited by the example as well as by the precepts of the Reformers, so far as to learn the value of an alliance with the roughs.

WE thought that the brutal sport of prize-fighting had been quite put down. We are sorry to see that on the 22nd ult., under the cover of a meeting at the Guildhall to discuss the question of the Irish Church, that this degrading pastime was revived, and in presence not only of the police, but of the Lord Mayor of London. The fight between Alderman Sir William Rose and Mr. Beales for an apology a-side was fully reported by the daily Press, so that we need not recapitulate the details. "One of the Fancy" who was present remarks that the only claret tapped on this occasion was *La Rose*.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE HAS BEEN PUT ON THE PAPER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—Mr. Disraeli, to move, That in order to advance the state of public business the standing disorders of this House be suspended.

A DITTY FOR THE "D. T."

LOUD roars the dreadful *Gusher*,
His pen a deluge showers,
His columns prove a crusher
For mortal readers' powers.
A Syrian prisoner dark
The *D. T.* finds a lark;
So all day
Pegs away
At that Bey,
Poor Risk A., oh!

Before a Belgian jury
The Oriental view.
Our friend conceives that sure he
May try and hang him, too.
What old Brabantio cried,
Now be that phrase applied:—
"Whining way,"
"Beard turned grey,"
Marks the Bey,
Poor Risk A., oh!

At length one dismal morrow
The jury cry, Acquit!
The *Gusher* sees with sorrow
That biters may be bit.
A sell, when libel's found,
Worth twelve times eighty pound!
Moral: Play
With a Bey
In a way
Less frisky, oh!

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES!

(See CARTOON.)

THE spider is a very ugly insect. It is of the earth earthy. However high it may rise, it never can quite leave the earth behind it. Where'er it builds its nest, it weaves a web made of dust and dirt—a web which shines in the sunshine, but which ne'er the less is nought but dirt and dust. It is easy to break this web when you know how.

The fly is much better than the spider. The fly has wings, and is, on the whole, a harmless insect. Men who would stamp upon a spider would scorn to injure a fly. The fly is simple and trustful—the spider is a monster of cunning and deceit. So long as he only gives the spider a wide berth the fly is safe, for the spider can do nothing. The fly has wings, the spider has only legs. But once let the fly (attracted by the bright colour) get into the spider's clutches and then the fly finds it very, very difficult to break the spider's web.

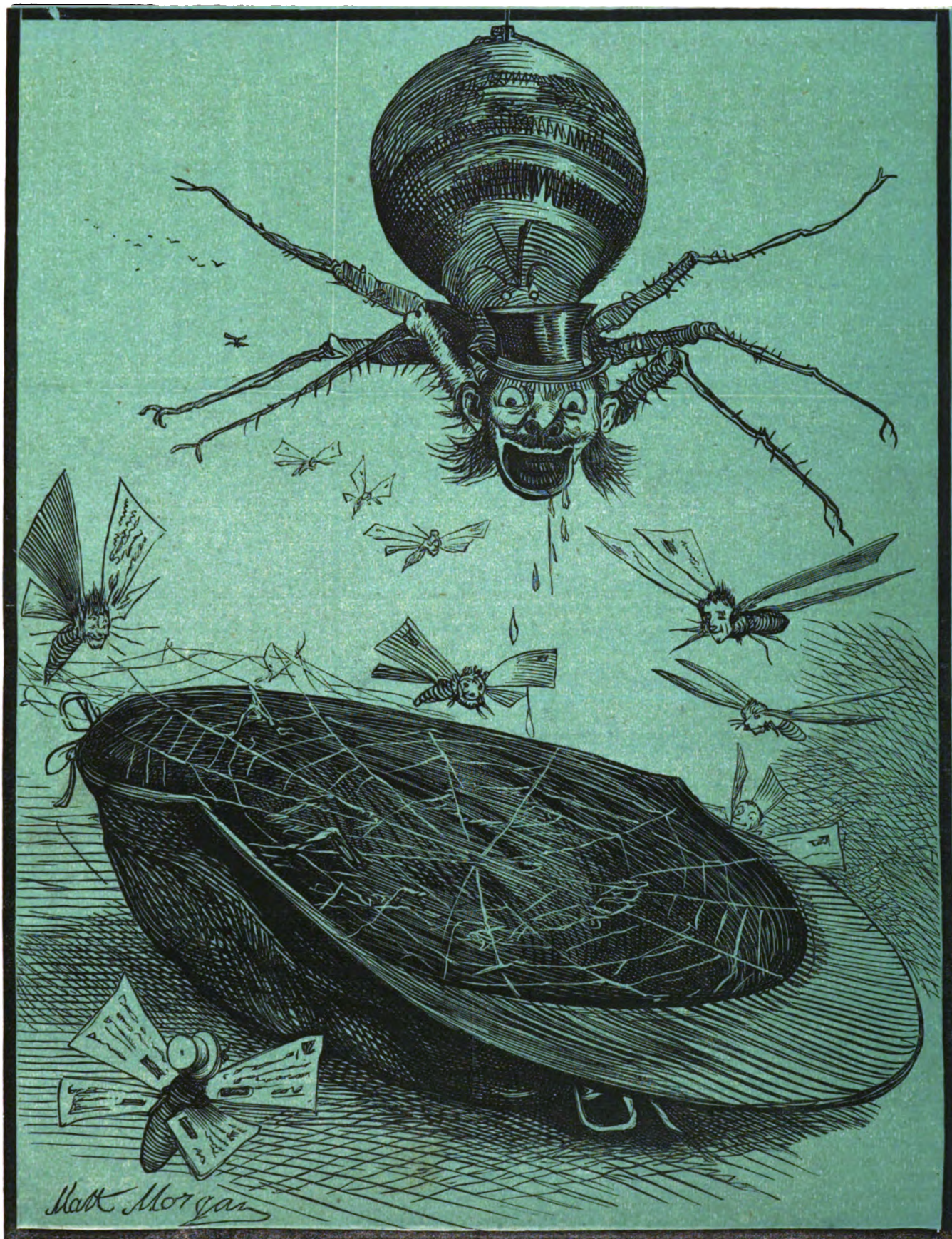
Now there are human spiders and human flies.

The human spider is a very ugly creature indeed. He is very, very earthy and vulgar, and it matters not how many human flies he may catch he never changes his nature. He grows sleek and bloated, but he never looks quite like a fly. You see he has risen from the earth, and the earth sticks to him. He weaves two kinds of webs—webs made of bets and webs made of bills of exchange and promissory notes. And both webs mean ruin to the human fly. The human fly sometimes escapes, but not without leaving his substance behind him.

The human fly is very, very silly. Not contented with the glorious sunshine and the joys of the earth, he hankers after the bright colours of the spider's web. From pure recklessness he tempts his fate. He flies about the web nearer and nearer, until at last he is caught by the meshes. Once in the clutches of the human spider he has to bid adieu to wealth, honour, and all that makes life enjoyable. He may pull and struggle, but his efforts to escape will be made in vain. The captor has nothing to fear from his captive, and his only enemy has consented to overlook him.

The human spider's web can only be broken by the strong arm of the Law, and, unhappily for the public, Justitia is sleeping!

NEW MOTTO FOR THE "DAILY NEWS."—Penny wise, pound foolish.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES!
(A TALE OF THE TURF.)

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Time—MIDNIGHT.

Place—ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Present—TWO GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*languidly*).—Hallo, old fellow, how are you?

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*in reply to other gentleman's question, languidly*).—How are you?

(*Silence and smoke after this for five minutes.*)

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Awfully hot, isn't it? Been anywhere lately?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ya'as—been doing some of the theatres.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Tell me all about it as shortly as you can, that's a sweet fellow. It's too hot to read the papers.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ya'as; and if it weren't, who'd believe them?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Quite so. Light up another cigarette, ring for some more ice, and fire away.

(*Directions complied with.*)

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Saw Schneider the first night at the St. James's. Instead of taming down the amiable Duchess to suit the taste of the Barbarians of Albion the Perfidious, the female Gerolstein, in crossing the Channel, has picked up a little novel vulgarity. Her Grace never used to kick up her legs in the "Sabre Song" in Paris. I think the King Street version much "stronger" than the reading of the Boulevards. The *Boom* over here is the best I've seen—much better than poor Couder, the original creator of the part. The present *Fritz* is far inferior to Dupuis; and as for the *Puck*, he is simply wretched. *Prince Paul* is just fair, *Grog* very bad, and (*getting irritable*) the helpless and painfully silly representative of *Nepomuc* should be —

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*interrupting*).—My dear fellow, pray moderate your indignation; it's really too hot to get angry about anything, much less an actor.

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*languidly*).—I s'pose you are right. However, *Nepomuc* was a fearful infliction. I hate paying a guinea for a stall unless I'm to see good acting.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Seen the burlesque of "*Fowl Play*?"

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I've seen two pieces founded on the Reade-Boucicault novel, and they both were burlesques! One at the Holborn, the other at the Queen's.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Which was the better of the two?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Oh! the play at the Queen's was truer to nature than its rival, but the Holborn piece had the pull over the Queen's piece in point of liveliness. Miss Farren was much better than Miss Josephs as *Nancy*, but Miss Henrade as *Helen* was infinitely better than Miss Hodson. Mr. W. H. Stephens never makes me laugh, and there was a great deal too much of Toole. However, the Queen's piece is far from bad: with Miss Nelly Moore in Miss Hodson's part, and some new actor instead of Mr. Stephens, the cast would be greatly improved—of that I'm sure.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Anything worth seeing at the Olympic?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Well, perhaps Mrs. Howard Paul as the *Grand Duchess*; but take my advice, don't go. I'm sure you will be bored.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Haven't the smallest intention. Anything funny anywhere?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I should think so! The funniest thing seen in London for years is the appearance of Mr. Eburne as a dashing *roué* in the "*Day of Reckoning*" at the Adelphi. This promising young actor (mark my words), when he has had a little more experience, will take the town by storm! He is ably supported by Mr. Stuart, the comic tragedian. *Apropos*, have you seen Mr. Allerton in *Hamlet*?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—No: but I've been told all about it. Too bad, on my soul, to burlesque poor old Shakespeare,—but the notion's funny. By-the-bye, who is Mr. Allerton?

SECOND GENTLEMAN (*whispers*).

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*laughing*).—No! you don't say so? Oh, I must go and see him. Many's the right merry laugh I have had at his performances.

(Enter a SERVANT.)

SERVANT (*confidentially*).—Supper is ready, gentlemen.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Ah, that's right. If we cannot realize all Sydney Smith's "hot weather wish" about taking off one's flesh, we at least can manage the greater part of it—we can sit among our "bones!"

(*Exeunt smilingly towards the supper room.*)

ONE SWALLOW-TAIL DOESN'T MAR A SUMMER.

It will now be the correct thing to call a five o'clock tea a breakfast, though you may have had a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at ten *ante* and a lunch at one *post meridian*. Men who consider themselves *chic* will wear that most charming of German fashions the swallow-tail coat over the grey trousers at these meetings. But as Fashion no sooner gives an order than her votaries exaggerate and add flourishes of one kind or another, we shall soon have such invitations as the following sent us, if we are in the really fashionable world.

I.

The Prince and Princess Paul request the pleasure of * * * company to a dinner at Sardanapalus House, at 10.30 a.m., punctually. Gentlemen will wear white ties and top boots on this occasion. R.S.V.P.

II.

The Duke and Duchess of Gerolstein propose giving a ball and supper at noon on Friday next. No gentleman admitted without his hair powdered. Green pea-jackets and black trousers *de rigueur*.

III.

The Baroness Grog at home at three o'clock in the morning for five o'clock tea. Guests are requested to appear with their waistcoats over their coats, and their stockings outside their boots. No gentleman to dance unless asked to do so by a lady.

IV.

General Boom invites the officers of the mess to a cold lunch at midnight. Every officer receiving an invitation to appear in a dress shirt and stable overalls. Swords to be replaced by umbrellas in waterproof sheaths.

We rather prided ourselves upon our taste in never confusing morning and evening gear like our friends in most German and some French saloons, but it seems our few virtues are rapidly passing away. We muzzle our dogs in spite of our veterinary knowledge, we encourage the *caucan* in its worst stages, and we appear in full dress with a swallow-tail and light trousers!

RANELAGH REDIVIVUS.

FROM OUR OWN TROUBADOUR.

LORD RANELAGH is rapidly becoming famous. A dashing cavalier he always has been, and his very name speaks of feats of gay devilry and refined dissipation, illumined by brilliant flashes of wit, and sallies of mad humour. Widows pine in secret for him, and ladies, whose judgment is seasoned with maturity, weave spells in their secret bowers to draw Sir Paladin within the circle of their charms. Jauntily sits his casque on his hyacinthine curls, as he smiles condescendingly to the bowing crowd, and proudly whispers to himself that "this indeed is fame!"

Shame on the vulgar, irreverent hand, woman's though it be, that lays low his hat and his pride at once in the dust. But Sir Paladin has a noble revenge in the Court of Marlborough, name suggestive of military glory; once more will he march to victory amidst the pæans of the people. Vainly does the sacrilegious amazon urge her claims; Sir Paladin, she says, owes her some paltry dress; to the winds with the accusation and the dress too! Bind her—not with chains—bind her over to keep the peace; and the injury to the honour and hat of Sir Paladin is atoned for. So the gay cavalier rides away to new scenes of triumph.

THE LIBEL TARIFF.

It is highly satisfactory to note the amount of precision and discernment which now-a-days are exhibited by British jurymen in assessing the damages in actions for libel. The uninitiated public may have had some difficulty in accounting for the nicety with which the jury arrived at their verdict in the case of Risk Allah *versus* the *Daily Telegraph*. At first sight it may have appeared rather a difficult matter to estimate the exact amount of compensation which is due to a given individual for being branded as a murderer and forger in the sensational columns of a penny newspaper; but the enlightened jurymen who sat in the case had no difficulty in fixing the sum to a penny, and awarded the much-wronged Bey the sum of £960, almost without leaving their box to talk it over.

We have hastened to avail ourselves of the extraordinary powers of intelligent discrimination evinced by these twelve worthy householders, and have submitted to them a few atrocious calumnies which we meditate some day or other inserting in the columns of this Journal, with a request that they would be good enough to let us know, in the event of actions for libel being brought against us, the precise amount of damages which we may expect would be awarded to the plaintiff in each case—a request with which we are glad to say these highly-gifted individuals have most courteously complied. We annex the result of our application:—

	£	s.	d.
For asserting that his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is a season ticket holder at the Alhambra		0	2 6
For believing that the Marquis of Hastings is about to retire from the Turf	1,000	0	0
For hinting that Mr. Gladstone is the richest commoner in England	21	0	0
For stating that the Crystal Palace is badly ventilated	1	0	0
For reporting Mr. Rearden's speeches in the House of Commons	1,532	6	6
For calling Sir R. Mayne's recent order for muzzling the dogs brutal		0	0 9½
For expressing a wish not to be a shareholder in the London General Omnibus Company	960	0	0
For wanting to know if Sir Robert Carden is not rather an inane magistrate		0	0 0½
For contradicting the fact that the circulation of the TOMAHAWK is over two hundred and fifty thousand copies per week	1,000,000	0	0

SILLY FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

We read with consternation:—

"A motion in the Leeds Town Council that the members should 'wear Court hats on special occasions' has been lost by a large majority."

Is it possible that these sapient Town Councillors having so little in their heads should seek to hide them with "Court hats?" Our friends in the Town Council of Leeds should know that their foolish aspirations smack more of the alley than the court—unless we regard the words "alley" and "court" as synonymous.

THE CORSET AND THE CRINOLINE.*

THIS volume—nicely bound, by the way, and not badly illustrated—contains 224 pages of vapid letter-press, on a most paltry, uninteresting, and contemptible subject. The history dwells for a chapter or two on the crinoline as worn by the ancients, scampers with it very vaguely through the Middle Ages, and finally subsides into an advertisement of "Thomson's latest Zephyrina Jupon." We recommend the perusal of this little work to no one.

* *A Book of Modes and Costumes, from the remotest period to the present time.* (Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster row.)

THE MANIACS COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

BOTH gaol and palace claim my first,
Wild beasts are in my second nursed;
My whole's a pleasant spot where art
And nature each perform a part.

2.

A SILVER thread through vale and hill—
Now like a brook, now like a rill—
My first describes; it wants some wit
My second's meaning quite to hit,
'Twill either hinder or permit;
My whole the town and city shuns,
And only in the country runs.

3.

My first's a thing not very clean,
In London's streets and suburbs seen;
Of service to you it may prove,
If once you set it on the move;
My second with the traveller goes,
And barristers who briefs enclose;
My third's a Latin word—don't start!—
Of which the English is "thou art";
My whole a vegetable speaks,
Which is not lettuce, peas, or leeks;
Unlike asparagus with goose,
'Tis seldom served up "*à la Russe*";
Aristocratic tables don't
Provide it, and some vulgar won't;
And there are some fastidious prigs
Who say it's only fit for pigs.

4.

MY first is a word that two languages claim,
Monosyllables each, and their accent the same;
In Latin 'tis but as an adjective known,
And only as substantive used in our own;
It expresses equality; they that excel
Are said in the regions beyond it to dwell;
'Tis the name of a scholar renowned for his Greek,
And one of whose age men continue to speak;
My second's a word which denotes capability,
None the worse if displayed with becoming humility;
'Tis the name of a holy man scriptures relate
As falling a victim to envy and hate;
My whole is a fiction so wisely composed,
That truths of deep meaning are by it disclosed.

5.

ONE of the four Evangelists to name
Will be my first sufficient to proclaim;
A French conjunction will my second show,
And now of course my whole you wish to know:
Let your steps be to Covent Garden bent,
And there if apt you'll find out what is meant.

6.

My first is chiefly known to railway ground,
My second's light and fragile as a feather;
Yet mightier far than steam power is it found—
Nay, than all earthly forces put together.
My third's a word that signifies endeavour;
My whole's a trade fast growing to an art.
No builder from its services can sever;
And peer and peasant in its use take part.

ANSWERS were received from the following too late for insertion in our last number:—Luniac, A Paralyzed Toothpick, A. H., Polar, and Two Clapham Contortionists.

** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 62.]

LONDON, JULY 11, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

BRISTOL DIAMONDS.

THE Report of the Bristol Election Committee contains serious matters for thought, at least for those persons who ever do think seriously. Of course we know that the proper thing to do, when bribery is discussed, is either to utter some stale sentiment which means nothing, or to treat the matter as rather a good joke. Nothing is more nauseating than the flimsy hypocrisy with which the House of Commons always treats the subject of bribery. One really would think that it was hardly worth while to repeat those stale pretences which nobody accepts as realities; to try and screen the offenders behind that old curtain of shams, which is so worn out with constant use that the heaviest eyes can see through it. It is all very well to say that large constituencies will make bribery impossible; we should like to know how. If those who are to be admitted to the franchise have been accustomed to see others turning a pretty penny by their votes, setting the glorious privilege of a British citizen down among their assets, and calculating their incomes as so many shillings a week and a vote laid by for a rainy day; if they have seen these honest folk very rarely brought to task for this lucrative traffic, still more rarely detected, and so rarely punished, that the odds against that calamity are about the same as against another universal deluge; and when they see that neither the people who give bribes or those who receive them are ever considered, even if found out, to have done anything disgraceful, but, on the contrary, are treated as clever amusing dogs who know what's what; if this is their experience as non-electors, they must indeed be paragons of virtue if, when they become electors, they let such a lucrative property as a vote lie idle, and do not even try and turn it to any account. Does any one pretend to say that one man in a thousand, who will receive a vote under the new Reform Bill, looks upon the privilege as anything else but a fancy piece of goods, which can be converted into money, or its equivalent, when required? Talk about "the inalienable heritage of a free citizen," the "sacred birthright of a man," and all such nonsense on the hustings, if you like; it sounds well, and does not interfere with your generosity in putting a thousand pounds or so into your agent's hands, and asking no questions; besides, the citizens who have been getting drunk at your expense are sure to cheer such noble sentiments. But now we are not on the hustings; let us, for heaven's sake, try and tell the truth. Why should these men look upon the right of voting as a solemn duty, to be exercised with the most scrupulous uprightness and honesty? Who ever, by example, taught them so? How were most elections that they have seen, either political or municipal, carried on? If John Smith voted for Thompson instead of Johnson, and Johnson used to employ him, how long after the election did he wait to discharge him? Who paid Robinson's bill at the grocer's and the baker's, and that little account with the doctor, or the arrears of rent that year when he voted with the Yellows? In short, what is the moral of all he has seen? Is it not that, if he votes for a candidate, he will generally gain some advantage direct or indirect, if it is possible for him to confer any; if he votes against a candidate, he will suffer for it some loss direct or indirect, if it is in that candidate's power to inflict any loss on him? Does it require a very powerful mind to come to the conclusion that it is best to vote for the man who can do you most good and least

harm? And if, looking up to those above them in the world for guidance, they find men morally convicted of bribery and corruption received with every honour by Society; if they find a man, who has bribed for one place, and been found out, quietly allowed to go and bribe another constituency, without being found out, received among the pure and honest representatives of the people, and permitted to sit in judgment on others accused of bribery, with whom, of course, he can have no sympathy; if they find that a serious proposal to punish the briber and the bribed is received with laughter, and that the only Bill, that has ever even pretended to deal effectively with the question, is supported, except by a very few, with a very half-hearted earnestness, and opposed by most with every sort of ingenious procrastination and cunning objection; if this be the spirit in which our great legislative assembly, in which are the richest and best educated gentlemen, whose position cannot be dissociated from a sense of responsibility, treat the subject of bribery, what can we expect from the poor and the ignorant, who scarcely know what responsibility means?

The revelations of the Bristol election prove, if we wanted proof, that it is not only the small shopkeepers who are corrupt; workmen whose wages are uncertain, and whose employment depends upon a fluctuating demand which may be created at the will of the employers, who have no little capital to fall back upon, are much more exposed to temptation, and it is not surprising that they should yield to it; if these men get behind in their rent, if illness not only prevents them from earning anything but adds cruelly to their expenses, how can they expect to free themselves from the burden of debt? If a kind gentleman offers to pay all on the condition of their going at a certain hour next morning to the poll booth, and giving their votes for him, they must have very alert and incorruptible consciences if the wrong they can see in such an action were to blind them to the benefit they receive by it.

It has been said that large constituencies will check bribery because it will cost so much to bribe, but we cannot see the force of the argument. It may perhaps be so in time, when the newly enfranchised persons have learnt the value of a vote, and are able to watch the market of corruption with that patience and skill, to which some professors of the art of being bribed have attained; but till they have reached this stage of enlightenment, it is more probable that a pound will go as far as five did before, and that the price of votes, like that of every other commodity, will only be lowered by the increased supply. And as to the Ballot being a remedy for corruption, we never could see it. Intimidation it may check, but as long as there are persons willing and able to bribe, or ready to be bribed, and they can follow their inclinations with very little fear of detection, much less punishment, before their eyes, so long will bribery flourish. The Ballot may render detection more difficult, and punishment impossible, but what else it can do, or ever has done, towards purifying elections, we cannot discover.

We do not wonder that the House of Commons, as a whole, should resent the loss of their privilege of constituting the tribunal before which corruption is arraigned. They are right to be jealous of the power of shielding the offenders, considering how numerous they are. It does them credit to a certain extent, since it shows they have some sense of shame; for, though the difference between wilfully shutting your eyes and ears while your agents bribe, and bribing yourself, may be rather a fine one, still there is a difference; and this ingenuous mode of

whitewashing the accused is a fine example of the ingenuity of the Honourable House of Commons. When we read once more the almost invariable sentence in the report of the Committee, we cannot help being reminded of the story of the old lady who went about naked with a Bible under her arm, and when remonstrated with by the police, declared that she was invisible. It is fortunate that the police in this case were not as credulous as Election Committees of the House of Commons.

The abolition of bribery, like that of all long-cherished evils, must be effected by a severe and determined effort of Public Opinion. The men who bribe and are bribed would probably not pick a pocket, because picking pockets is considered low, and is punished by the treadmill. Let every one convicted of bribery be imprisoned for not less than three months, and deprived of all rights of citizenship for a term varying from five to thirty years; let the man convicted of receiving a bribe be deprived of the right of voting for the rest of his life, and we shall soon see corruption take its proper place among other criminal offences. It will not be then, like smoking, a bad habit encouraged by custom; persons who have any character or position will be honest, because it will be disgraceful to be dishonest. Above all, let those who are in earnest on this question use every means they can to elevate the poorer classes to a noble sense of independence by encouraging habits of economy, and facilitating, in every way, the formation of funds which may make them independent of misfortune to a certain extent. This is real charity; for there is nothing which makes people so careless or dishonest with regard to money as the practice of living from hand to mouth—spending all their pay as soon as they get it. When money represents to a man habits of consistent and noble self-denial, he will be loth to degrade it by making it the price of his independence.

ON TRIAL.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Commissioners recently appointed to inquire into "the utility and general working capacity of the House of Lords, with a view, &c., &c.," held their first sitting yesterday. The portion of the room assigned to the public was densely crowded.

The first witness examined was the Earl of Milkwater. He said: He was twenty-three years of age. Had been inside the House of Peers twice; thinks once was for a bet. Had been educated. Had gone to Eton, and then to Oxford. When there was at Christ's Church. Did not take a degree, but instead wore a velvet cap with a gold tassel, and kept horses. Wore also a ribbed silk gown. On high days wore a rich figured silk, covered with large gold patches, and dined at a high table with "Dons." Yes, on these occasions he took precedence of venerable men of world-wide fame and exalted position in the Church. He was nineteen; they must have been over sixty. No, that style of thing was not thought snobbish at the University. Everybody cringed to him. At Eton he had got well kicked once; thinks it did him good. Oxford, however, made up for that. Yes, had been set upon by toadies and snobs. Thought the University encouraged that style of thing. Liked it. Spent £5,000 at Oxford, and left when he was twenty-one. Yes, he had lots of ancestors. The founder of his race was not a grocer who bought the title of James I. for £350. Dates back much further than that. His family came over with the Conqueror. Name, De Spoon. See all about it in *Burke*. Roger de Spoon may have been a boot-cleaner who could not pick up an honest living in Normandy, and so worked his passage across as steward on William's ship. Yes, that was what he meant by coming over with the Conqueror. Thought that an excellent reason why he should have a seat in the House of Lords. Considered it "great fun" to be an hereditary legislator. Did not care what was disestablished as long as it was not Tattersall's. No, did not know there had been a row in the Commons about the Irish Church. Should vote against the Suspensory Bill, because young what's-his-name wants a berth over there in the clerical line. Has no prejudices on the question. Would give the Commissioners long odds on the result. Supposes the House of Lords is a "grand institution." Saw something about "thanking God there was a House of Lords" in last week's *Bell's Life*, and thought it great fun. Shall send his vote up by proxy. Does not care what comes of the question. Imagines it will not interfere with grouse shooting, the Derby Day, or Rotten Row.

Knows some good fellows in the Commons. Thinks they talk too much. Yes, has heard of "Oliver Cromwell." He ran fifth for the Chester Cup in '61. Yes, that was all he had got to say. Did not know much about the British Constitution, but supposed, as the papers made such a fuss about it, it must be something radical and low. Yes, his position and influence were two of the blessings of the British Constitution. Thought himself an average specimen of a young peer. Would give odds to the Commissioners on the event, if they liked. Thought the *Times* snobbish, and the British public a set of asses. Hoped the Commissioners would excuse him, as he was down for some pigeon-shooting at three.

The witness then stood down. His evidence, which was given in a *nonchalant* manner, elicited several loud murmurs of surprise and indignation. At its conclusion (the examination), Lord Crawlingford, the next witness, was about to commence as our packet left.

COURT-SUITED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

A "BREAKFAST" in a garden at "half-past four" in the afternoon, at which gentlemen are expected to appear in "morning trousers and evening coats," is certainly a bold and original idea. Hence the recent great meeting at Buckingham Palace has called forth a good deal of comment on all hands. Any one who has seen Mossoo stopped at the pit entrance of the opera, because, "*Mon Dieu*, he would come in ze full dress, one tailcoat and blue-breeche," can perhaps appreciate the sort of appearance the motley assembly to which we refer must have presented on the festive occasion in question. It is true that to be presented at St. James's necessitates a rig out which places one on the level of a fashionable flunkey; and so we suppose "morning trousers and evening coats" must be regarded as an advance on the road of refinement and civilisation. Yet, as it is safe to assume, that were a Crystal Palace waiter, or King of Greece, to lead anybody to the altar, he would, to a dead certainty, wear "morning trousers and an evening coat," perhaps we may still hope for some happier development of taste in time to come. A state dinner, for instance, at 4 a.m., at which everybody was requested to wear cricket-boots, cocked hats, and respirators, would not read badly, while a good deal might be got out of a luncheon in the middle of the night in slippers, shirt fronts, and wrap rascals. The worst of the present mode is that it does not, by very reason of its details, look imposing in point. In fact, it almost degrades a man to be handled as follows:—

Let us take a case—say Mr. Disraeli: *Coat*.—Evening dress. *Waistcoat*.—Chameleon colour. *Trousers*.—Orange. *Buttons*.—Brass. Or Mr. Whalley: *Coat*.—Evening dress. *Waistcoat*.—*Rouge des Papes*. *Trousers*.—Hanwell mixture. *Hat*.—Cardinal's.

However, it must be seen that some small play could be given to individual tastes, and in this lies the only advantage, as far as we can gather, that can arise from the new fashion. Judging it from no high standard, say the pit of the Victoria Theatre, we might call it slightly vulgar; yet really some allowance ought to be made for the untoward appearance of people who get their first mouthful of food at 5 o'clock p.m.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

ON account of the partial success that has attended the Horse Racing at the People's Palace, Muswell Hill, we understand that the following improvements are about to be made at the places specified beneath:—

BRITISH MUSEUM.—A new department containing Billiard Rooms will immediately be added. The play will be under the general superintendence of the Librarian, who will be assisted by an efficient staff of markers. £100 a game to be the limit for the present. Outside bets to be paid before leaving the building.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Blind Hookey from ten to ten daily, under the management of Mr. H. Cole, C.B. No I. O. U. for more than £2,000 allowed.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Bull fights and Mr. Coward on the great organ daily. Admission, one shilling.

CAVE CANES!

A MONSTER indignation meeting of the Dogs of the Metropolis was held last night at Barking, in order to take into consideration the recent order of Sir Richard Mayne for the muzzling of all dogs not led with a string.

Lord NEWFOUNDLAND presided.

After an ample collation of bones and oatmeal gruel had been discussed, the pails of water having been set upon the green board, the CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings with a deep bark. Silence having been thus proclaimed, the noble Lord said,—

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I need scarcely tell you why we have met together this night, and why we have been compelled to choose this somewhat out-of-the-way spot, because it happens to be out of the jurisdiction of the infamous tyrant who has directed against us those sordid instruments of oppression, the police. (*Loud growls.*) I need not tell you the name of the miserable despot whom we have met here to defy. (*Bow-wow.*) I will venture to say that there is no dog, however poor, however thin, however unused to high society, however ignorant, who will not greet the name of Sir Richard Mayne with howls of execration. (*The speaker here was obliged to pause for a few minutes, while the chorus of indignation swelled louder and louder and gradually died away into low growls.*) He owes it only to the generous and patient forbearance which is ingrained so deeply in our natures, that the word revenge does not exist in our language; I say, he owes it to the fact that we are dogs and not human beings, that he is not torn to pieces, limb from limb, by the noble creatures whom he has so long tortured and oppressed. (*Loud expressions of approval.*) But we owe it to ourselves not to endure such outrages for ever, if we do not wish to see our noble race entirely destroyed, and with it all that is good, and true, and faithful, and gentle, swept from the face of the earth; we owe it to ourselves, I say, that such tyranny as this monster has dared to inflict on us should not go unpunished. (*Loud barks.*) The Human Race is under our protection. It is our task by example, less than by precept, to save Man from his own evil nature. (*Murmurs of applause.*) This recent edict for the muzzling of all dogs in the streets of London is but the climax of a course of legislation, which has had for its only object the torture, and murder, of our unoffending race. And the impudent pretence, upon which this last order is based, adds, if possible, to its brutality. We are to be muzzled because, forsooth, some of us have gone mad, and have bitten some very few bipeds in the course of the last two or three years. The wonder is to me that we have not all gone mad under the infamous treatment we have received. How many men owe their death to us? Perhaps ten in the last five years. How many men owe their lives to us? (*Loud approbation.*) I fear they are not so easily counted. I will not speak of myself, though I have saved a child from drowning before this. (*Loud barks.*) We must not recount the benefits we have conferred on man, for time presses. What I would ask Sir Richard Mayne is this: If dogs are dangerous, what are men? are there no two-legged wretches who prowl about the streets, who live by robbery, violence, and murder, who knock down helpless women and children, and steal behind the strong man with the stealthy tread of the assassin, and strike him bleeding to the ground? (*Immense excitement.*) Let Sir Richard Mayne muzzle them, or rather let them walk the streets in handcuffs, if he wishes to protect the lives of his fellow-creatures. Why let the pestilent agitator, the blasphemous mob-orator, the foul-mouthed gin-drinker go unmuzzled, while we poor dogs have our mouths strapped round so as we cannot breathe or lap up what little water the heat has left us? (*Loud barks.*) Gin palaces and beer-houses are built in every street for man, there are even no drinking fountains for us, and we are forbidden to refresh our parched tongues with what drink Nature gives us. (*Loud growls.*) My friends, I cannot say more. They call these the dog-days; let us give the term a new significance; let us show by determined resistance that we will not submit to such wanton cruelty, and if justice is denied us let us emigrate at once, and leave this brutal country to Man and the cats. (*Tremendous approbation.*)

Several other excellent speeches were made which we have not space to report. Among others—

MR. JOHN BULL-DOG said that he would fly at Sir

Richard Mayne's throat for an old marrow-bone, and at the throats of all the rest of the police for that matter. If he had his way, the only rattle they should sound for the future would be the death-rattle.

The HONOURABLE TOY TERRIER remarked that the last speaker was coarse and violent in his language. He was happy to say that he thought a studied attention to the calves of policemen would be quite sufficient. The Bobbies were very nervous creatures; that's why they were so fond of female society (*great wagging of tails*). He (the Hon. T. T.) was glad to say that his friends in the Upper House had rejected the Suspensory Bill by a large majority, as he understood that the object of that Bill was to hang all dogs at once, whether they liked it or not. (*Loud barks.*)

The following resolutions were ultimately passed:—

- (1.) That this meeting declines to be muzzled.
- (2.) That, should Sir Richard Mayne not withdraw the obnoxious edict within three days, all dogs at once leave London and the other chief towns of England, and congregate in the country, with a view to getting at the sheep [the words "and the cows" were added by Mr. J. Bull-dog].
- (3.) That in the interim no dog hold any communication with any policeman. [The words "except through his calves" were added by the Hon. Toy Terrier.]

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Tune.—Music's argument.

Twaddle.—Your writing and mine—especially yours.

Tyrant.—Sometimes Papa, sometimes Mamma, sometimes Baby—but very much Mamma.

Understanding.—What is beneath woman's sole to discuss.

Undertaker.—Black Stick in waiting—for all of us.

Union.—Is strength—strength of mind.

Upholstery.—The latest creed.

Variations, mus.—Assault and battery on a favourite air.

Vice.—What women of the epoch assume, though they have it not.

Victory.—The happy possessor of a car woman is always wanting to drive.

Vine.—Wine in the wood.

Virtue.—A vice when made too prominent.

Voice.—What makes a nightingale of Mrs. Jay in her J.'s ears, and *voice versa*.

Volunteer.—A tear dropped by Lord Ranelagh over the British defences.

ON THE LINE.

THE authorities at the Horse Guards seem determined on making the uniform of Line officers as "simple" as possible. Each new regulation curtails some one of the trifling adornments which have hitherto saved the uniform from being absolutely hideous. It is now some years since the great redeeming point, the epaulettes, were abolished; since then, from time to time, gold lace has been narrowed, trowsers have been shorn of their scarlet stripes, and the shako has been transformed into a meagre imitation of the head-dress of the Shoeblack Brigade. But reform has not stopped even here—the very buttons have not been permitted to rest in peace—an order has just appeared curtailing their number on the tunic by ten. Where is this fever for a "sensible uniform" to end? The dress of the English officer has long been celebrated as the ugliest, as well as the most expensive, in Europe. We wonder if all these alterations make any difference in its cost? The Horse Guards' authorities should look to this—if the uniform must be nasty, for goodness sake let it be cheap.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK has been removed to
199 STRAND.



LONDON, JULY 11, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE having constituted himself the Bash of London has given orders that his army shall henceforth be known as Muzzlemen.

WHEREAS *Cave canem* has been hitherto considered a good classical quotation, This is to give notice that any person wishing to caution his fellows with "Beware of the Dog," shall henceforth use the Latin words *Cave Maynem*—Beware of the Bob!

ANOTHER statue to the Prince Consort! We think Mr. Oppenheim might have found some better object for his generosity. When we consider the number of poor persons who are obliged to live in fever dens because there are no decent houses built for them; when we consider the number of hospitals which are compelled to beg for funds, it does make us wrathful to see a large sum of money wasted on an expensive caricature in marble of a man whose memory certainly will never decay for want of similar honours, and who if he could come out from the grave would be the first to protest against the persistent sycophancy that cannot even let the dead rest.

SOWING TARES!

[See CARTOON.]

SOWING tares!

Tares that will spring up apace and bear most evil fruit. Tares that falling upon good ground will destroy the real seed! Tares that falling upon bad ground will blossom in blood!

Sowing tares!

Tares thrown recklessly in the land of his enemy—sown broadcast o'er the face of the earth. Tares carrying with them sad memories of a dreadful past! A past of gutted houses and burning chapels, of a raging mob and a frightened people! A past of rapine and slaughter, of victims and murderers, of convicts and executioners!

Sowing tares!

Among the lowly and uneducated, among those who will not see and revel in their blindness, among families and friends! Turning the father against the son, the wife against her husband! Teaching neighbours a lesson of hate, and relations the full meaning of the word "intolerance!" Bringing back the old time with all its traditions, with its tortures and faggots, its fire and slaughter! The old time of violence and oppression!

Sowing tares!

To serve an end! And what an end! To secure the faint chance of standing at the helm of the State for a month, or at most six weeks! To secure this faint chance the Great States-

man of the Age, the lucky "Gentleman" of the Press, would raise in England a very whirlwind of excitement! Would teach once more the dreadful meaning of the cry "No Popery!" Would help the people to degenerate into a band of savage rioters! Would revive the passions that ended, in Lord George Gordon's days in London becoming a city of flame and blood! This is what Disraeli the Statesman, Disraeli the Patriot, Disraeli the Man of Genius would do!

Fie for shame—sowing tares!

SIX AND HALF-A-DOZEN.

THE startling revelations recently made by several literary jurymen as to their various methods of arriving at a "unanimous" verdict, especially where the dinner hour presses, afford matter for a little passing reflection. After reading a few of the letters that have appeared on the subject one experiences a sort of inexpressible gratitude that one has never been at the mercy of that great palladium of liberty and justice, a British jury. And for this reason: Brought up from our earliest years to regard twelve tradesmen, locked up in a room until they can agree, very much in the light of so many angels of truth, who would rather the court should rot around them than that they should be unfaithful to their sacred obligations, a sudden shock naturally is experienced when we come face to face with the naked truth. It is a rude upsetting of all one's innocent and beautiful dreams of justice to learn that "the unanimous verdict of twelve of your own countrymen" is a simple myth, and that really the foreman brings into court a species of guilty-innocent hasty pudding, produced by taking a lot of opposite verdicts and dividing them by twelve. What unsatisfactory and ridiculous results may arise from the dog-headedness of one determined jurymen, when opposed to eleven hungry and less obstinate brethren, have been kindly suggested for our inspection; and with these fresh in our memory, it becomes literally an awful thing to contemplate what some Shylock might effect if he happened to be bent on getting his pound of flesh when eleven ravenous Portias were waiting a six o'clock dinner.

However, if the division principle holds good in one case, why not apply it in every other? Let us apply it, for instance, to a trial for murder. Three jurymen are for hanging, two for acquittal, one for acquittal with indemnity, two for penal servitude for life, two for a verdict of not guilty with a strong expression of sympathy, one for a flogging at the cart's tail, and one for a fine of five pounds. The judge, of course, invested with due powers to meet the exigencies of the case, would immediately pass sentence in this wise:—

"You will be taken from this place, &c., &c., and from thence, &c., &c., where you will be hung by the neck till you are half dead, cut down, receive a cheque for fifty pounds, and thereupon undergo four days' penal servitude, from which you will be released, with a box on the ear, an expression of sincere sympathy, and a stainless character."

It is obvious from the above that a good deal of ingenuity might be exercised by the judge in giving effect to the scruples of the jury, could such a system ever gain favour in our Criminal Courts. We have not yet been behind the scenes in one of these, and so can only guess at the manner in which time and the hour affect their graver issues. If, however, in civil matters one obstinate man can bore eleven others into such a state of mind that they will cheerfully relinquish the penalty of £1,000 that they have fixed at 3, and consider £3 10s. a perfectly just equivalent at 6 o'clock, what limit is there to conjecture? It has long been conceded that a British jury may sometimes be stupid. It is more humiliating to allow that they are too often "hungry."

REQUISITES FOR THE SEASIDE.

Now that the Season at the Seaside is about to commence, young ladies should at once provide themselves with the following requisites:—

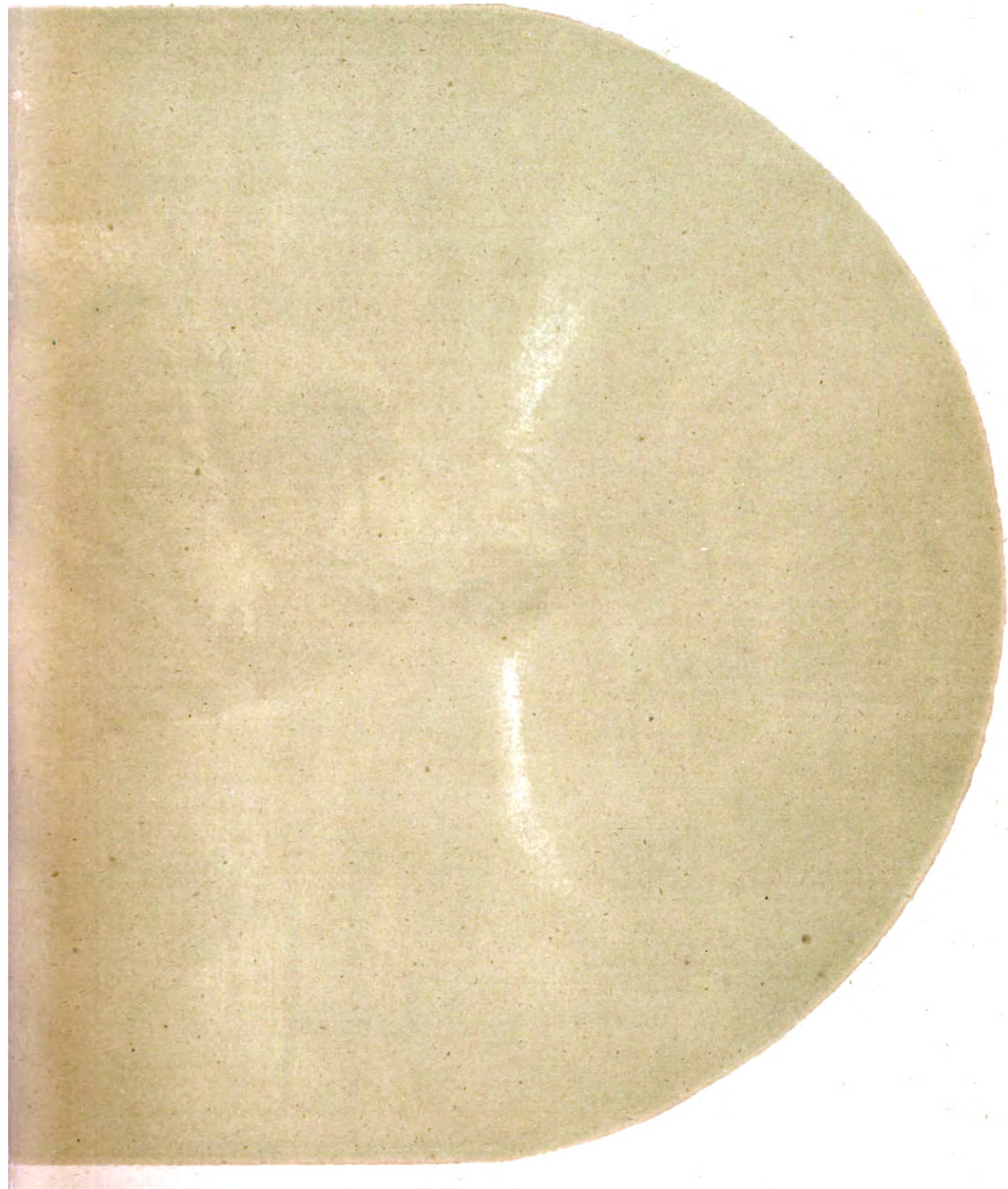
A powerful *lorgnette* to be turned towards the monsters of the deep.

Manners transplanted from Cremorne.

Habits that are as unbecoming as their scanty attire.

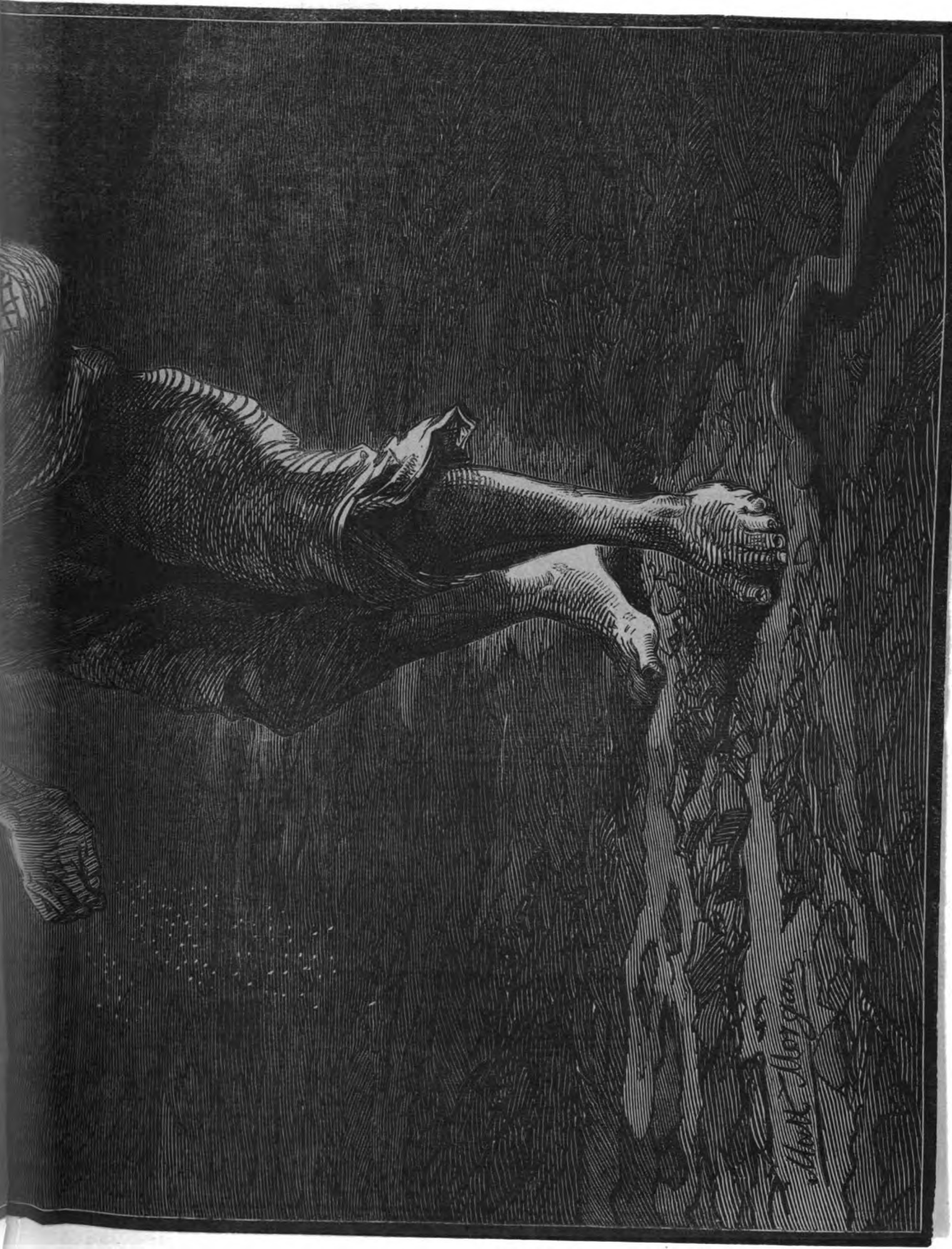
Language that has gone to the bad.

Finally, Novels that are no better.



THE TOMAHAWK, July 11, 1868.





SOWING TARES!

To Serve an end! And what an end! To secure the faint chance of standing at the helm of the State for a month, or at most six weeks! To secure this faint chance the Great Statesman of the Age, the lucky "Gentleman" of the Press would raise in England a very whirlwind of excitement! Would teach once more the dreadful meaning of the cry "No Popery!" Would help the people to degenerate into a band of savage rioters! Would revive the passions that ended in Lord George Gordon's days in London becoming a city of flame and blood! This is what Disraeli the Statesman, Disraeli the Patriot, Disraeli the man of Genius would do!

[See Sketch.]



IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Present.

H.R.H. F—D M—L THE D— OF C—BR—E.
GENERAL SIR R—T N—R, G.C.B., K.S.I.

THE D— OF C—E.—Well, General, my boy, I'm glad to see you back again, especially after giving so good an account of those cursed niggers.

SIR R—T (*bowing*).—I'm sure your Royal Highness's praise is most flattering. I shall preserve it in my bosom as the most cherished heirloom of my family!

THE D— OF C—E.—Nonsense, General! Remember, you ain't answering a deputation *this* time! You're only having a little bit of a chat with poor old Cammy—tough old Cammy, General, as tough and as simple an old Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief as ever you'd meet on a long summer's day. So no gammon with *me*, General, about family, heirlooms, and the rest of it!

SIR R—T.—Well, your Royal—

THE D— OF C—E (*interrupting*).—Call me Cammy, General.

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Well,—Cammy if your Royal (*a frown from the D—*)—if Cammy insists upon it—I trust the Royal Family are "happy and glorious" (to quote the National Anthem). Of Her Majesty, I myself can speak; when I had the honour of an audience with her she was looking in the best of health.

THE D— OF C—E.—Oh yes, my cousin's uncommonly well. She's been quite gay this year. Gave an evening breakfast at Buckingham Palace, consisting chiefly of light trousers, tail coats, indigestible comestibles, and pleasure boats. Alexandra is getting quite strong again, and is awfully popular: so she should be, for she's a kind-hearted, lively, and high-principled girl. Albert Edward is as fond of his cigar as ever. Take him all in all he's far from a bad sort of fellow. Alfred is all right again—of course you heard of the dastardly attempt upon the poor lad's life? And as for Arthur, he's becoming such a swell in engineering that if you don't take precious good care he will, one of these days, cut even *you* out, Master General.

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—And the young ladies?

THE D— OF C—E.—Loo, an awful swell in sculpture (got a bust of her brother into the Academy this year); Beatrice going on nicely with her French; Helena happy, and Alice growing more like her mother every day. Vicky is a great favourite in Berlin, and Mary, you know, has married that very gentlemanly young fellow Teck. Of course you know that Christian has turned out a very mad wag—

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Oh, yes; I read his speech at the Royal Academy Dinner. And the theatres?

THE D— OF C—E.—Nothing worth seeing, except Schneider (oh, she is *so* good!) and Clayton; the last appears in an awfully stupid piece, and is wretchedly supported. Oh, the Strand burlesque is rather funny.

SIR R—T.—Anything worth reading anywhere?

THE D— OF C—E.—A little work called *What Should we Drink* is merely an advertisement of the Greek wines. *John Sprouts* is simply "Mrs. Brown" without even *her* fun—so you may imagine how dull the affair is. *Boating Life at Oxford* is the essence of silliness. The magazines are nothing very great. *Belgravia* awfully stupid—especially an article upon the "Beefsteak Club," which is simply nauseous. The author serves up for the reader's amusement (!) half-a-dozen of the dreariest and most venerable of Joe Millerisms. These witticisms (!) are given as a specimen of the brilliancy of the club! The present members of the "B.S." should prosecute the author for libel. *London Society* worse than bad—especially some crude lines by a man signing himself "Blanc Bec." It's something about the "Zoo," and is simply one of the "Dissolving View" series (written by Arthur a'Beckett, I think) out of the *Leader*, spoilt and turned into halting rhyme. The *Broadway* is better than usual—an article by Meason far from bad. *St. Paul's* has a funny article upon private theatricals, and *Tinsley* is up to its average. And now I think I've told you all the news. Answer me one question: How is it that you lost so few men in Abyssinia?

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Why, we had only one thing to fear.

THE D— OF C—E.—Theodore?

SIR R—T.—No, that the troops would die of laughing at the jokes of the TOMAHAWK!

THE D— OF C—E.—Oh, ain't it good. I should like to write for it myself. I always answer the acrostics in the "Maniac's Column," under the title of— (*whispers to SIR R—T.*)

SIR R—T.—Not really?

THE D— OF C—E.—Yes, I do, but come, as you have been very good I will stand you a seat to see SCHNEIDER.

(*Exeunt to the Pit of the St. James's to see "La Grand Duchesse."*)

MUSIC HATH CHARMS?

THERE has been a good deal of grumbling on the part of musical enthusiasts, not to say of the public at large, at the very meagre support vouchsafed by Royalty to the late Handel Festival. Although a state-box was prepared, regardless of expense, large enough not only to contain the whole of our Royal family, but all the Royal families of Europe in a body, only on one occasion, and then only during the second part of one of the concerts, was it tenanted. The Princess Louis of Hesse on the last day honoured the Crystal Palace with her presence, but the visit was evidently one of duty rather than of pleasure, and with this exception no "Royalty" came near the place. The grumblers grumble, too, all the more because it cannot honestly be urged as an extenuating circumstance that our Princes and Princesses are unmusical in their tastes, for on the occasion of Madame Schneider's *début* at the St. James's every august personage within hail of London was present at the performance. Moreover, for two consecutive Saturdays the Prince of Wales, with a large party, has attended the ordinary opera concert at the Crystal Palace; true, on both occasions the entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks, but Patti and Mario were listened to none the less attentively on that account.

Is it that a triennial Handel Festival is a little too much? We fear there is no doubt about it. Handel has been voted a bore, and Offenbach has cut him out.

THIMBLE-RIG.

IN private life when a man takes to cajoling his friends, insulting his enemies, and boasting about his own moral recklessness, Society is quickly down on him. He is cut. Let him, however, as a public man, do things a good deal worse than these, and a very different fate awaits him. He becomes the hero of millions, and his unscrupulousness at most excites but a laugh. He may sow the seeds of dissolution of a great empire, court a civil war, and plunge his country to the very neck in blood, but people will tolerate him all the same. Let him be only caustic and funny, call great things by little names, and *vice versa*, and he may set the world on fire before he will grow unpopular. This, at all events, is the way of things in England, and it is not very complimentary to British dignity, sense, or honour.

By a natural and easy transition from such reflections one finds oneself asking the question, Why is Mr. Disraeli called "Old Dizzy?" Possibly those who have made that remarkable statesman's career their study can answer it entirely to their own satisfaction. For the moment we have nothing to say. As, however, "the man of the day" has gone to the very extent of his own rope in the matter of self-congratulation, and has damned his opponents about as roundly as is consistent with his position as Premier, we have merely to call attention to the *status quo*.

An empire riven from end to end on the deadliest of all issues—a religious one. An Upper House in collision with the representatives of the people, and that by an ominously large majority. An act of simple justice dangled before the eyes of five millions of men ripe for revolution—dangled, and then withheld. It is of course a great satisfaction to know that, as a set off against this condition of things, a Tory Government have had ample opportunity of filling their own pockets and those of their friends; and to those who relish the joke, it is something perhaps to be able to chuckle heartily over the fact that "Old Dizzy" has been at it again."

Those, however, who look at politics not as a comic game of ducks and drakes, but as serious, sober things, involving, may be, the very existence of the empire, cannot echo the cry.

Reckless assumption, flippancy, and a total disregard of obvious issues have kept Mr. Disraeli in office hitherto. What this priceless boon may yet cost the country may be augured from the consoling and pacific programme before it.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS."

OUR genial, amusing, and well-edited contemporary, *The Court Journal*, sometimes becomes just a *little* too enthusiastic when it has to deal with amateur actors. In the number of the week before last, in criticising (?) some theatricals in the Regent's Park, it says, *à propos* of the company engaged in the performances, "We doubt if any theatre in London could have procured such combined talent." Now, with all respect for our really esteemed contemporary, we must reply (in most excellent French), "*Gammong! c'est tout-à-fait bosh!*" We are sure that amateur actors are the very last people in the world to wish to be compared with "professionals"—they do not pretend for a moment to compete with their paid "brothers of the buskin" (*Daily Telegraph* for "salaried actors"). We all know that mock turtle can never quite equal the green fat soup so dear to the Alderman's stom—hem! bosom, and that a Ritualistic Service is never quite up to the mark of High Mass. Knowing this, it is a little absurd to compare amateurs (who are obliged to give up the greater part of their time to much more important matters than mere acting) to hard-worked "professionals," who make their homes in theatres, rehearsing all day what they play all night. Of one young gentleman our contemporary observes, "Low comedy we took to be his line, and have been accustomed to look upon him as Robson, jun.; but the way in which he played *Anatole* not only surprised and pleased us, but proved him capable of rising to any emergency." Again we are forced (in the cause of justice) to repeat (using excellent French once more), "*Gammong! c'est tout-à-fait bosh.*" Critics who have seen amateur actors know perfectly well that the "Robson, jun.s" of private life seldom have sufficient histrionic ability to fill more important parts on the boards of a genuine London theatre than the table-bearing "Charles—a servant" of Comedy or the gloomily silent "Third Officer" of Tragedy. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but in spite of the amateur's "grand humour" (to quote the *Court Journal* once more), we have heard nothing (and every one hears everything in London) to make us believe that the young gentleman in question is an exception. We can imagine how exceedingly annoying and embarrassing such unsought-for flattery must be to the amateurs themselves; and it is in their cause we speak out so lengthily upon a matter of such little importance to the public in general as private theatricals. However, it is really not right or just to dub well-meaning young gentlemen "Robson, jun.s," to their cruel confusion; and several degrees too bad to furnish the friends of said well-meaning young gentlemen with unlimited materials for "chaff" by describing their little drolleries and mild waggeries, their incipient "quips" and budding "cranks," as "grand humour."

MAKING AND MARRING.

THE appointment of Prince Arthur to the junior lieutenancy in the corps of Royal Engineers gave genuine satisfaction to His Royal Highness's well-wishers. Numerous precedents exist under which the Prince might easily have commenced his military career as a Colonel of Guards, or a General of Artillery, but it has evidently been the wish and intention of Her Majesty that the godson of the Duke should be a real soldier, and should learn his trade in the only way any trade can ever be thoroughly mastered, by beginning at the beginning.

It is, therefore, very much to be regretted that the Queen's sensible resolution should be foiled at the very outset. Prince Arthur joined his corps at Chatham a few days ago, but instead of being permitted to make his way quietly to the quarters prepared for him, a guard of honour numbering one hundred men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with the divisional band and colours, was drawn up in the station-yard to receive him. His arrival was announced by the firing of a Royal salute

of twenty-one guns from Fort Amherst, the Royal standard being hoisted at the various Government buildings. The Prince then entered an open carriage and four, and was driven to the headquarters of the Royal Engineers at Brompton Barracks, where the whole of the officers and men under the command of Colonel Fitzroy Somerset were drawn up to receive him. After this His Royal Highness retired for a few minutes to put on his uniform as an officer of Engineers, and re-entering his carriage and four was driven off to Government House to report himself to General Murray, who gave a banquet in honour of the occasion.

What a pity it is that the authorities at Chatham should have been permitted to indulge in so much unnecessary tomfoolery! Prince Arthur may be, and no doubt is, a promising young officer anxious to learn his duty and to discharge it conscientiously; but what youth of sixteen, prince or peasant, can fail to be spoilt by so much servile adulation? The Staff at Chatham no doubt numbers many highly accomplished soldiers, but it also contains a select circle of mischievous flunkies.

THE MANIACS COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first is a part of the human frame,
My second a favourite winter's game,
My whole an offence in such a deed
As breaking a vow or forsaking a creed.

2.

Suppose you were wishing to speak of a man
By the personal pronoun, what word would you choose,
When 'tis found, take two-fifths of the letters in tribe,
And then join to the pronoun you're going to use;
'Twill give you the name of a goddess whom Juno
Was jealous of—wherefore I wonder if you know:
For Jupiter, though they have called him divine,
Was by no means repugnant to women and wine.

3.

A human limb and trumpet synonym,
The port and city of a southern clime
Together make: of course it's by the sea:
Now find the name—the task will easy be.

4.

What a company sometimes is called,
And a native of Media too.
What sort of an actor would be
Adduced if you mingled the two?

5.

An instrument making less music than din,
An adjective meaning the ditto of thin,
Together will give, though not spelt the same way
By Shakespeare, the name of a beautiful play.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Garden. 2. Streamlet. 3. Cabbage. 4. Parable. 5. Market. 6. Carpentry.

ANSWERS have been received from T. W. H., Jack Solved It, James Lee, Devonian, Poppy, Two Brummagem Ones, W. M., J. B. S. and C. K. S., Jollynose, Annie (Tooting), Old Bogey, Bran and Crib, Peruvian Nicanor, Swallyhollykinnynicknocks, Your Grandmother, The Savage, Towhit, B. T. Howard, Signor Sam, Samuel E. Thomas, Nodger, Linda Princess, Baker's Bills, The Binfield-road Wonders, H. C. and L. C. D., Ruby's Ghost, Manatic, How Poor, Penfold, Orpheus (Bedlam), Two Clapham Contortionists.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 63.]

LONDON, JULY 18, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

"I HOPE you don't know any one who writes for the TOMAHAWK!" was the remark made to me yesterday on the shady side of Pall Mall by an old friend who happened to be in town this hot weather for a day or two.

"Why?" was naturally my diplomatic response, which scorned a lie, but did not care about confiding even in the friend of my youth.

"Why, my dear boy, it's a scurrilous print—a blasphemous Radical paper. It ought to be kicked out of the clubs, and swept clean off the face of the literary world!"

The torrent was not worth stemming in return, but the subject is worth stopping to inquire into.

Was there ever any use in giving advice? Don't most mothers say, if Poppet finds Doctor Panbolus's pills slightly disagreeable, that medicine is absurd? The child doesn't want it, or she will try another medical adviser until she discovers one who orders *sacch. dilut.* and syrup of tolu to Poppet's taste. But you don't find many mammas owning the pills are poison and the draughts disease while still employing the murdering practitioner.

But that is what the friend of my youth (I was very young) does, for he assures me, when I object that he probably does not read the columns of the journal he abuses, that he most religiously takes it in. He reads it regularly, and gives himself no end of trouble to get it sent to him in the country.

Read then with intelligence and you will see we are neither "scurrilous, blasphemous, nor Radical." These words are your own, remember. But stay—

Perhaps it is blackguardly to wish to see more care taken by those to whom heaven has given education and wealth, of those whose abject poverty deprives them of the means of enlightenment, and forces them into the groove of vice! It is blackguardly to expose the foul spots on the painted face of the society of the world, the seething cesspools in the byways of social life! Perhaps it is scurrilous to speak aloud advice to the fallen drowning in the stream of man's pleasure, to strive to catch the hand of the victim and lead her to a place of safety—scurrilous to publish abroad the facilities to flaunting crime and disease afforded by the blind prudery of canting officials—scurrilous to hint at cancers in parochial bodies. Then are we scurrilous.

Are we blasphemous because we leave religious discussion aside as too holy a subject to be bandied about in a journal with the topics of every-day ridicule? Are we blasphemous because, when one creed or another breaks its ranks and turns bigot, childish, or imbecile, we then draw attention to the follies of individuals playing the fool in the name of the angels of heaven?

Probably we are Radical because we believe that a Minister should be a Patriot, not a man whose policy is self, his king's ambition, but a man who will sacrifice self-ambition, place—aye, and party too, for his country's good, for the honour of his Government. We are Radical because we do not put our trust in princes—but Solomon was a Radical—because we do not believe in the infallibility of the Horse Guards, the efficiency of Sir John Pakington, and the economy of our national budget. We are Radical because we don't encourage the idle working-man or the industrious money-lender, we don't particularly care

about shining the boots of distinguished foreigners or subscribing our guinea to the statue of an alderman because he has been rich enough to give pecuniary assistance to someone in authority. We are Radical, blasphemous, scurrilous, because when the plague-spot appears in Whig, Tory, or Liberal Government or Opposition, secular or clerical, social or national, we put our finger on it to probe and to advise, but never to be a stumbling-block in the way of any. Friend of my youth, pass on; you will take in the TOMAHAWK as before, but you will think when you read, which is what you have not been accustomed to do heretofore.

QUESTIONS FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

EXPLAIN the difference between round shot and spherical?

Do conical shot arrive at a greater velocity when fired from smooth-bore guns?

What would be the maximum of windage resulting from the discharge of a 9-inch rifled gun loaded with hand-grenades?

Have you yet tried to fire a group of rockets from the Rodman gun?

Are you able to teach the select committee how to exhaust shells?

Given a 12-inch gun, what will be the diameter of the shell discharged?

What is the formula for extracting the root of a Palliser shot from a Rodman gun, and *vice versa*?

Have you any distinct idea of the quantity of powder necessary to discharge any shot of any weight a certain distance?

Do you know a gun-stock from a wad?

We pause for a reply.

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY!

THE public mind must indeed be in a healthy condition to encourage the appearance of such advertisements as the following, which we quote from the agony column of the *Times* :—

"Messrs. ——— Private Inquiry Office.—The forthcoming Elections.—The services of Mr. ———, late principal police officer, &c., &c., can be secured for the above. Address ———. Confidential inquiries made in England and abroad."

Of course, the *only* object of the advertiser is to render assistance in putting a stop to the corrupt practices which for so many years have been a disgrace to the country.

How fortunate it is that the morality of our detective police is such an indisputable fact! Had the force ever laid itself open to a charge of want of principle or unscrupulousness, such an announcement as the foregoing might have created an uncomfortable impression.

NEWS FOR CRICKETERS.—Madame Rachel considers the public very *wicket* for not finding *bail*!

PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.—What is the difference between the drill ground of the London Scottish at Westminster and a certain popular Shakespearean reader? One's a famous hall and the other's a F. A. Mars-hall. [Only "our" fun.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

THE BLESSING OF CONNECTIONS.

WHAT a delightful, heaven-sent blessing it is for a man to have *connections*! You think it doesn't much signify. You are under the impression that you, Lieutenant Criggs, with two G.'s, of the Royal Inexplosibles, for instance, or you, John Brownsmith, of the Flot and Jetsam Office, having each of you a talent for invention, or a ready turn for mathematics, can arrive at the top of the greasy pole without aid. If you are so young and guileless, let TOMAHAWK take up his parable, and just you lend your ears for a minute.

There was once an army, in which mules and donkeys played the principal part, sent out at an expense of six millions of money to attack a semi-barbarian tyrant, whose obstinate ignorance, encouraged by the imbecility of a consul or two, persisted in keeping some very common-place foreigners in a stronghold of his mountain kingdom.

How this army was supplied with all the inventions available, all the engines practicable, and all the animals obtainable for the purpose of invasion, we will not wait to detail; suffice it to say that, with great pluck and indomitable energy, this army, under the command of a great and good general, arrived in an incredibly short time before the stronghold in which were lying the very common-place foreigners who were about to be released.

After a charge on the part of the barbarian cavalry, whose only knowledge of the British army had been obtained from some penny theatrical scraps in the possession of one of the very common-place prisoners, whereby the general combat partook not a little of the nature of an Astleyan rally, preparations were made for an assault upon the stronghold of the semi-barbarian tyrant, who watched the proceedings from the walls of his rocky palace.

Now, be it known that the heights on which this stronghold is are so precipitous and so inaccessible that few, if any, citadels in the world can compare with it for natural defences. And the town was to be stormed, and the gates taken by force of battery. And all night previous the soldiers were on the alert, the general was cool and cautious, the officers were listening to his directions, and the engineers were planning the means of assault. The moment arrived: the storming party went forth, and up went the brave souls who were to be the first victims, and to stand the first fire, or fall, as the case might be. Up they went, with picks and levers, and all the engines of a storm. There might be thousands waiting behind those gates with mortars and guns charged to the muzzle with unknown missiles; but what did that signify? There would be no delay—no hesitation; all that was to be done lay in the gunpowder to be used for blowing up the portcullis; and now they had arrived up the steep entrance-way, all they had to do was to wait the officer's command. Of course, you see the discharge of the powder, the rush of sparks, the cloud of smoke, and the cries of the wounded natives. Not a bit of it: the Engineer in command had forgotten the only essential! He had had all the night to think of it, and there was no gunpowder forthcoming!! A British storming party have orders to blow up the principal gate of a stupendous fortress, on the success of which explosion may hang the fortune of the day, and the British Engineer officer in command has forgotten the powder!!!

Now, O guileless Lieutenant Criggs, with two G.'s, do you see the blessing of connections? Not yet—your honest brain does not connect explosions with relations. Open your ears wider. What we have related as a parable happened at the taking of Magdala. Luckily for England, luckily for our army, and still more luckily for the Engineer office in command, behind that gate were some dozen or two of ill-armed Abyssinians surrounding their half-crazed sovereign; so the storming party climbed, more or less, over the gate which ought, like the Engineer officer in command, to have been blown up, and which was not and never will be now, still like the Engineer officer in command. In a hand-to-hand combat, which only wanted the presence of Menken and a little green fire to be complete, Theodore was killed or shot himself, the dozen ill-armed Abyssinians were vanquished, and Magdala was ours.

Now, what do you suppose, my dear Lieutenant Criggs, would have been your fate if you had commanded that storming party and there had been no gunpowder ready for use? You know perfectly well you would have been Tried by Court-Martial, or if you like it better, TRIED by COURT-MARTIAL,

in the biggest of letters, and by this time might be expiating your offence by slow death on the Gold Coast of Africa.

Now—ah! *now* you see the blessing of connections. The matter has been allowed to blow over, the Engineer officer in command is lavishly praised in general orders, and we do not despair before long of seeing him raised to the peerage even before Sir Robert Napier. How good and blessed a thing it is in the social creed to have connections!

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Concluded.)

Waist.—A moveable feast offered by Fashion to sight.

War.—Pluto's recruiting-sergeant.

Water.—The lover's register.

Wedding-party.—The crowd at an execution.

Whim.—A fly that buzzes in the empty chamber of the brain.

Widow.—An old soldier on half-pay—ready to join at a moment's notice.

Wife.—A crown of glory to her husband—or a crown of thorns.

Will.—In her favour is as good as the deed.

Wine.—The juice to pay.

Wit.—The truffle of conversation.

Woman.—The first who added woe to man.

Wrinkles.—Time's telegrams.

Youth.—The only age which feels too young.

Zoo.—A place of worship for monkies.

AN APPEAL.

ALTHOUGH we English people set ourselves up amongst all nations of the earth for the most charitable of races, in no country more than in England do ostentation and caprice attach themselves so persistently to good deeds and noble gifts. When a subscription is set on foot for any great object of public interest, there are always people enough forthcoming with donations of from £1 to £1,000 to fill a couple of columns of the *Times* with their names. But somehow or other the great good objects seem to swallow up every morsel of the public sympathy, leaving the little good objects to take care of themselves.

These reflections are suggested by the many instances in which, during the past month, London clergymen have begged hard in the newspapers for a few pounds wherewith to give their school-children the treat of a day's holiday in the green fields. As it is impossible that anybody can have anything to urge against the "one holiday a year system," it is surprising that these appeals should have been met with so meagre a response. In most cases £20 or £30 is all that has been asked for, and one would surely have thought that such moderate demands would have touched the hearts of a few of those charitable well-to-do people who are ever ready with the £5 note or ten guinea cheque, where the demand is more formal and the object less kindly. But it appears, from the letters of thanks and acknowledgment which have followed the several petitions, that the subscriptions have been limited, almost without exception, to one or two odd half-crowns and a few shillings' worth of postage stamps; and in all cases the clergymen have had to beg for something more.

Is it that the spirit of real charity is dead amongst us, and that we are only prepared to associate ourselves with funds and subscription lists which stamp us in the advertising sheets of the press as good charitable souls; or is it that in our indolence we do not care to trouble ourselves with matters so insignificant? Whatever the fact may be, it is not creditable that the promoters of a good cause should have to beg so hard for so little.

POLICE-NOTICE.—Any policeman caught in areas or other places of cooks' resort without muzzles shall be removed to the nearest station, and there disposed of according to the Act.

"WELCOME HOME OUR SAILOR PRINCE."

(By our own Court Tailor—we beg pardon—Poet.)

This is a jolly, glorious day !
Whatever any man may say :
For home now from Australi—a,
With shouts which would a stone convince,
We welcome home our Sailor Prince !

He came here in the *Galatea* !
He never showed the slightest fear !
The rough sea never made him queer !
He ne'er looked sour like a quince !
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince !

Shout ! Britons, shout ! the assassin's blow
Has happily turned out no go !
Our Alfred is no more so !
His cheek is red as coloured chintz !
So welcome home our Sailor Prince !

Bravely he stood upon the deck !
(His cousin Mary wed Prince Teck,)
His tie it floated round his neck !
He manned the ropes ! he reefed the splints !
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince !

Bravely he furled the snow-white sails !
Bravely he worked the merry gales !
Bravely he baled the boats with pails !
His hands are hard as any quince !
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince !

The nation sings this loyal song !
(The nation hopes it ain't too long,)
But not to sing it would be wrong !
So sing it loud and never wince !
But welcome home our Sailor Prince !

There, if our Glover will only fit that to music, what a success it will be !

ENCORE VERSE.

Come let us load our Prince with gifts !
(For rhymes we are sometimes put to shifts,)
But this idea our bosom lifts !
Give him a pearl big as a quince !
Then welcome home our Sailor Prince !

MARIAGE A LA MODE.

THE oft-recurring controversy on the advisability of marrying on nothing and living on love has once again taken possession of half-a-dozen columns a-day of some of the morning papers. There is one great objection, to these marriage or celibacy controversies. They never have led to any practical result, and they never can. Indeed, it is very doubtful if there is any sense in them at all. The question is really a personal one. Each case stands alone. The Marquis of — having considerably outrun his means, and being head over head and ears in debt, with every wish and effort to economise, would probably congratulate himself on getting through the year on anything less than £4,000 ; whereas Mr. Smith, of Clapham and Somerset House, who married Miss Jones, whose father lives at Bayswater, and goes to the City every day at a quarter to nine, would no doubt consider himself in affluence if his annual income amounted to £400. Again, Lucy, who married ten years ago on £80, and is now repaid for the little self-denial she once had to practise by being surrounded by a family of six children, whose father has risen to the proud position of head clerk in the house with a salary of £150 a year, would probably have little in common with Lady Mary who married young Sparks, who sold out of the Guards on the occasion, and is now starving on £800 and an annual round of visits to a large circle of aristocratic acquaintances. Therefore the Marquis and Smith, and Lucy and her ladyship, cannot throw much light on the question of what it costs to live, although they may compare their experiences until doomsday.

Everybody knows what mutton costs, and how much one pays for house rent and servants' wages, and whole newspapers

full of opinions and sentiments cannot reduce the water-rate or stave off the relentless tax-collector. By the way, why do all the people who live on £150 a-year say they put aside £4 4s. a year for "Pew at church?" Nobody believes them. Indeed, such extravagance would be wicked while there are such things as free seats in the land.

The whole controversy resolves itself into a question of tastes and habits. A bachelor with £100 a-year who manages to live within his income will generally find it safe to marry on it, while a bachelor with £500 a-year who gets into debt had better remain single if he does not wish to drag his wife and family into poverty and want. *Voilà tout !*

L. S. D-LUSION.

OF all the crimes to which sensationalism must plead guilty, perhaps not the least is its never-failing habit of setting the public mind wrong on all great questions. In sensational language proper an International Exhibition means the inauguration of the Millenium ; a Royal marriage a bond of amity between two States for ever ; a new line of railway, peace, prosperity, and plenty for every one who happens to be domiciled within ten miles of a branch station. Sensible men, of course, read these things in their proper light, but not that gawky, gaping, gullible body the British public.

It is on this account that, 'midst the stir of things of far greater moment, we pause to say a few words about the idiotic after-dinner gush that recently found its way into the papers under the guise of some anniversary dinner in connection with the Atlantic cable. During the banquet in question several messages were hurried across the Atlantic, to which, notwithstanding their arrival in America at the very unconvivial hour known as "tea-time," appropriate answers were returned. As a specimen, let us take a few lines addressed to the Chairman "by Mr. Cyrus Field's daughter :—"

"New York, 4.5 P.M.—I thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken of my father, causing me to feel that we are friends, although our acquaintance is thus made across the sea and in a moment of time."

In this, of course, beyond the waste of labour and material occupied in the correspondence, there is no great harm. It is silly enough ; but still, if a sort of relish is imparted to a series of dishes by the knowledge that two gentlemen are taking turns at twisting a handle at two ends of a long wire, then by all means let them twist. That electricity should travel at a rate considerably greater than that at which the surface of the earth moves, revolving round its own axis, is, if not a novel piece of information, at least capable of helping out after-dinner fun. The good old joke of somebody in New York getting news of a London repast five hours before it happens is not objectionable in itself, and if a little "sentiment" about the wonders of science gets superadded, as it naturally does, over the wine, every excuse ought to be made when the solemn misery of a public dinner is taken into account. However, excuses must end here. What is deserving of none is the conduct of men who get up and talk frothy balderdash about the Atlantic telegraph cementing the friendship of the two nations, the shores of which it materially connects. Why on earth cannot a lot of stock and shareholders congratulate themselves on the success of a purely commercial speculation, which pays uncommonly well, without inferentially assuming that they are a band of good angels whose mission it is to usher in peace and bestow blessing wherever they may rest their sainted feet ?

As—as has been very truly remarked—the telegraph is a quicker exponent of men's angry passions, it is far more likely to bring about a serious issue between this country and the United States, if they ever set themselves to hearty quarrelling, than could have been possible under the old system of thirteen days' cold-blooded deliberation. For all the glorious purposes of money-making and supplying big type paragraphs to the newspapers, the Cable is supreme. It is the great boon of money-makers and sensation-mongers. To look at it as more than this is not only ridiculous, but mischievous ; and we trust there will be in future less of the maudlin fraternisation to which we have referred. The thing, perhaps, is irritating rather than serious, yet still even in an age of shams it is better to call things by their right names, and designate money-making—money-making, and not philanthropy.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

O listen to the tale
Of Mrs. Borrodaile,
Who has hoped to turn out "Beautiful for ever :"
How she fell into a net
By a "smartish" Jewess set,
Who has shown herself a "leetle" bit too clever.

The Jewess has a name
Of advertising fame,
Which it Madame Rachel is as you're acquainted.
The art that she professes
(In Bond street her address is)
Is really twice as black as it is painted.

This sorceress, I'm told,
Can turn red hair to gold,
And smoothen wrinkled flesh to feel like satin ;
Not an ill that flesh is heir to
But its antidote she'll swear to,
Like any hag of classic Greek or Latin.

To this Jewess of my tale
Went Mrs. Borrodaile,
At an age confessing fifty summers clearly,
With an infantine belief
In the artist, Time's own thief ;
Unconscious of the art she paid so dearly.

Her dignity, she found,
For just a thousand pounds
She might lay aside, her beauty to recover :
So her wrinkled form she sold,
Which was getting rather old,
On receipt of promised youth and future lover.

Enamelling for weeks
White and red upon her cheeks,
Taking baths, too, of the costliest cosmetics ;—
Performed in such a manner
As reminds one of Susannah,
The victim of the two old Jew ascetics.

(A parenthesis we take
This here question for to make
Of the ladies, Rachely following this path ;
Don't you flush to your hair roots,
Or sink into your boots,
When you hear of this companion of the Bath ?)

For this silly soul, it seems,
Of a coronet had dreams,
Which the lovely Hebrew managed well to foster ;
For another thousand pound
A lord of straw was found :
Who knows what tears the volunteers have cost her ?

So this lady's hair was stained,
Another purse completely drained,
By Madame Jezabel, the Jewish spider ;
Who furnishes new wings,
And such like simple things,
To the flies who struggle helplessly beside her.

Like the bow-wow in the book
Whose bone fell in the brook,
The shadow turned out not to be Lord Ranular ;
Madame Rachel smoked the glass,
Through which she now sees pass—
Total eclipse of purse, of ring an annular.

The moral of my rhyme
Is, washes can't kill time,
Whatever pains you take to ward off ravages ;
Don't believe that Rachel's art
Could ever catch a heart,
And leave painting of your skin to idle savages.

TROUBLED WATERS.

THAT dear good man, Lord Shaftesbury, seems to be suffering from chronic indecision. That Light of the Gospel could not make up his mind on which side to vote about the Irish Church. He had neither the courage to defend his own convictions or to perform an act of justice ; and now it seems that, after innumerable postponements of the trial, he cannot make up his mind to prosecute his steward on the charge of embezzlement. Some time ago, when the matter was partially investigated, something was said about some money transactions with members of his Lordship's family. We should like to know if this had anything to do with the postponement of the trial. It is a cruel thing, even in a pious man like Lord Shaftesbury, to keep a charge like this hanging over a man's head for nearly two years, and then in the end abandoning the prosecution. The unfortunate Mr. Waters is ruined : if he can, as his counsel alleged, prove his innocence, we are sure Lord Shaftesbury will give him every opportunity of doing so ; and if he succeeds, will see he is no loser by his misfortune.

ON TRIAL.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Commission appointed to inquire whether &c., &c., resumed its labours this morning. The portion of the room set apart for the public was, as on the previous occasion, densely crowded, and the interest manifested in the evidence elicited from the witnesses summoned for examination appeared to be as lively as ever.

LORD CRAWLINGFORD'S EVIDENCE.

LORD CRAWLINGFORD having been called, said he was what was called a law lord. His family had not exactly come over with the Conqueror, nor had James I. sold them a coronet for a small consideration. He was the first Baron. His grandfather had been a provincial butcher, and his father a Radical attorney. Yes, he had been a Radical himself once, and written a pamphlet in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords. It was called *Take away those Baubles ; or, a Word with the Crown*. His views had undergone a considerable change since then. He now believed in divine right, hereditary legislation, and the value of blood. Of course he had arms on his carriage door. His crest was a *whelk regardant*, and his motto *odi profanum*. He had voted against the Suspensory Bill, and should do so again. Yes, he could give an excellent reason for such a course. He was determined to show his brother peers that he was by no means a *parvenu*, and that he was, bone and blood, as good a Tory as any of them. Would like to wear his coronet in Piccadilly on Sundays. Liked to be called "my Lord," and should never vote for any measure in the least degree calculated to interfere either with his own personal opinion of himself or his supposed importance in the eyes of others. There were not many of his type in the House of Lords. He wished to take this opportunity of publicly stating his conviction that—

[His Lordship was here interrupted by the Chairman, who intimated that his examination was closed.]

BISHOP OF BOXMORE'S EVIDENCE.

The next witness called was the BISHOP OF BOXMORE. He said he was a "spiritual" peer. (*A laugh.*) He was educated at Snaggleton Grammar School. Went from there to St. Barnabas, Cambridge, and was nineteenth wrangler. Edited a Greek tragedy, published a volume of sermons—sound ones—(*laughter*)—and contributed seven essays on the Tower of Babel to the *British Churchman's County Family Encyclopaedia*. He also married Honoria Lucilla, seventh daughter of the Earl of Tinkerville. Thinks that is how he may have become a bishop, though he always suspects the Greek tragedy had something to do with it. Liked being a peer amazingly. Meant by a "spiritual" peer a peer with lawn sleeves, a palace, several fashionable daughters, two carriages, a good stable, and £5,000 a year. Of course he voted against the Suspensory Bill. Should have thought it sacrilege to interfere with his own pocket. Yes, he strongly objected to Romish Bishops for two reasons. They not only wore mitres in church, but took a rate of remuneration that disgraced the order. He believed they "did it" on a beggarly £300 a year. He did not care what people thought of him. He had got a see, and meant to enjoy himself.

[The examination of the Reverend Prelate was still in progress as our parcel left.]

A SONG FOR INFANT STATESMEN.

IF we may Dizzy's word believe,
His services Britannia needed,
And would have had much cause to grieve
Had not his crew to place succeeded.

He tells us foreign states were each
Becoming sick of our alliance,
And in their diplomatic speech
Using expressions of defiance.

So he and Derby office took,
And things abroad so well adjusted,
That our allies soon changed their look,
And Mister Bull no more distrusted.

This, with his usual bounce, he said—
The wily egotistic sinner,
To please the guests that with him fed
Their stomachs at a civic dinner.

But Duff has well exposed the lie,
And published in each daily paper;
We've seen the Premier's smart reply,
By Layard well-termed chaff and vapour.

But aught beside can we expect
From one whose selfish vacillation
Won't let his words his thoughts reflect
Without an eye to retraction?

MINISTERIAL MORALITY.

THERE is now little concealment regarding the intention of Sir Stafford Northcote to appoint himself Viceroy of India should the present Government last out the year, or rather until January next, when Sir John Lawrence's term of five years' tenure of office will expire. As an appointment pure and simple, there is little to be said against the promotion, or reduction (which is it?) of the present Secretary of State for India to the Governor-Generalship, for Sir Stafford probably knows as much about the affairs of India as any man in this country who has never been there; but such an appointment, excellent as it may be in itself, becomes highly dangerous as a precedent. Indeed, Sir Stafford Northcote's avowed intention of appointing himself to the most remunerative post in his gift has already had its effect, for there is no doubt that his novel example will be followed by several of his *confrères* in the Cabinet. We make our statement with every reserve, but we have good reason to believe that should any of the below-mentioned offices fall vacant between this and Christmas next the public may confidently expect that the successions will be made in the following manner:—

Archbishop of Canterbury.	Mr. Disraeli, First Lord of the Treasury.
Commander-in-Chief of the Army.	Sir John Pakington, Secretary of State for War.
Governor-General of Canada.	Duke of Buckingham, Colonial Secretary.
Admiral of the Fleet.	Mr. Corry, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Chief Commissioner of Police.	Mr. Hardy, Home Secretary.
Master of the Mint.	Mr. Ward Hunt, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Contractor for the New Law Courts.	Lord John Manners, Chief Commissioner of Works.
Mr. Cole, C.B.	Duke of Marlborough, President of the Council.

It is fortunate perhaps that there is little probability of many of these important and lucrative posts falling vacant, for should such eventualities occur, and should Sir Stafford Northcote carry his point and seize the Indian Viceroyship, there is no just cause nor impediment that the appointments we have detailed should not be carried out. After all, why should not patronage, like charity, commence at home?

HUMOURS OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company are a lucky body. Like a well-pegged-down pot of verbena, they are sending out branches in all directions—branches which promise not only to thrive well in themselves, but to bring fat profit to the parent stock. What, for example, do the St. John's Wood Extension Company pay for running partially over the Metropolitan's lines? And what do the Hammersmith Extension pay, and the Great Western? And what will come in when the Bayswater branch is opened? Meanwhile the original Undergroundlings are paying a good dividend, and have got a bold bill through Committee safely in the House of Lords. They are a lucky lot!

Perhaps it is the enjoyment of fortune which inspires them with a peculiar facetiousness, consisting in the playing off of a series of practical jokes upon the public. In the eyes of most railway directors the public is a good-natured, doltish sort of dummy, created for the purpose of furnishing dividends and to be cozened in all sorts of ways. And the jocularity of the Underground directors finds vent in badgering this said dummy variously. They started, for instance, with providing good gas-light accommodation in the carriages—the only inducement for people to immure themselves in the stifling tunnels between Bishop's road and Farringdon street. Without ample light, one might with as much comfort sit in a sewer as in one of those tunnels. But finding that gas reconciled one to the sulphur vapours of the Metropolitan Erebus, the directors hit on the humorous design of lessening the lights by two-thirds, and now furnish two lamps to each carriage where there formerly were six. Another of their jokes is to turn the supply only half on in the morning, when everybody who is hurrying into the City has bought the morning paper. If you are a clerk, whose day is fully occupied, you are naturally eager to while away the sole leisure you have on Tuesday morning by studying TOMAHAWK, during the half hour between Paddington and the City. Very good; you may obtain hasty glimpses of your favourite journal at Edgware road and King's cross, where there is daylight, but sorrow a bit will you read it in the tunnels, unless you have eyes like a cat. At six o'clock, when you return from the office, the gas is full on, though the daylight is as strong then as at ten in the morning at this time of year, and though day and night are much the same in the bowels of the earth.

A joke as prime as making the public blind is to make the public deaf—which effort is achieved by aid of screeching and grinding appliances of ten-million sawmill-power. The manner in which a stridulous train grates round a curve and rasps its way into the station might shake even a parrot's nerves. Every note in the gamut of cacophony do these trains sound—from the gruffest "scrannel" to the shrillest squeak. An easy way to avoid this discord would be to roughen the breaks whenever they get smooth from use; but then that would spoil the joke. Then there are fiendish engine-drivers who have a taste for whistling on every possible occasion: they whistle on coming into the station and on leaving the station, and in the tunnels, and often half the way between Paddington and Westbourne Park. What there is to whistle at in places where trains pass every three minutes, and where a perpetual look-out is maintained, constitutes the creamy part of the joke. This same passage between Paddington and Westbourne Park is specially favourable for larks, and an essential bit of fun is to stop twice or thrice every journey in the narrowest strip of railroad and stare about, as though something were in the way. This affords a pretext for more whistling, and has the further advantage of frightening old ladies.

The dodge of hiding the names of stations amid a bewilderment of posters and advertisements, so that country visitors may imagine each station is called Maravilla or Panklibanon, is so obvious that TOMAHAWK forbears comment. The fun, too, of giving "eccentric" change—particularly at Bishop's road—if a passenger is foolish enough to proffer a sovereign, may be left for another season. If TOMAHAWK hears much more of this last joke, the officials may look out for something to their disadvantage. When the directors have introduced the two or three little reforms hinted at, he will be happy to reward them by pointing out a manoeuvre by which roguish travellers contrive to habitually book third class and ride first without the least fear of detection.



LONDON, JULY 18, 1868.

THE WEEK.

TALK about turning swords into sickles, but what is that to the Marquis of Salisbury, known once as "Fighting Bob," turned peacemaker? The only parallel we can think of is Mars as a nursery governess!

THERE has been a great outcry against the conduct of the railway company that deposits its passengers at the foot of the Crystal Palace. The management of the line seems, like its engineers, to be contented with a very "low level."

How would the following read?

"On the 11th July, at Bollingford Park, Wilts, the wife of Sir Anthony Stubbs, of a baronet."

Yet this is the way the leading journals set to work, when another baby is added to the household of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Why on earth will the *Times* talk about the "Princess of Wales being safely delivered of a *Princess*?" Is there not the word "daughter" in the English language?

WE have a practical suggestion to make in serious earnest. As that most obstinate and narrow-minded of all officials, who bullies all the unfortunate inhabitants of London under the plea of protection, persists in maintaining that cruel order about muzzling dogs, we propose that a subscription be raised for the purpose of prosecuting Sir Oracle for cruelty to animals. We shall very gladly contribute our mite towards such a fund. It is quite time that some restraint were placed on the bungling incapacity and brazen stupidity of our would-be Prefect of Police.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE!

(SEE CARTOON.)

SPOKEN BY A SWELL.

ALWAYS go to see female gymnasts—good figures, you know, and all that sort of thing—chance of an accident—excitement, you know. Schneider great fun too—deuced good. Awful "go" about her—kicks up her leg in the "Sabre song"—much better than in Paris. Like her awfully. So does Polly (still the same, you see; but she slightly bores me, so I will introduce you to her one of these days if you like—you remember her, she used to dance at Drury Lane) and so do my sisters. Very jolly, indeed. Awfully nice combination, legs and music. Offenbach deuced good—specially the ballet! *Apropos*, knew a fellow who &c., &c.

(Here follows much unfit for publication.)

SPOKEN BY A "GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

Oh, so delightfully improper, you know. Great fun—Harry and Charley came up into our box during the marriage scene. They said *such* good things: on my honour they were *so* broad that to this very moment I can't make up my mind whether I oughtn't to have blushed or not. *Awfully* nice! One objection, laughing at Schneider cracks one's enamel. The scene between Fritz and the Duchess was *so* funny though, and *so* suggestive. Of course I am not going to make a fool of myself; but really, Charles, our footman, has splendid whiskers and &c., &c.

(In consideration of the lady's position in society we suppress the remainder of her remarks.)

SPOKEN BY A COUNTER-JUMPER.

Well, if there's anything as I think really the thing, it is these 'ere female gymnasts. I always pays with pleasure to see 'em. You gets such a lot of hexcitement for your money, you know. No rubbishing nets, or anything of that sort. No, if they comes down *they comes down*. That's the pleasure of the hentertainment. Oh, it beats 'Amlet 'ollow, and can give a couple of stone to them silly horatorios. It's "slap bang stunning," that's what it is. Went to see Miss Schneider the other night, up in the gallery. Oh, it was "O. K." I was glad as 'ow I didn't understand French very well, 'cos you see it might 'ave turned out as 'ow the words weren't as spicy as 'er acting. Oh, she was spicy! I says (in spite of most of the gents in our establishment disagreeing with me)—I says that I thinks Miss Schneider quite as good as Miss Annie Adams. I ain't joking, I really mean it!

SPOKEN BY A "ROUGH."

Law bless my lovely soul, but if this 'ere "female gymnast" ain't crummy, may I never pick up a lovely wiper for the next six months. Law bless my lovely soul, they is stunning (let's say, *Ed. TOM.*) *angels*! 'Owsomever, I 'ave been unkimmon unfortnit. Never seed a lovely haccident in my life! It's too bad. They're stopping heverythink now-a-days! Yer can't see a lovely cove lagged; and, you mark my lovely words, they'll do away with these 'ere "female gymnasts" next! As for that lovely furriner at the St. James's, my lovely missus won't let me go and see 'er: she says as 'ow a lovely "penny gaff" is quite spicy enough for me. O them women, them women! they never let yer do what yer like unless yer taps 'em over their lovely 'eds with a lovely poker!

SPOKEN BY "TOMAHAWK."

And this is what you call amusement!

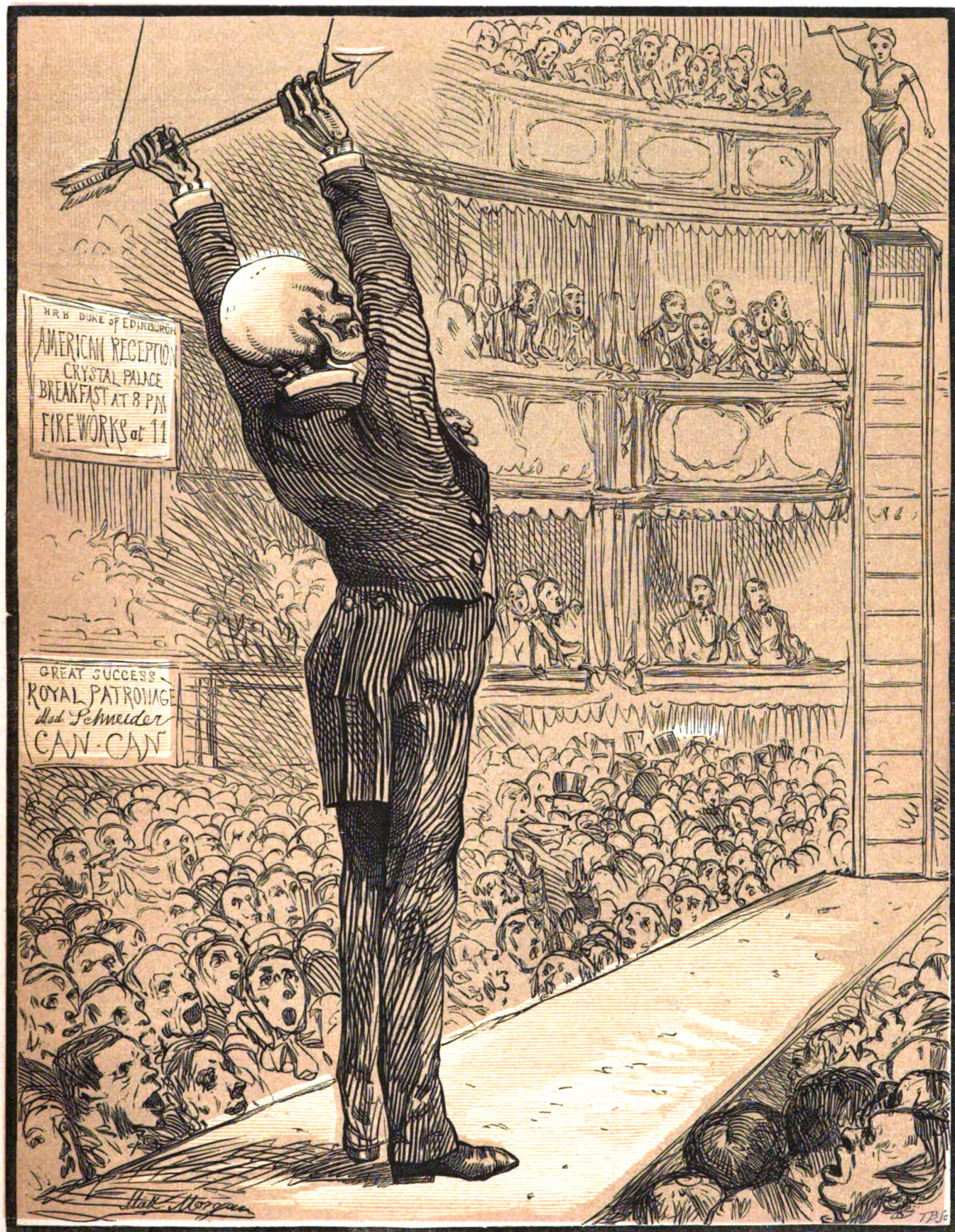
First, you miserable creature in the blonde whiskers and the moustache; you wretched barber's block and tailor's dummy; you libel on mankind and insult to the monkey race—so *you* like to see a poor woman imperil her life for the savage amusement of vulgar fools and heartless dandies? You who have not the heart to do a single charitable action, nor the brains to avoid the most open of pitfalls, or the most obvious of snares,—it is you who approve of and support this pointless barbarity! Did your forefathers fight and die in the defence of all that was chivalrous that you might pelt with mud the family escutcheon? Away fool! back to your favourite spot, the "Zoo." Try to find an empty cage and fill it with your folly!

And you, Madam, in the enamel and bare shoulders!—you who have brought men to look upon your sex as something worse than Othello's angry description of Desdemona!—you who have turned marriage into a farce, and the very name of morality into a jest and a bye-word!—have you so little of the lady left in you that you can laugh at the vulgarity and immodesty of the *cancan*, and sympathise with those who love to regard the progress of a *liason* between a graceful Duchess and her coarse-minded flunkey? Are you so regardless of your mother's memory that you would tempt the chance of losing for ever the heritage of honour and respect she left to you at her death, by striving to copy the manners of the poor uneducated wretches you pass so often and with so many shudders in the gas-lighted streets when your carriage wends its way on its road to the Opera? Fie for shame, Madam! Reform, and bless your stars that we have no Bridewell!

As for you, my men—you of the shop board and the police cell, beware both of you! We all know the story of the empty till and the broken cash-box. Policeman X is the best preacher to read a sermon to you, my lads!

And last I will speak to the poor woman herself. O one of a score of female gymnasts, listen before it becomes too late! Do not urge the excuse that you work for your husband or children. Die, and what will your family do? Become for life a useless cripple, and how will you assist your husband? Say not that your labour is easy or pleasant, for I solemnly declare to you that in your most confident mood you are trifling with a fatal dart, and have at all times—in the height of your triumph—at the moment of your greatest success—grim Death for your playfellow!

NIGHT THOUGHT OF A WAG.—I wonder if Sir Robert Napier is *un'appier* now he's going to be made *a'peer* (*sleeps*.)



AMUSEMENT FOR THE PEOPLE!

O one of a score of female gymnasts, listen before it becomes too late! Do not urge the excuse that you work for your husband or children. Die, and what will your family do? Become for life a useless cripple, and how will you assist your husband? Say not that your labour is easy or pleasant, for I solemnly declare to you

ADVANCE AMERICA!

WE understand that in consequence of the great success of the "Sir Robert Napier, Admission One Shilling," *fête* at the Crystal Palace, entertainments of a similar character are contemplated by the directors of other places of instruction and amusement.

We believe that it is possible that the following advertisements will shortly appear in the columns of our leading contemporaries :—

ROYAL CREMORNE GARDENS.

Lessee, MR. E. T. SMITH.

The Proprietor has the honour to announce that he has made arrangements to give a

Public Reception

to

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,

in honour of the defeat of the

Suspensory Bill

in the

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Right Rev. Prelate will enter the Gardens at about 10 o'clock, and will immediately proceed to the

CRYSTAL PLATFORM,

Where he will assist at a performance of the celebrated

Cancon.

His Lordship will also witness a magnificent display of

FIREWORKS AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

And will, in conclusion, partake publicly of the renowned

CREMORNE SUPPER,

Which will be served punctually at midnight, at Half-a-Crown a-head.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

Bishops in Canonicals admitted Free!

We beg to submit another programme :—

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Professor Pepper, assisted by Mr. Dircks, has the honour to announce that in the course of his new and popular lecture, entitled

THE ETHICS OF AERONAUTOLGY;

or,

HARLEQUIN THE GHOST, MR. KING, AND THE NINE LITTLE

TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET,

he will have the sincere and loyal gratification of introducing to an indulgent British public

THE INFANT BUT ROYAL DAUGHTER

OF

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

(*Her Royal and Infant Highness's First Appearance here.*)

Professor Pepper, assisted by Mr. Dircks, trusts that the nobility and gentry of this mighty metropolis will seize this opportunity of testifying their undying loyalty to the Royal House of England.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

Schools and Peers in Coronets Half-price!

And yet one more to be given as a conclusion :—

THE PAVILION,

BRIGHTON.

The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton have kindly placed the above popular mansion at the disposal of a

COMMITTEE OF FRENCH AUTHORS

desirous of giving

MESSRS. CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT

A Public Ovation in honour of their

Highly ORIGINAL Novel,

Very appropriately entitled

"FOUL PLAY!"

In the course of the evening

MR. CHARLES READE

will lecture upon

"*Auricular Confession.*"

(For further particulars see *Griffith Gaunt.*)

At Midnight precisely (weather permitting),

MR. DION BOUCICAULT

Will be carried out into

"THE MOON-BAMES!"

N.B.—A Brass Band will be in attendance—solo on the trumpet, Mr. Charles Reade.

Admission—ONE SHILLING.

Field Marshals in uniform and Judges in their robes will be admitted by refreshment ticket—Price Sixpence.

CHEAP MARMALADE.

WHAT may be the final issue of Mr. Disraeli's conversion to Orangeism, it is at this moment impossible to predict. One thing, however, is certain. He has done more to stimulate the weaknesses of that amiable society than has been accomplished by any leading statesman in the course of the present century. Without taking into account the antics of noisy nobodies of the Mr. Johnston-of-Ballykilbeg-type, one is not long coming to the conclusion that all the pent-up mischief of years is very soon likely to find some vent in Ireland. The Orange fever is on the increase in every quarter; and the usual glorification in their Dutch origin, their want of generosity to their enemies, their capacity for bawling into the very ears of St. Stephen's itself, have kept these *thoroughbred* Irishmen in a state of continual ferment for the last two months. However, this is only what must be expected when a Prime Minister degrades himself by patting such stuff on the back. There is no doubt but that all this looks threatening enough, and has a very serious aspect indeed. There is, nevertheless, a comic side to everything, and Orangeism has one of its own. Orangeism says its prayers. At the laying of a foundation-stone of an "Orange Hall" at Sandy Row the other day, somebody, whom a local newspaper styles the "Grand Chaplain," delivered himself as follows :—

"Bless the members of the Orange Institution. Let piety, truth, and justice, charity, brotherly love, and loyalty, concord and unity, and all other Christian virtues flourish among us, and make us acceptable in Thy sight," &c., &c.

The quotation is genuine; and there is very little doubt but that it is correctly reported. Taking into consideration the very great difficulty the would-be pious, just, charitable, and &c. &c. brethren find in impressing the outside world with a confidence in their virtues, it is something to know that although they miss the mark, they at least aim high. Unfortunately for "the members of the Orange Institution," very odd ideas *indeed* have got abroad about the meaning they attach to plain English words. For instance, an Orange dictionary is usually suffered to run somewhat in this fashion.

PIETY.—A fine rich word for mealy mouths. A pious man is one who blasphemes about every creed but his own, and calls God to witness what he is about.

TRUTH.—Something to be stifled at any cost. History always to be written in yellow ink.

JUSTICE.—Something too bad to be spoken of, if wanted for Ireland.

CHARITY.—Cursing, reviling, and hating those who differ from you with all your heart, soul, and strength.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—See *Gammon and Spinach.*

LOYALTY.—A conditional virtue dependent on the state of the Orange sympathies of the monarch. Cromwell was a thoroughly loyal man when in Ireland.

CONCORD.—A state of blessedness reached by exterminating five-sixths of your fellow-countrymen.

UNITY.—A beautiful bond—of red hot chains.

OTHER CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.—Powder and shot.

With such powers of interpretation it is not surprising that

Orangeism is at as decided a discount on this side of the water as it is on the other. Some "loyal" gentleman of Orange sympathies the other day threatened Her Majesty by inference, and talked disrespectful nonsense about crowns toppling over. When the disestablishment of the Irish Church is an accomplished fact, possibly this exuberant devotion to the throne may be put to the test, and roughly handled for its trouble.

A WORD WITH THE ACTORS.

WHEN will actors learn to subordinate their egregious self-conceit and greedy vanity to an appearance of decency and courtesy? No sooner does one of the profession get any praise than his head is immediately turned, and he gives himself as many airs as a bantam cock on the top of the great Pyramid. He is very sorry, but he "cannot play such a part because Mr. B. has got a better one, and he can't really play second to him." How contemptible this is! Surely, if acting really is an art, its professors might try and sustain the dignity of that art by acting good sense, if they have not got it. We know but one instance of a young actor (one who has succeeded in winning himself a name against much prejudice, and by overcoming many difficulties and disadvantages) who has not lost his head in success; and he has shown himself a true artist, for he has always undertaken any part, given to him, however small, and by care and study made the part, instead of waiting for some part to make him. It is for such actors that authors have a real respect, and the profession may depend on this, that the public will not long tolerate their insufferable egotism and assumption; they will support those actors who rest their fame on their merit, not on their name; who are not always forcing their own self on their audience, instead of the part they represent. Every dramatic author possessing any talent or self-respect, even if he be ever so successful, must become wearied and disgusted with the endless bickerings, the mean envy, and nauseous self-conceit of the Green-room. Women have a right to be silly and vain, but when a man is to the exclusion of every other quality, he deserves to be well whipped.

We are moved to make these remarks by several considerations, one being that we have a great love and respect for the Drama, and wish to feel respect at least towards its exponents. The other night, the first one of a new piece, a certain actor who played the principal part, when called for at the end, came on alone without bringing on the lady who had more than shared the honours, and for whom more than half the applause was intended. The actor is a gentleman of long standing on the stage, of great talent, and one unusually courted by society; yet such is the generosity and courtesy that he showed towards a rising young actress, a most amiable lady, who had played a very difficult part with great care and judgment, subordinating her own interests to that of the principal actor. It would have served the gentleman right had he been hissed off the stage, for what he did was not only unmannerly, it was unmanly. We once saw an actor at the Haymarket Theatre, when bringing on a lady who had realised in the most delightful manner one of Shakespeare's heroines, allow her to stoop down and pick up a bouquet while he looked on complacently. He probably thought that in behaving thus to a *debutante* he showed a proper sense of his own importance and dignity, whereas he only showed his own abominable rudeness.

Any one who knows the world behind the scenes will confess that these are but slight instances of the intolerable self-conceit of actors. The reason why so few professionals can play a gentleman on the stage is that they are unused to playing the part off it. We do not associate with the word "gentleman" any ideas of birth or rank, or even education; it is possible, and anything but improbable, that a man who drops his h's, and who can't pronounce properly any word of more than three syllables, may be a greater "gentleman" than a duke who has been educated at Eton and Oxford. Every true artist is a gentleman; but any man who is in his own eyes the sole object of importance and interest never can be a gentleman. It is perfectly ridiculous to entertain any notions of regenerating the British Drama till the tone of actors' minds has undergone a wholesome revolution. When they are capable of sacrificing their vanity to their art, and remember that mere knack is not talent, much less genius; when they can contrive to forget

their jealousies and animosities so far as to unite in hearty accord for the complete representation of some of the masterpieces of our great authors, with a sole view to the most perfect rendering of all the parts, and not to their own personal glorification, then will men, who are not the trumpeters of managers upon whose favours they depend, own that acting and actors are worthy of the same respect and of the same honours which we accord to other arts and their professors.

THE MANIACS COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first is the name of a famous city,
My second the letter O,
My third an English conjunction,
My fourth the seventh month of the year,
My fifth a French conjunction,
My whole one of Shakespeare's plays.

2.

My first is the name of a celebrated bishop of the middle ages, and the first two syllables of a five-syllabled beast; my second is the letter D; my third is the name of a fallen empire; and my whole is a place invented by the ancients for the celebration of festive games.

3.

My first is of sawyer's and carpenter's making,
My second each day makes hearts joyous and aching,
My third is not cleanly in habits or look,
But becomes very nice when it's been to the cook,
My whole is a borough, which if you're inclined
To search in the county of Wilts you will find.

4.

My first is myself,
My second a cry
That Marmion gave,
Ere he rushed on to die;
The two make the name
Of a beautiful play,
Composed by a lawyer
Not long passed away.

5.

My first is a colour, my second a snare;
The two make a dish of most excellent fare.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Backslide. 2. Hebe. 3. Leghorn. 4. Comedian. 5. Cymbeline.

ANSWERS have been received from A. O. Q. U., Moses in Bedlam, Bungaroo Bumblewancker, The Binfield Road Wonders, Jack the Warnished Jersey Cabbage Stalk, Signor Sam, Owctihpargotilorelbbircs, B. L. S. the Jew, A Warley Lunatic, Ruby's Ghost, Venus and Adonis, Baker's Bills, John Cockles, E. J. Kiddy and A. W. Ryberg, Nodger, Goshawk, S. M. F., Poppy, Linda Princess, Gammong c'est tout-à-fait bosh, Ernest, T. W. Hussey, J. H. L. Winton, W. H. Hackney, Sarey Gamp, Hebe, Hermit Crab, Carry Bex, Towhit, Anti-Teapot, Birdham Mud-cockle, Ling, Blanche M., G. C. B., Fred. R. Bolton, C. T., Old Harry Felixstone, T. C. D. C., Samuel E. Thomas, Jack Solved It, Somelimejoleba, Q. W. R. V., Two Muzzled Pups, H. M. M., Gulnare (Hyde Park), Cornubia, J. H. Batey, Two Clapham Contortionists, Frank C., Retsof, Jasor and Reyd, Medicus, Ynnaf Nesuhlla, 32s. Twist, Awfully Easy, Blackshamingham, Edouard N. Ella, and Kingston-on-Thames.

* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 64.]

LONDON, JULY 25, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

A WORD WITH JOHN MORLEY.

THERE are few things more provoking than, when one is fighting a good fight, to see one of our own side by some act of folly or temerity give the enemy such advantage that all the ground gained is lost, and the battle has to begin over again. More good causes are lost through the excesses of our allies than by the assaults of the enemy. And in laying siege to an abuse one cannot be too careful; the fact of being on the defensive is always a great advantage. Energy, not violence; zeal, not fury; argument, not invective, are the best weapons to use in all contests with abuses sanctioned by custom and venerable from age.

Mr. John Morley is a man whom we have hitherto respected as an honest and earnest champion of reform, not for his own private ends, or in the mere narrow sense of political change, but reform root and branch of our whole social system, with a sole view to the happiness and elevation of our fellow-creatures. We are certain that for a long time he has been fighting in the van of the same army of which we are comparatively but young recruits, and therefore are the more grieved and disgusted by the tone of his article in the last *Fortnightly Review*, called "The Political Prelude." The way in which Mr. Morley speaks of all clergymen and priests is vulgar, insolent, and unmanly,—we would say unchristianlike, if we thought Mr. Morley knew the meaning of that word.

Let us justify our strictures by a few extracts. Mr. Morley begins by assuming an erroneous superiority, both moral and intellectual, over all "hierophants," as he calls them. The theological person looks on everything in a very different light to statesmen. True enough; and Mr. Morley proceeds to pour forth the phials of his wrath on the heads of the devoted clergy, because they have dared to interfere in a question which concerns their closest interests, but which happens now to be the great political question of the day. Now it appears to us that a priest of any religion should always look at everything in a different light to statesmen, and that it is only when he begins to adopt the views and encroach upon the province of statesmen that he becomes useless to religion and dangerous to the State. Then again, Mr. Morley says that "their (the clergy's) test is not conformity to the manifold conditions of social happiness, but compatibility with the safety of the fetish." Now considering that Mr. Morley cannot be ignorant of the Christian creed, this appears to us to be a most insolent sentence. Is the eternal happiness of human souls the same thing as the "safety of a fetish?" We don't mean to do Mr. Morley the injustice to suppose that he believes in the existence of the soul, but we do mean to do him the justice to suppose that, admitting the priests of the Christian religion to believe it, they would be utterly false to their duty and their faith if they did not make the salvation of souls the first object of their lives. It is one thing to say that some of the clergy are wont to hold dogma higher than morality, and another thing to call the whole clergy as "as immoral and as pestilent persons to society as thieves or forgers." Mr. Morley would be indignant enough if any orthodox defender of the Church and State were to talk of reformers as being "all a curse to society, as bad as rogues, liars, and murderers." Yet such language is quite as moderate as his own, and quite as well deserved.

Another sentence of Mr. Morley's we submit to our readers

as a specimen of gentlemanly argument:—"You ask what the common weal demands, he (the theological person) tells you something about the sacred fowls or the Thirty-nine Articles, about sacramental churches or the sacrificial entrails."

Now we believe we may say that the bulk of Mr. Morley's countrymen, if not of his readers, are professedly Christians, and what more wanton or vulgar insult can any man of education be guilty of than to insinuate that the sacraments of the Christian Church are not more holy or trustworthy than the sacrifices of pagan augurs?

Throughout the whole of the first part of this article there is a tone of arrogant insolence which ill becomes one who would be an instructor of the people. Mr. Morley cannot be ignorant that the Christian Church is yearly recruited by some of the most unselfish, the most pure-minded, the most manly, if not the most intellectual of the pupils from the public schools and universities. To shower wholesale abuse upon such men is but to commit a greater injustice than the one which Mr. Morley wishes to remedy in Ireland. A good cause can only be injured by one of its most notable advocates showing that he neither comprehends truth or courtesy.

With regard to Mr. Morley's invectives against the possessors of all sorts of property, we may speak one word. The natural consequence of his argument, if we may apply that term to any part of his essay, is to distribute property equally among all. This is returning to primitive Christianity, which we are sure Mr. Morley abhors. He should remember that by destroying the influence of property, he is destroying the immense influence for good, which might be exercised by all those who in the Radical millennium may have property, and may thoroughly appreciate its responsibilities. If you take away the property, you take away the power which property gives of doing good. You create a country of paupers, with no one but each other to look to for help.

Finally, Mr. Morley is pleased to compare the Protestant clergy to eunuchs, inasmuch as the laying of the Bishop's hands on their head inflicts on them mental sterility. We would venture to suggest, without expressing any opinion as to the delicacy and good taste of the simile, that there may be a worse sort of moral eunuch than an ignorant and bigoted priest. There are some men whose souls are sterile, nay, in whom the soul scarcely seems to exist—men who are utterly incapable of faith and reverence, utterly incapable of realising anything above their own imperfect intellects, utterly incapable of worshipping anything but a degraded image of their own selves. There is no anthropomorphism more debasing than this; there is no idolatry more demoralising, there is no state of being at once so dangerous and so pitiable. Miserable creatures! who would degrade their God to their own level instead of trying to raise themselves to Him! These are the men who are always talking of liberal philosophy, of freedom of thought, and yet are trying to imprison the mysteries of religion, the aspirations of the soul, the fervour of pure devotion in the narrow dungeon of their own minds. These men will in vain try to elevate either themselves or others, till they can humbly worship God and confess their miserable inferiority to Him.

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—Knight's Encyclopædia.
ILL-FATED SPLENDOR.—The Dramatic Fête at the Crystal Palace.

"MAUVAIS SOLDAT!"

CHATHAM has gone mad. The local brain has been completely turned by the honour Lieutenant Prince Arthur, of the Sappers and Miners, has done the place by deigning to permit himself to be quartered there.

It is not often that a Prince takes up his residence in Chatham Dockyard, and the happy and auspicious event has consequently been made the most of. Not a field-day nor a dinner, not a court-martial nor an amateur theatrical performance has taken place without His Royal Highness being brought out and worshipped by the whole staff of gallant officers who compose the garrison.

Now, so long as this enthusiastic devotion to the Royal subaltern was confined to non-official occasions the public might disapprove, but could only tolerate it; but it is time for the whole nation to cry out when all the rules of order and military discipline are completely ignored and set aside by the tuft-hunting nobodies who are now congregated at Chatham. In every official duty in which it pleases Prince Arthur to assist, His Royal Highness takes precedence of everyone else, the commandant of the garrison and his own commanding officer playing quite a secondary part in the proceedings, and the Royal subaltern, even while mastering the difficulties of the goose step, is supported by a bevy of greyheaded colonels and majors. Not long ago a company of Sappers and Miners returned to head-quarters from Abyssinia, and were entertained by their comrades at a banquet in honour of the occasion. The Prince could not even leave these worthy soldiers to enjoy themselves for a single afternoon, but interrupted the entertainment by a visit of inspection in the middle of their meal. The *Chatham Gazette* thus describes this unseemly proceeding:—

"Whilst the men were discussing the good things placed before them, Prince Arthur, accompanied by Major-General Simmons, C.B., and most of the officers of the corps, went round the tables, and all the sergeants were interrogated by His Royal Highness, who shook hands with them in a most kind and hearty manner, and it needed no observant eye to note how highly this gracious act was prized by these bronzed warriors, and how deeply they felt that this, and the few kind words addressed to them by their noble officer, was reward ample and enough for all the toil and hardships they had undergone."

What is to be said to this? Why is not some official notice taken of such sickening toadyism? The Commander-in-Chief, if a few of these facts came to his knowledge, would be the first to condemn the mischievous flunkeyism, not only for the sake of the service, but in the interests of the little Prince himself, who must, after all, be the greatest sufferer. The fact is that the appointment of Prince Arthur to the unfashionable corps of Royal Engineers, though well meant, has, thanks to the exertions of Major-General Simmons, C.B., and his subordinates, been rendered a lamentable failure. It would have been better to have gazetted His Royal Highness to a commission in a regiment of Foot Guards, where he would have had a chance of associating not with flunkies, but with gentlemen, amongst whom he would speedily have fallen into his proper place. Guardsmen are certainly not altogether an unobjectionable race, but, as a rule, they possess common sense enough to understand that tuft-hunting is bad form. Perhaps it is not too late even now for the transfer to be carried out.

MARTYRED SINNERS.

WE have often thought of requesting some one or other of our many accomplished friends to write, in pious imitation of the learned Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," a dozen volumes entitled "Lives of the Sinners." The materials, we are quite sure, would prove to be equally abundant, and the moral might be made fully as instructive. Neither could there be any doubt as to the popularity of the work, imaginary sinners being already the leading characters in the favourite fictions of the day. The idea has been recalled to our mind by the reflection that a goodly list of martyrs might figure in the projected book, just as they do in Dr. Butler's, thereby relieving the tedium which invariably accompanies the contemplation of other people's unmingled bliss. A paragraph in the last number of the *Ladies' Treasury* has suggested this improvement, as we

decidedly consider it, on our original notion. It is to the following effect:—

"High-heeled boots and shoes are universal, notwithstanding that medical men have been writing very severely against them. They say that the fashion causes corns, cramps, lameness at an early age, lessens the size of the calf, and thus makes the leg lose its symmetry."

Who shall say, after this, that saints, cenobites, hermits, and recluses are more ready to undergo the pains of martyrdom than the sinners of the fashionable world? Hyde Park and the Zoo can boast their Cecilias and Agneses, prepared to suffer any amount of torture rather than deny the principles and deviate from the practice of the faith that is in them. As for the size of the calf dwindling and the leg losing its symmetry, it is not yet universally the fashion to expose them to public view; and until it shall become so the wearers of high-heeled boots and shoes will console themselves with remembering how, on the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle, the excellence of the unknown is invariably exaggerated. But the cramps and corns, though they may be hidden, must, perforce, be felt; and it is here that the heroic spirit of martyrdom steps in to defy the flesh. Alban Butler indeed assures us that there is good reason to believe the early martyrs scarcely felt their tortures, the sublime consciousness that they were bearing testimony to the truth of the doctrines for which they suffered more than compensating for the natural infirmity and sensitiveness of their nerves. No doubt it is a like sense of stern fidelity to their lofty mission here below that makes tender maidens and delicate virgins disregard the torments to which Fashion condemns them. Should anybody feel inclined to put their fortitude on a lower and less superhuman ground, at any rate it cannot be denied that they are animated by that self-same spirit which made "the Spartan smile in dying."

AN INEVITABLE INFERENCE.

WE are in a position to announce that the crinoline, at length, is doomed. Its early and final extinction can be demonstrated by a study of the contents of the following official paragraph:—

"Fashion is not unanimous in regard to crinolines. By young girls they are quite discarded; by ladies beyond twenty-five they are worn."

At first we were inclined to regard the foregoing announcement as exceedingly simple; but a little reflection has satisfied us that it is profoundly subtle, and that for a due appreciation of it we must read between the lines. Can anybody who is well enough informed to know that forty thousand ladies falsified their ages at the last census, believe that they will all of a sudden grow so remarkably ingenuous as to notify to the whole world that they have attained the age of twenty-five? Even Horace's Jewish friend would not be quite so credulous as that. Twenty-five, and the years that thereabouts adjacent lie, is a ticklish time. Wise men know that girls are better unmarried till two or three and twenty; but wise women are equally aware that if they remain in that condition much beyond it, their affairs, in Demosthenic language, must be considered desperate. Twenty-five years constitute a quarter of a century, and when completed make their possessor feel that she has made a big hole into half a one. It is, therefore, scarcely an age propitious to female frankness. Far more ladies would be found to confess that they were fifty than that they were twenty-five. It becomes obvious, therefore, that nobody will be simple enough to commence wearing a crinoline at the latter period, when it is once distinctly understood that girls under that age go without it. In fact, were we to start with the supposition laid down in the paragraph we have quoted, and to argue upon it literally, we should infallibly be landed in a *reductio ad absurdum*. Perhaps our readers may think that many ladies above twenty-five have been reduced to that condition already in discarding crinolines, in order to appear to be below it. Be that as it may, we feel convinced that, under the *régime* alluded to, middle-aged matrons will be more classical in their drapery even than their daughters, just as for some little time—and no doubt for the same reason—they have been going about rather more naked, if anything, than the real juveniles. The ambition to be *mater pulchrâ filii pulchrior* has seized upon a good many dames quite innocent of Latinity; and we are quite sure that they will not allow themselves to be cut out by the young things, out of deference to a mere paper edict. It is clear, therefore, that crinoline is round its last legs.

INTERNATIONAL CRITICISM.

WE wish to say a word or two to the editor of *L'International*, who seems to think it a duty imposed on a Frenchman residing in a foreign land to take up the cudgels in defence of everything French, be it good, bad, or indifferent.

We wish every benefit to the *International*, which is ably conducted, and much better printed than most French journals; but, as we began by saying, we have a word to say to the editor, and that *à propos* of the performance of *La Belle Hélène*, or rather of the article upon that performance published on the 15th inst.

The critic, remarking upon the reception of *Mdlle. Schneider*, and the success of this opera of Offenbach in comparison with that of *La Grande Duchesse*, gives two reasons for the coldness of the audience. Firstly, which is a good reason, that there is so much slang (*argot*) that few Englishmen can understand the fun.

The fact is that one must be "*boulevardier né*" to be up to all the allusions and quaint sayings to which additions are made in Paris every year that passes.

But this applies equally to provincials, who find many a slang expression quite incomprehensible out of the capital.

Secondly, the fault is that "*au point de vue Anglais*" the piece is immoral.

"*Mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur, qu'entendez-vous par 'immorale' au point de vue Français?*"

The critic, whose code of immorality ignores adultery, and who, not being married, is at a loss to tell one the difference between a husband and a *belier*, goes on to inform *Mdlle. Schneider* that

"*Le public Anglais est bégueule, horriblement bégueule! Il faut le prendre tel qu'il est.*"

With all deference to the *International*, we confess we are glad of it, for any person understanding all the point of the witticisms uttered by Mons. Ravel and *Mdlle. Schneider* must be "*joliment dévergondée*," and we are glad to think that there must have been many women at the St. James's Theatre who, without being prudes, would refrain from applause, did they know the purport of the "*cascades désopilantes*" in which the *International* critic revels.

We put it to the critic as a gentleman: Would he repeat to his sister all the "gag" of Ravel, with its accompanying gestures? To this he will probably answer, "*et ta sœur?*" or "*A chailot les gèneurs*," but he will feel we are right.

DEFIANCE NOT DEFENCE!

As it may be interesting to many to know how the recent disrespect manifested by the volunteers for their officers might work in active service, we have much pleasure in publishing the subjoined despatch, extracted from the papers connected with the next French invasion.

(From the *London Gazette*.)

The following despatch from Lieutenant-General Sir John Thompson, G.C.B., has been this day received at the War Office:—

"(FROM LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN THOMPSON, G.C.B., COMMANDING HER MAJESTY'S VOLUNTEER FORCES ON THE SOUTH COAST, TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.)

"Commander-in-Chief's Office, Head Quarters, French Camp, Tunbridge Wells, July 24th.

"RIGHT HON. SIR,—On the 22nd inst., when encamped on the heights above the castle at Dover, I received intimation from the scouts that, on the previous evening at eight o'clock, owing to the total disregard of general orders by the North-East Diddlesex (Duke's Own), the French had succeeded in effecting a landing on the Folkestone beach, and were marching hurriedly on to the position I then occupied, with the evident intention of giving battle. It appears that the regiment in question having found the weather rather hot, had amused themselves by painting the nose of their colonel a light blue, and by burying him up to his neck in shingle. Later in the day,

the officers, who had themselves all taken an active part in the amusement to which I have referred, were severally tarred and feathered, shut up in bathing machines, and set afloat. At this juncture the French appeared close in shore in six iron-clads and effected an easy landing, inasmuch as the North-East Diddlesex were, in addition to their utter disorganisation, totally unprovided with ammunition. I have been informed by Colonel Brownsmith, whose position in the shingle afforded him a temporary security, that the sixty rounds with which the men had been supplied were all expended, at an early hour of the day, in random shots directed chiefly at the Custom House clock, the Refreshment Department of the South-Eastern Railway, and the Harbour-Master's hat.

"Under these circumstances I directed Colonel Higgins, of the Scrubover Rangers, to bring forward all the available reserve, and told Captain Cheesechip to occupy the spur of Castle hill with about 500 men of the Ditchwater Rifles. This latter order I regret to inform you was met in a very unsoldierlike fashion. The captain informed me that he was not going to be sent about right and left by 'an amateur old woman' like me, told me to 'do it myself,' resigned his commission, and said he had 'half a mind to kick me off my horse.'

"Feeling that the interests of the country were really at stake, I at first endeavoured to laugh the matter down, and treated it as a joke; but I must add, with much regret, that my efforts not only did not meet with success, but even seemed to make matters worse, as a great many of the privates were evidently anxious to toss me in the colours. The French, however, came in sight on the brow of the hill, and as their appearance was the signal for a general flight of the Ditchwater men, I was relieved, most providentially, from a most humiliating and distressing situation.

"Making good my retreat as well as I was able, accompanied by my staff, who broke out into occasional jeers and oaths at my discomfiture, I reached the spot where I had ordered the reserve force to meet me under Colonel Higgins. None, however, were even in sight when the position was reached, and after waiting three-quarters of an hour, during which five ensigns ducked a captain in an adjacent pond, the colonel himself rode up in a dreadfully exhausted condition, his coat being torn off his back and both his eyes black. He informed me that the reserves had refused to stir, and had 'punished him' severely for endeavouring to interfere in their concerns.

"At this moment reliable information reached me that the Wallingford Horse Artillery refused to go into action on the plea that 'it was all very well to wear a uniform, but that they would see me and the French at Jericho before they would fire a shot.'

"Bewildered at the terrible prospect that such a series of misfortunes suggested, I turned quickly to my *aide-de-camp* and ordered him to make for Hythe at full speed, and telegraph to London for the assistance of the regular troops. I regret to say that this command was productive of very serious results. He turned upon me savagely, asked me what right I had 'to come lording it over him,' and advised me not to do it again. I mildly remonstrated, putting of course as good a face as I could upon the matter,—but to no purpose. When, however, I threatened him with a court-martial he knocked me down. Rising from the ground to address such of my men as I could count upon to redress such an indignity, I was greeted merely with shouts of derisive laughter.

"The enemy again came in sight, when my staff, having given me a kick all round 'for fun,' as they expressed it, made off, and left me to be captured.

"I am, therefore, writing this despatch from the French Camp, the general having very good-humouredly supplied me with pen and paper, and promised (with true Gallic gallantry) to see that it reaches its destination. I may, therefore, add in conclusion, that I cannot have the satisfaction of recommending to the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government the services of the officers or men of the force I have had the honour to command.

"I have, &c., &c.,

"J. THOMPSON, Lieutenant-General,
Commander-in-Chief.

"To the Secretary of State for War, &c., &c."

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—A Writ

NOW READY,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Handsomely Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled,
Price 8s.



LONDON, JULY 25, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that the South Middlesex Volunteers are to be known in future as "Rachel's Own." Their crest is to be a Gold bag (*or*) surmounting a Bath (*improper*), and their motto is to be "Beautiful for Ever!"

OUR good friend *Punch* evidently reads his TOMAHAWK devoutly, for he continually produces jokes in his current numbers which have appeared in our pages the week before. Mr. *Punch* is quite welcome. It would be hard if we could not afford to lend, now and then, to an acquaintance who had lost all his capital.

THE pent-up irritation of our legislators, hereditary and elected, is getting too much for them. It would be much better if some Saturday were at once set apart for a grand boxing-match between the Government and Opposition peers and honourable members. It would be a great draw at the Crystal Palace, say with fireworks, and—of course—Mr. Coward on the Grand Organ.

WE trust that Dr. Forbes Winslow will not give up his idea of standing for Parliament, in spite of his generous withdrawal before the claims of the Scottish Advocate-General. His professional opinion on the speeches of Mr. Whalley would be invaluable. Joking apart (and really Mr. Whalley is no joke), we want good men in the coming "House," and Dr. Winslow is unquestionably a good man.

HOW TO USE THE VOLUNTEERS.

(See CARTOON.)

THE Rough is getting quite a bore,
 And dares to cross the Mayne!
 Daily of robberies, a score
 Of victims now complain.
 If the Police the task refuse,
 We've volunteers enough:
 Though smooth may be the bore they choose,
 Their aim may be the *Rough*.

NEW SONG BY THE BRITISH LION (*dedicated to the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein and Mlle. Finette Cancan*).—"How happy could I be with Schneider!" (Neither?)

HOT-WEATHER LATIN.

BY OUR COOL CONSTRUER.

Vox Pop.—A cry for iced ginger beer.
Pro bono Pub.—The thirst which drives man to the tankard.
Lex talio.—The law of seasons which brings us to the hunting field.
Par pari.—Well, no. If it is John Parry, he has not his equal.
Ex uno Dizzy.—Birds of a feather; Dizzy and his party.
Audi alter. Par.—I don't care what my father-in-law says.
Persicos odi.—So die the persecuting flies, and be blown to them.
Tityre tu Pat.—My Irish friend is always on the giggle.
Cui bon.—As the muzzled hound said to the cutlet.
O formose pu.—When I slept on the cushions in church.
Talis qual.—Though Charley declared it was an ortolan.
Exemplo Gra.—Making an example of Sir George.
Sub ros.—Not if he knows it this hot weather. The ensign prefers steering, thank you.
 Too hot to do any more. Waiter, another bucket of ice.

EASE OF MIND.

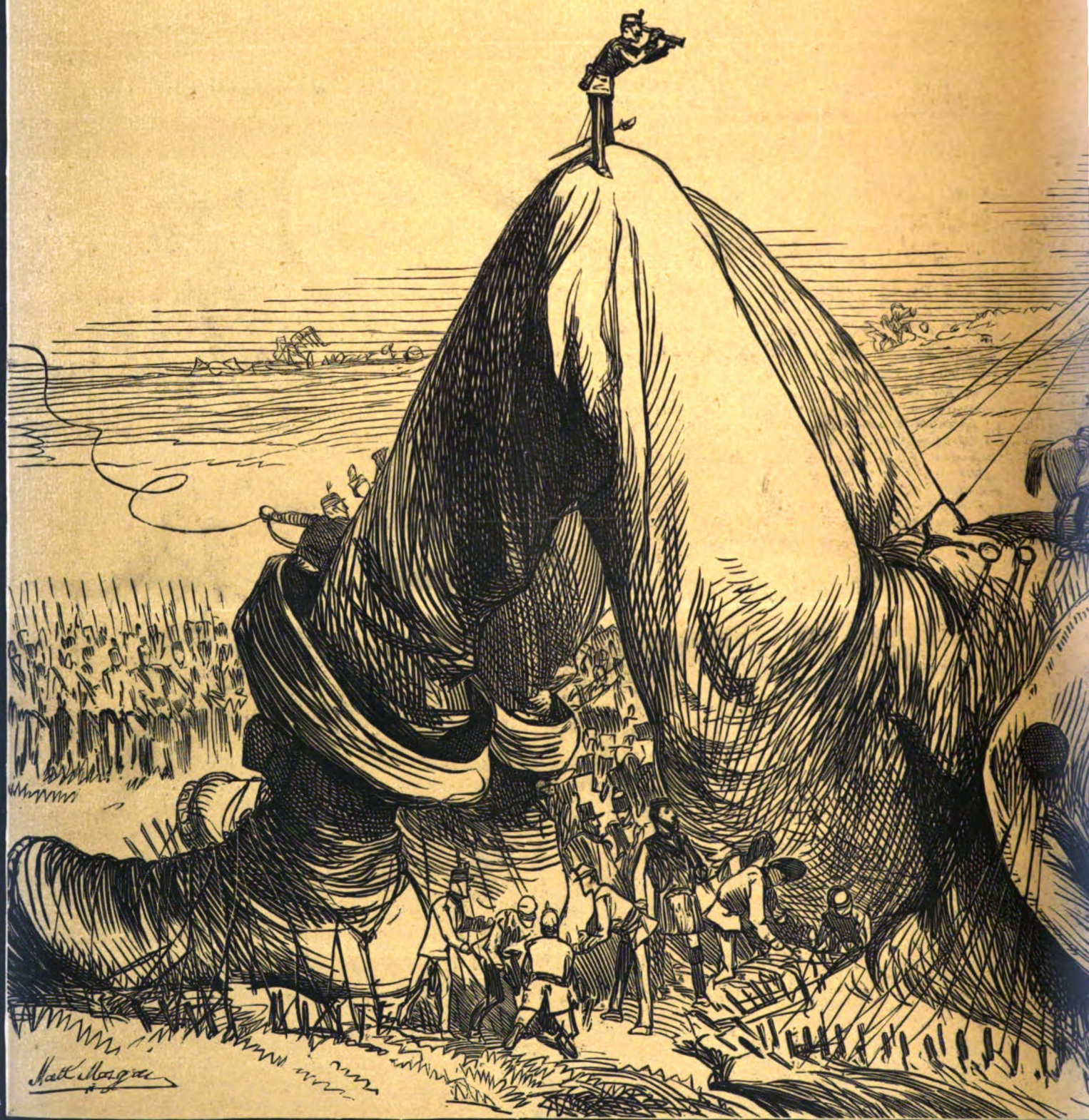
HOW very much, indeed, there is in a name may be gathered from the fact that the popular signification of Epicureanism is in direct antagonism with the doctrines advocated by the great pagan philosopher upon whose name the word has been formed. Lucretius, the great exponent of Epicurus, certainly preached ease of mind; but he enjoined every man who wished to attain to it, *dignam Dis degere vitam*, to lead a godlike life, the chief feature of which was to be renunciation of nearly everything that the majority of mortals deem enticing. Modern philosophy thinks otherwise, as may be concluded from the following charming advertisement, which we cull from a daily contemporary:—

EASE OF MIND.—WM. BROWN and SON continue to release parties from pecuniary difficulty by compromising with their creditors, and when that is impracticable, by obtaining for them the protection of the Court.

This is the real guide, philosopher, and friend of the nineteenth century. This is the way to lead a life worthy of the gods. A composition of twopence in the pound, or, if creditors insist upon having twopence halfpenny, a coat of convenient whitewash—even the twopence having gone in paying for it—will ensure for anybody an earthly paradise. Renunciation was the doctrine of Epicurus; it is likewise that of William Brown and Son. The only difference between them is that the latter counsels renunciation of debts, whilst the former recommended renunciation of incurring them. On the whole, we think Mr. Brown the greater philosopher of the two, for his disciples can both eat their cake and have it. Having enjoyed the ease of mind produced by indulging in every luxury under the sun, they may then enjoy the crowning ease of mind of not paying for any one of them. Really, our forefathers were great donkeys. They worried themselves to death by supposing that they ought to pay their debts. But then Mr. Brown and Son had not yet burst upon the world, in the advertising sheet of a daily paper, to teach "parties in pecuniary difficulties" how to "live like gods together, careless of mankind."

SIGNOR BABBAGINO.

MR. BABBAGE has come to be a bore. He is as great a nuisance to us as the organ-grinder seems to be to him. He has evidently no soul for music. *Not for Joe* has no charms wherewith to soothe his savage breast, and he refuses to be delighted with *Walking in the Zoo*. This is a sad and painful state of things, and we pity Mr. Babbage. To be ever appearing upon one stage—that of the Police-court—is monotonous: to be eternally playing upon one string is palling: to be constantly singing the threadbare song of *The Nasty Organ Grinder* is very ridiculous. For our own part, the Babbage nuisance is as great as the organ nuisance.



THE "ROUGH" GULL

THE REAL USE OF

The Rough is getting quite a bore,
And dares to cross the Mayne!

July 25, 1868.



LIVER IN THE TOILS!

OR,
OUR CITIZEN ARMY.

(DEDICATED, WITH A THOUSAND THANKS, TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF ENGLA

~~If the Police the task refuse.~~

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER I.—Concerning the "Formation of the Corps."

ONE moment please—it's far too hot to be satirical, and a good deal too warm to be funny. If I am neither one nor the other, pray don't blame TOMAHAWK, but put it down to the weather. If you don't laugh at a line of what is shortly to follow, thank your stars and be exceedingly glad: you can't imagine what an exertion it is even to smile a faint grin with the thermometer at a hundred and something in the shade and poor muzzled doggie at two hundred and something else in the sun—you can't indeed. Forgive me, then, if I am tedious, and hope for the cold weather and the return of my wit. But there, that's enough, I'm already bored with my introduction: so I throw off my preface, take a look at the subject before me, and dive *in medias res*. Splash, dash, splutter—I rise to the surface, and here I am.

Rum dum—de dum—düm. Dudder—dudder—dudd'er dum düm. There, that's meant for the beginning of "Seethe Conquering Hero Comes." You ought always to prepare the minds of your audience to receive in a proper spirit that which you intend to set before them. On the present occasion I wish the minds of my audience to become impregnated with a species of gloomy awe—a mysterious terror—for the minds of my audience are about to be startled by the revelation of a fact absolutely teeming with majestic grandeur!

Now for the shock!

I am a Volunteer!

Have you *quite* recovered? Well, then, now for the second piece of information. Band, please play a couple of bars from the *National Anthem*. Amiable Readers, kindly consent to cheer a little, and then I will make the second announcement. Now then.

(Band. "Düm düm düm de düdder düm, &c.!" *Amiable Readers*. Hurrah! Hurrah!!)

Thank you, that will do!

Not only am I a Volunteer, but I am a Lieutenant of Volunteers!!!

(STAGE DIRECTIONS FOR THE PUBLIC.—*The rest of the National Anthem from the Band and thunders of applause from the Amiable Readers.*)

Perhaps my Amiable Readers (the Band of course has left immediately after playing the *National Anthem*)—perhaps, I repeat, my Amiable Readers may wish to learn how I became a Lieutenant of Volunteers. Very well, then, those of my Amiable Readers who *do* wish to learn will kindly continue this chapter to the end, when they will hear all about it; those of my Amiable Readers who *don't* wish to learn, having ceased to be Amiable, will kindly consent to give up being Readers also. Grand division! (*All the Amiable Readers but one desert.*)

For the sake of the one Amiable Reader who has remained staunch to me, I will continue my narrative. As for the ex-Amiable Readers, who have so basely deserted me, all I will condescend to say unto them is this: "Meet me at Billingsgate by moonlight alone, and then you shall hear what I think of you!"

Cockloft is a great friend of mine. It was Cockloft who first suggested to me the idea of forming a Rifle Corps. I went to his office one day (he belongs to the Lucifer Match Registration Office, and receives £220 a-year from Government in consideration of reading the *Times* newspaper daily from ten to four), and found him (as usual) revelling in "B and S" and Manilla cheroots. To my extreme surprise he seemed to be busy (that's to say, busy for *him*), and he responded to my greeting of "Hallo, old fellow," with the following take-away-one's-breathable words:

"Smyth, my boy, come and be a Volunteer."

I stood still and answered not a syllable.

He continued excitedly,

"Do, that's a sweet fellow! If you will I will give you a commission. Awfully jolly uniform—green and silver turned up with red—awfully handsome—you will look no end of a swell. Do say yes, that's a sweet fellow. I can assure you Burnham Scrubs is absolutely yelling for defenders. Surely you will not allow the Scrubs to cry in vain!"

The blood rushed to my cheeks, and I exclaimed enthusiastically—

"If what you tell me is really true, you may count upon my

assistance. Perish the thought that the offer of a commission influences me, but if Burnem Tubs——"

"Burnham Scrubs" put in Cockloft.

"If Burnham Scrubs," said I, correcting myself, "really does want a clear steady eye and a good strong arm to defend her, I am the man to do it. I should be unworthy of the name I bear if I did not rush like an avalanche to her rescue. Yes, Cockloft, believe me, I am not without feeling—I am not devoid of patriotism. This is an artificial age I know, but still in my heart of hearts I can find a place for the worship of the Beautiful and the True! Show me (when I have received my commission) an invading force in Burnham Scrubs, and believe me I will take the very first opportunity of reporting the presence of the same to the authorities at the War Office."

"I knew I might rely upon you," exclaimed Cockloft, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly.

"And now," said I, "how many belong to 'Ours?'"

"To whose?"

"To 'Ours.' How many 'Scrubs' have we?"

"Well," said Cockloft, looking down at a paper before him, "we've got one captain (that's me), eighteen lieutenants (including you), twelve sergeants (more or less discontented with their rank, and only kept in check from open mutiny by the consideration that a major's uniform is an extremely expensive matter), and twenty-four corporals (all of them in the band)."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no; how silly I am!" said Cockloft; "why, I have left out one of the most important men in our regiment—I mean the private."

"Hum!" I coughed doubtfully. "Don't you think that the number of the officers is a *little* out of proportion with the strength of the rank and file?"

"Not at all," replied Cockloft, rather angrily; "if you are going to make such silly observations as that, my dear boy, you'd better say at once that you intend to treat the whole affair as a farce, and give it up. The more officers we have, the better our private will be drilled. Doesn't that stand to reason?"

I meekly assented.

"I have been talking to our drill-sergeant, and he seems to think we had better commence operations by holding a supper. After that, he hints we might be able to commence mastering the platoon exercise."

"Oh, let the rank and file learn the platoon exercise by all means," said I. "We can keep him going on at that until he is furnished with the Government rifle."

"To be sure," replied Cockloft. "I see, you quite enter into the spirit of the thing!"

"I trust," said I, gravely, "that Burnham Scrubs will never lack a faithful son while I stand, sword in hand, beside her. I hold it to be the duty of every citizen to defend his country from the hoof of the ruthless invader with his life. By-the-by, you mentioned something about a uniform—not that I want to know, but——"

"Oh, make your mind easy on that score," replied Cockloft, "it's all silver lace and spurs. But say you will come to the supper—I am going to introduce the officers to the rank and file. The private has promised to be present, and most of our other fellows will be there. Don't disappoint us."

"I certainly will not," said I; "I deem it the duty of every officer to know the men—or rather, in this case, the *man*—of his regiment intimately. You may rely upon me."

I went, and next week you shall have a full account of what happened at the supper.

(To be continued.)

THE POOR PLAYERS!

THAT carnival of vulgarity and vice, y'clept the "Royal Dramatic Revels" (in spite of some questionable influence exerted by a manager whom posterity, we trust, will allow to be nameless), was this year a DEAD FAILURE! On a par with the disgusting "entertainment (???)?" specified was a common rag, evidently emanating (to judge from its contents) from the back slums of Grub street, called with humour the "*Royal Dramatic College Annual*." We trust we have heard the last of an "entertainment (???)?" and a "publication (!!!)" which are alike disgraceful to the promoters and supporters.

THE SQUARE-ROOT OF EVIL.

FOR some reason or other best known to its editor, the *Times*, a few days ago, devoted a leader to that very fresh and original grievance, Leicester square.

Of course the leader in question, like all *Times* leaders, merely spun out common places and carefully avoided making any practical suggestion whatever, and as it is only this last that could in any way excuse reflection on so stale and used-up a theme, perhaps it would be as well to supply the omission.

Everybody now knows the history of the little paradise. It belongs to a certain Mr. Tulk, of whom we have nothing better or worse to say, than that if the present condition of Leicester square satisfies his taste for the good and the beautiful he must be a very remarkable person indeed.

Of course the law is at the bottom of the whole scandal. The glorious privilege of an Englishman, that is, the right of one man to annoy and distress millions, must triumph whatever the cost, and it must be allowed that taking a view of the square from the corner of Cranbourne street, the cost is by no means inconsiderable. However, as no one yet has had the courage to suggest an Act of Parliament, possibly a little stimulus might be of some use. Why not drive London taste to the verge of a revolution, that should demand imperiously, like Orangemen in St. Stephens, a thorough onset on the filthy and disreputable patch, that year after year, is allowed to disgrace one of the finest quarters of the Metropolis? An Act of Parliament, where the public convenience is at stake, can drive a railway through the grounds of a duke's palace. Why on earth can it not plant rose trees on the dust swamp of Mr. Tulk in the name of public enjoyment?

Let all concerned, owners of private property, vestries, boards of works, and all other boards, committees, guardians, overseers, and persons whatever, follow the example set in Leicester square, and see how long the public will stand it. Let, for instance—

- (1.) All the London statues be pelted with rotten eggs and dead cats.
- (2.) Charing Cross be turned into a daily cattle market and International guano exchange.
- (3.) Notices be posted all down Regent street, Piccadilly, in all the principal squares, and in front of all the public offices, inviting "rubbish to be shot" there.
- (4.) The parks be utilised for the purposes of brick making, hanging clothes lines, and bone burning.
- (5.) The Serpentine, Park lane, and Fleet street be left just as they are.

If something like the above does not set London mad, what will?

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON, the tenor of the people—the original exile from that fair land once

"—Ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader; when might."

Mr. Harrison, who first sang "We may be happy yet," is sick and poor. His exertion to establish English Opera on a permanent basis is the cause of the latter misfortune. No wonder that a benefit on a large scale is to take place on his behalf. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson (natural enemies, one would have supposed) have come forward, hand-in-hand, with offers of assistance, and an influential committee, including every man of any reputation in the musical world, has been formed to superintend the entertainment. We make a mistake, perhaps, when we say that every man of note in the musical world has lent a helping hand, for Mr. Costa's name is conspicuous by its absence from the list. Surely Mr. Costa, of all others, who, as a foreigner, owes so much to British patronage and encouragement, should be ready to render his mite of assistance in a good cause; but it is a regrettable fact that Mr. Costa's name is not often associated with any scheme that is not remunerative. But this *en passant*. The undertaking will not suffer from Mr. Costa's non-co-operation, and we doubt not that the public will respond liberally to the demand made on them.

If Mr. Harrison had done nothing else to justify this

appeal, he would deserve the gratitude of the supporters of the drama for the admirable manner in which Covent Garden was conducted during his tenure of office. He was the first manager who put a seal on that disgraceful institution the "Pass-door" between the house and the stage; and nobody unconnected with the establishment, from princes and peers downwards, was permitted "behind the scenes." Moreover, during five consecutive years of loss upon loss, Mr. Harrison never once failed in the payment of the immense staff he employed. He has done the stage some service, and now is the time that the public should show their appreciation of the honest labour which has been a source of profit to many thousands of persons, but of the heaviest loss to the manager himself.

Although it is some years now since Mr. Harrison sang "Then You'll Remember Me," his claims on public sympathy are not forgotten.

THE MANIACS COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

Call to your mind, if memory does not fail,
The name of Greece's most enchanting vale;
Then take the letters put before the name
Of individuals who saintship claim;
Together joined, the word it makes conveys
The name of one of Shakespeare's sweetest plays.

2.

My first's wind when wind is at its best,
My second is a word that means increase,
My third is oft the subject of a lease,
My whole is much frequented for the sake
Of charms disclosed by mountain, hill, and lake.

3.

My first is a part of the animal frame
In man and in beast you will find it the same;
My second by different names people call,
Dependent on whether the thing's great or small;
In the field or farmyard the very same word,
I mean for my second, is on it conferred.
First and second together will give a town
That's next to our capital in its renown.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Romeo and Juliet. 2. Hippodrome. 3. Chippenham.
4. Ion. 5. Whitebait.

ANSWERS have been received from Du Balstuchdof, More Next Time, Whack-a-rack-a-tilly-molly-doonie, Dixon Scrip, F. H. L. Winton, Only Fancy George, Sine Macula, James O'Rorke, Four Loonies, Ada Shaw, Penfold, Q. W. R. V., Polly Punch, M. G. S. (Heytesbury), Two Enterprising Earwigs, The Hermits of Oakley square, E. L. Orton, A Warley Lunatic, Emma Katherine L., Toddy, Gammong c'est tout à fait bosh, Old John, Four Hastings Scalps, Three Black Diamonds, C. T., Renyard, E. V. A., Ernest, Henricandclara, Jollynose, Cigarettes at Danbury, Two Hertfordshire Hogs, Bassoon, W. Moor, J. Miles, Constantinopolitanisherduelsacklockerböhrrerpeifergerellenherbergswater, Legs at the Amateur Theatricals, J. R. Moor, Blarney, Thurzones, C. F. Brace, Frank Stafford, Excelsior, The Sceptre of Leicester Square, W. Burbridge, Bravo Ned, R. A., Hiawatha, Two Clapham Contortionists, The Binfield Road Wonders, Slodger and Tiney, "Σμ" Ernestos, Anti-Teapot, Willie and Minnie, L. Kneller, Towhit, Cliftonville, Orpheus (Hyde park), Linda Princess, Inuo, Samuel E. Thomas, Fred. A. Bolton, Gulnare, My Name's John Cockles, Powhow, Two North Grove Children, Jack Solved It, Mad Whilk, Annie, Three Stray Burgivings, Shan and Crib, T. W. Hussey, Two Bond street Maniacs, Bobo, Bungaroo Bumbietwancker's Own Dear Granny, G. M. S., Three (yet) at Large, Ruby's Ghost, Catraminbriopanroticosmetiquescrumptierpo libewmurnipolite-nosulrqualitationaronisolierslitybangcolepadoperiste, and Buffs.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 65.]

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE LATEST MISSIONARY EFFORT.

THE English people have been lately undergoing the process of conversion to a great extent. Vigorous and earnest missionaries have been at work among them, and strange creeds have been propagated with astonishing tact and perseverance—creeds which, while we were loudly condemning them, have none the less steadily made head against every opposition. The old landmarks of politics and morality are being rapidly swept away by the tide of advancing intelligence: the old alphabet and the well-thumbed grammar of orthodoxy have been entirely superseded by new text-books. We have learnt that nothing is what we thought it was; that the old names, so familiar to us, with all their associations, the odours of the past that still hang about them, are all meaningless gibberish, and there is nothing left but for those who are young enough to set to and begin all over again, and for those who are too old to learn, to lie down and die in their old ignorance, still cherishing their old prejudices as the Truth.

This is no doubt a very satisfactory state of things, and a highly gratifying evidence of our national progress; but it is sad, very sad for those who have tried to carry the past with them into the present, and would fain believe that they can carry with them some part of it at least into the future. To learn that a Tory Government means democratic revolution is a terrible shock to these archaic minds, upon which bursts at the same time the revelation that the Honourable House of Commons is a sort of human bear-pit, with the beasts fighting for the bones; and that the high and mighty House of Lords is but a School for Abuse. But there still remained one stronghold of their faith: Church and State were both tottering from the open assaults of their foes and the secret underminings of their professed friends, but that pearl beyond price, British Morality, still remained intact; our mothers, our wives, our daughters, and our sisters were still miracles of purity; Society was gay perhaps, but always proper; our amusements were innocent, our dramas were still purged of all impropriety by the fatherly supervision of a Christian and a Lord Chamberlain. Those horrid wicked novels, and those more horrid and more wicked plays, in which everything good and true was turned into ridicule, and everything impure and false exalted and glorified, were written and read only by the French or some other dreadful foreigners. They would never be tolerated in this country; the men and women would rise *en masse* and hiss such pieces off our boards had anybody dared to present them. Alas! the good souls who believed this had not marked the signs of the times: the great work of conversion was quietly going on under their noses; missionaries from without were at work, aided by those within, who had long believed in secret, and now were not ashamed to profess their faith in public.

Pass we over the steps by which the glorious reformation advanced: how caterers for public amusement cleverly availed themselves of the progress of education, and proved the utility of our public schools by showing that their pupils really did manage to take away with them enough classical learning to know who Venus, and Mars, and Bacchus, and Jupiter were, and to appreciate the subtle humour of a pretty impudent girl, representing one of these deities, kicking her legs about in a breakdown. Then the Music Halls were elevating the masses; and comic songs, in which vulgarity just stopped short of indecency,

had become household words among us. Finally came the Paris Exhibition, and thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen rushed to Paris; they must of course live there "*ong Francy*,"—so, just as they drank claret at breakfast and took more chocolate than was good for them, so did they go and see some of those naughty pieces of Offenbach, of which they had heard the music, but not the words. Many were in raptures. "Schneider was delightful! so refined with all her vulgarity—so full of '*sheek*,'" as they called it, pronouncing the word with all the point which utter ignorance of its meaning could lend. Others confessed that she was very clever, but did not think it would do over in England; others pretended to like it, as they did absinthe, but the after-taste of both, they confessed to themselves, was not clean or pleasant; a very few saw what both actress and piece really were, and said—nothing. But the seed was sown, and it only needed perseverance to reap the harvest. British morality was already on the wane. The new creed would find plenty of converts in chaste England, if a proper missionary could be procured.

As the envoy is sent with presents to the doomed barbarian, merely to prepare the way for the general and his army, so was Finette sent before the all-conquering Schneider. The mission was, on the whole, successful. The stalls were crowded during the performance, and she reaped many honours. What if some voices were heard in execration of this *recherché* remnant of classical times! Finette paid, and it was evident that the sect was large and influential enough to warrant the despatch of the missionary-in-chief.

And so Schneider came, and appeared first as the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, a vulgar edition of Catherine of Russia,—appeared before the most brilliant audience that ever welcomed any aspirant to the favour of the British public. Royalty, and every grade of the aristocracy except the spiritual peers, were present; and even they might have been present in spirit, if not in the flesh. The great apostle of the new creed was on the first night rather modest; she restrained somewhat the freedom of her gestures, and only introduced a few pieces of superfluous vulgarity, out of compliment to the English taste. The experiment was thoroughly successful; the professors of the new creed were in ecstasies; the sternly decorous matrons, the bashful, innocent maidens of England had received their great apostle with the most perfect cordiality. Alas, for the blind confidence of mankind! The great cause was destined to be betrayed by its greatest champion. Determined that her new converts should have their eyes opened to what they were really worshipping, she gave free vent to her enthusiasm; she carried shamelessness to its extremest limits, and absolutely frightened away some of the more timid spectators, who were on the point of falling down before the new divinity. This was the first check which the victorious proselytizers received.

It is difficult to speak too highly of Schneider's honesty, and of her noble truthfulness. She could lend herself to no artifice. *La Belle Hélène* gave her the opportunity which *La Grande Duchesse* but imperfectly afforded. She seems to have said to herself, "These foolish English have been told to fall down and worship me; they have been told that I am full of '*esprit*,' of '*verve*,' and what not; that they really ought to bring their daughters, their sisters, their wives, to see me. Poor fools! they always do what they are told. They *shall* see me without any mist of fascination, without any veil of elegance to hide the real coarseness of my performance; they do not understand the language in which I play, therefore I will make my meaning

plain by my gestures. What before I suggested, I will now describe in action. They shall not be able to say that, dazzled by my wit or by my grace, they did not clearly see what it was they were applauding."

Bravely she fulfilled her purpose. It was possible even to invest such a vulgar "travestie" as *La Belle Hélène* with a sort of spurious refinement which might have blinded people to the gross indecency of the plot and dialogue. But Schneider resisted the temptation; she showed to the noble and the pure ladies there assembled such a portrait as probably they had never before had the opportunity of admiring. Well might the parents and husbands steal doubtful glances at one another's faces; well might their daughters and wives seek refuge behind an astonished stare, or a sickly smile of idiotic vacancy. But we must not wrong the audience by inferring that such conduct was at all general. No! there were scores of women who watched with eager and delighted faces every movement of *La Belle Hélène*. Such gigantic strides has the new religion made in this age of enlightened progress! It is possible that the new Gospel of Indecency may not be so popular as its predecessor. We shall owe it to the courageous frankness of Mdlle. Schneider if it dawns upon the minds of the ornaments of Society that they really *will* be compelled to blush if they go on assisting at such talented representations. Royalty was absent on Monday night; but on Tuesday night they shed the glory of their presence once more on the goddess of the nineteenth century. Let the heads of families devote their holidays to the study of so interesting a religion. Let us by all means awake and be joyful; let us forget the musty precepts of purity and decency which we have been taught in our dreary old churches. Let us grasp the beautiful creed, let us worship the beautiful goddess that Imperial France has sent us. But, for heaven's sake, let us hear no more of British Morality.

COMIC FRENCH.

MY DEAR "PUNCH,"—It is probably an age since you went abroad—though going abroad would not make you more at home in a foreign language—but it is no reason because you stay at home coddling your rheumatism that you should prove your great ignorance of the French language. You really should rub up your dictionary, which has been mislaid for so long a time; and then if you occasionally have a happy thought you will be able to express it, we hope and trust, as happily, without making the public acquainted with your want of modern education. However, as it is thirty years since you were brought up, you may have forgotten much by this time.

Without going farther back than your last number, may we ask what on earth you mean by *chique* (sic)? "*Chiquer*" is to chew tobacco, and *chique* would be what sailors call a "quid." How this word is applicable to Mdlle. Schneider it is difficult to imagine, though we have no doubt that she would be quite up to a *quid pro quo*, did you address your remarks to her in her native tongue; but that is evidently an improbability about which it would be futile to speculate.

By the way, on looking at the context we see you mean "*chic*"—don't forget the word, old fellow, "*CHIC*"—which has not the same pronunciation as the word you use for it. *Chic* of course you mean, the signification of which may be translated by many words, but scarcely one. *Chien* may be well translated by "*go*," but the other word is usable in many different ways—*smart, swell, style, knowing, plucky, the real thing, et hoc genus omne*.

We remember with pleasure an actor who performed *General Boum* in Paris, by name Couderc, who knew how to be a buffoon, and not a particularly clean buffoon when he was in the humour, but who no doubt, or he would not have given us pleasure, had a great deal of talent for quiet drollery, and in this part was inimitable; but you, my dear *Punch*, speak of one "Kouder." Ah! we see; you are kind enough to show us how to pronounce his name. Why didn't you write it "Koodare" while you were about it?

By the way, while you rub up your French, do give yourself the trouble, in spite of the heat, to look into your *Lemprière* and see whether *Leda* is spelt with a diphthong; you are always right, but *LÉDA* does not look *chique* by any means. And some of your young friends have been at college, *Punch* dear, haven't they? On reflection it strikes us you had a trip last January abroad: certainly you gave us some Evenings from Home at the French Theatres. We didn't say anything at the time, for after

all it really doesn't signify; but you put some queer French into the mouths of some Parisians supposed to be conversing at a masked ball, or some place of that kind. It is too sultry to look through the back numbers, and between you and ourselves we should scarcely care to waste the time, even if we wanted to warm our fingers, but you should be more cultivated, you should indeed. You won't do it again! All right, let us have some iced shandygaff at the club! At *our* club. There would be sure to be some "foul play" at yours.

CORRUPTING GOOD MANNERS.

THE Elder Brethren of the Trinity House are sad dogs. When seamen arrive at a certain age, and attain a certain position in the world, they should abandon those vices which unfortunately are incidental to their otherwise honourable calling of master mariners: at all events they should cease to glory in them. *Apropos* of the banquet at the Trinity House last week, at which the Prince of Wales, half the Ministry, and all the great people left available in London were present, the *Court Newsman*, in his report of the proceedings, gives the following item of intelligence:—

"Prior to the dinner, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Corporation, swore an oath according to the usual custom."

It is an admitted fact that sailors of the old school possess in a high degree the terribly low habit of making use of bad language, but we have always understood that in the young school of the present day the pernicious custom is out of fashion. All persons who know anything about the private life of our Princes must be aware how incapable any of their Royal Highnesses are of making use of expressions, the propriety of which could be called in question by the most fastidious moralist. It is a great pity, therefore, that the Duke of Edinburgh should suffer himself to be led astray by a body of old gentlemen, who should be sufficiently respectable to know better.

A TOWN CRIER.

LORD NAPIER of Magdala has created a sensation in the very fullest acceptance of the term. We do not refer to the occasions of his visit to the Crystal Palace or of his presence at the Wimbledon Review. These events, it is true, served as channels for the pouring forth of the exuberant enthusiasm of some hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, but it was on the day of the General's visit to the City that his immense popularity achieved its greatest triumph.

It should be understood that the "freedom" which was conferred on the gallant nobleman on Wednesday last is in itself no trifling gift. It can neither be forwarded to its destination by the intervention of the Parcels Delivery Company, nor be sent to its recipient by the aid of a penny postage-stamp. The "freedom" must be fetched away in *propria persona*, and even then it requires the presence of the whole body of civic dignitaries to transact the business necessary to the occasion.

It was from a private gentleman from the ranks of the goodly array of honest citizens who met together to do honour to the last new hero that his Lordship received the most touching assurance of the national gratitude. People have shouted, and hurrah'd, have waved handkerchiefs, tossed hats, and smashed umbrellas in ecstasy at a sight of the victorious General, but the City Chamberlain is the first person who has cried over him.

In the reports of the City Chamberlain's speech on the occasion referred to (which, strange to say, was not eloquent, being as a speech somewhat below the average of such addresses), the newspapers state that the words of that worthy official were constantly interrupted by his deep emotion. What more can the General wish or hope for beyond this? The recollection of monster gatherings and magnificent fireworks must have seemed to him but puny demonstration when he beheld a worthy citizen, whom he had never seen before in his life, and who, on his part, had probably not heard of Sir Robert Napier a twelve-month ago, blubbing at the honour of being permitted to talk about him.

We do not know who the City Chamberlain may be, but he certainly should be put on the entertainment committee next time we have a Belgian reception or a Sultan's visit.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

PROLOGUE.

OVID's Heroical Epistles give

The pattern for my verse, except that I
In mine shall tell a tale consecutive,
Whilst his are but a letter and reply.
This difference too there is, that his will live,
Whilst mine, just as undoubtedly, will die.
Did I not really think, I would not say, so.
But I am no one—he was Publius Naso.

My programme's brief. The *dramatis personæ*
Will be a most sweet maiden, dam, and sire ;
A worthless vagabond with lots of money,
And a poor devil with a heart and lyre ;
Two minor correspondents, either funny
Or grave, as the occasion may require.
The scene—now, London—now, a mansion hoary.
The characters themselves will tell the story.

EPISTLE I.

From Florence to Erica.

Dearest Erica, O such glorious news !
All is arranged. We go at once to Town.
Mamma at length has carried all her views,
As she explained them, when you last were down.
For weeks, Papa most flatly did refuse,
But, though he still, at times, affects to frown,
Has quite giv'n in, and list'ning now to reason,
Taken a house for the entire season.

I never was in London, as you know ;
And think ! I shall be there to-morrow night !
But this, remember, must no farther go,
As for a week I shall be lost to sight,
Having no dresses, either high or low,
Save such as, there, would make me look a fright.
Here, nothing can be got. Our country milliner,
Mamma declares, was really slowly killing her.

There, everything is perfect, I suppose ;
Therefore, until my wardrobe be completed,
Or nearly so, I must not show my nose.
But *you*—you know how warmly you'll be greeted,
Although I may not yet have got my clothes.
Eight-forty is our train. Now, why not meet it ?
We should arrive at fifty past eleven,
And seeing you, Erica, will be heaven.

I cannot write coherently, my head
Is swimming so with hopes, and fears, and fancies ;
'Tis not a bit of use my going to bed,
For of a wink of sleep there not a chance is.
I picture to myself all I have read
Of flow'r-shows, morning concerts, dinners, dances,
The Opera, the Park, the Drive, the Row,
Until I scarce believe we are to go.

I sit and wonder what I shall like best
Of all the things in Town. I rather shrink
From the idea of dinners : when one's dressed,
One does not eat, nor, dressed or undressed, drink.
But London balls ! I only tremble lest
They should not be as charming as I think.
Some girls abuse them ; is it they are spiteful ?
For somehow I feel sure they are delightful.

Of course we take our horses, and my bonnie,
Bright, bounding Sunshine is to go as well.
So brisk and yet so gentle ! When I'm on, he
Answers my voice, even as your hand a bell.
I would not part with him for any money,
Though scores of men implore Papa to sell.
Indeed, I own I am so wild about him,
I doubt if I would go to Town without him.

But other things there are, which I must leave
Behind, for which, despite my joy at going,
I cannot help, Erica dear, but grieve,
Now that soft winds and springtide airs are blowing.
It makes me almost wish for a reprieve
When doves coo, and I hear the river flowing ;
And when the cuckoo calls in exultation
I feel a something more than hesitation.

For I shall miss the nightingales this year
(I hope you do not think me very silly) :
I do so love their liquid notes to hear
In the deep twilight, when all else is stilly.
And then my soft-eyed, beautiful young deer,
Sent me, you recollect, by cousin Willie ;
It seems so cruel, leaving a poor fawn
All by itself on a deserted lawn.

Fancy ! Papa proposed it should be sold,
Or sent to join the others on the fells !
Since you were here I bought a chain of gold,
And hung its pretty neck with tinkling bells ;
And it has so domestic grown, and bold,
It comes into my boudoir. My heart swells
With pain at leaving it. But what's the use ?
I fear I am a silly little goose.

You see I've been accustomed, all my days,
To live this country life amongst my pets ;
So, surely, at the parting of the ways,
I am not wrong to feel some weak regrets ?
But, by the way, what's a good place for stays ?
And are the chignons ever worn in nets ?
And, 'Rica, Willie says the girls all paint.
It can't be true ! Indeed, I'm sure it ain't.

He also says—I think you'll ask, what next ?—
He too shall be in London for the season ;
Though, *entre nous*, I know he's sadly vexed,
And deems *my* going little short of treason.
Papa adheres, as ever, to his text,
And looks on Willie as bereft of reason.
But when a man's a genius and a poet,
Strangers but rarely, and friends *never*, know it.

I wish that you could see the witching view
Which stretches out before me as I write !
The grass so green, and oh ! the sky so blue,
And all the trees in Spring's first livery light,
So soft in outline, subtle so in hue,
And the young lambs skipping with mad delight ;
Whilst the free lark divides his ample pæan
'Twixt mortal ears and the far empyrean.

'Twas Willie taught me first to love these things,
And I shall *always* love them ; but I do
Find him unjust when fiery scorn he flings
On all besides, and says that false and true
We jumble up, and so we lose our wings.
Now this, I think, is nonsense ; do not *you* ?
I worship sunsets and admire a sonnet ;
But yet, I own, I dearly love a bonnet.

I hear that tiny ones are all the fashion,
Which just will suit my stupid little head ;
And mantles with a sort of belt or sash on,
Tight round the waist, are coming in instead
Of ugly loose ones. But my great, *great* passion
Are those short skirts of which I just have read.
And do you know—I'm *certain*, too, she meant it—
Mamma declares I ought to be presented.

Well, really now, I must conclude my letter,
Which, were I not so foolishly excited,
A trifle longer should have been, and better.
I do assure you, I could scarcely write it ;
Moreover, you already were my debtor.
But that is nothing. Shan't I be delighted
On seeing you to-morrow ? So, to end,
Being Erica's ever-loving friend.

THINKING EVIL.

EVERYBODY has heard of a certain devotee of high art, who, as the French say, *pour conserver la morale*, dressed up a lot of statues in longcloth and calico. Has everybody, however, heard of the doings of the "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church" in Ireland? Possibly not; but their capacity for nasty-niceness gives them a sort of claim on the attention of all who are interested in hooting down this sort of snobbery in whatever shape it happens to crop up.

It appears that the Irish Commissioners of National Education, after having taken immense pains with the revision of their school books, have yet managed to fall foul of the "General Assembly" in question. Space would be wasted in recapitulating the objections which have been taken by this pure-minded body to various works, passages, and lines published under the sanction of the Commissioners. Their worth, however, may be estimated from the fact that the expression "By Jove!" is denounced as a "profane exclamation," while "Yarrow" is condemned on the plea that "the advanced pupils of the national schools will, many of them, learn love songs soon enough, and extensively enough," without such a stimulus. It will be seen that, at this rate, our old friend Dr. Blair himself would turn out a sorry old reprobate, and prove almost as dangerous in an infant school as Don Juan or one of Mons. Sardou's comedies. Doubtless the powers of a Presbyterian General Assembly approach the inexhaustible as nearly as is compatible with their earthly exercise. Yet even the well of nasty-nice refinements may have suffered from the recent drought, and, like everything else, run dry in consequence. The genius of the gentlemen who think wicked and pernicious things, and suppose that everybody else, school children especially, are equally prone to fly at the naughty and disreputable side of everything, may therefore have come to a sudden halt. This would be fatal to their prestige, so let them by all means take courage and pick up a hint or two from a few "suppressions" which are here most confidently subjoined:—

- (1.) "*All hail, Macbeth!*"—Addressed by the witches to Macbeth, to be altered to some less pernicious form of greeting, such as "How do you do?" "Good morning," &c., &c. "*All hail*" suggesting the *public-house*, with all its associations of drunkenness, debauchery, vice, theft, and murder.
- (2.) *Aunt Femina's Little Fables for Little Children*.—The story entitled "The Young Wolf and its Dam" to be utterly expunged.
- (3.) *The Pilgrim's Progress*.—The man with the muck-rake to be cut out, on account of the naughty, wicked, libertine thoughts suggested by the title of his implement. Giant Pope also to be greatly reduced, his size being far too complimentary.
- (4.) Geography to be subject to a searching investigation, and in the meantime the river *Dee* to be ignored on account of the connection of the celebrated medical man of that name with the —.

Boulogne to be the capital of France in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of *Paris* over the apple.

Several unmentionable Dutch towns to be cut in half.

All *seas*, especially inland ones, to be referred to as little as possible, on account of their episcopalian tendencies. The *Ural* or *Ooral* Mountains to be ignored on account of their intimate connection with a refrain of a very Bacchanalian character, &c., &c., &c.

And a good deal more to the same effect!

Seriously, why does not some sober member of the Presbyterian General Assembly rise up and denounce such disreputable twaddle as this?

ANOTHER POEM BY MILTON.

THE following poem has been forwarded to us by a learned gentleman, who says that he discovered it inside the lining of a four-wheel cab which took him to the station after dinner. It was written on the fly-leaf of a "Bradshaw's Guide," dated 16— something or other. We have read the verses ourselves, but decline to offer an opinion concerning their merits, as we prefer to allow our readers to come to their own conclusions

anent the views of our esteemed correspondent. He advances the following arguments in proof of its authenticity:—

- (1.) The antiquity of the vehicle in which he found it, which, he says, could never have been cleaned since the days of Milton.
- (2.) That the driver's name was John, and might have been Milton.
- (3.) That Milton knew Greek.
- (4.) That if he didn't, he ought to have.
- (5.) The initials, or rather two-thirds of them, are decidedly Milton's. (May not W. be short for "written by?")
- (6.) That Milton was in the Long Parliament, and therefore knew what it was to be kept in London during the hot weather.
- (7.) If Milton did not write it, he should like to know who did?

ODE TO THE COUNTRY.

Who would not fly
From London in July,
Where underneath a coppery sky,
Like crust of pie,
We miserable mortals bake and fry,
'Orotoroi, 'Orotoroi?

Al al, al al,
I can but faintly sigh!
Fain would I cry;
But as they ooze from out my sun-bleared eye,
The dusty tear-drops shrivel up and dry!
Nor drug, nor dye
That Rachel can concoct, or wealth can buy,
Can save my scorched face from looking like a Guy!

Oi me, oi me,
How gladly would I be
Beside the iodine-distilling sea!
Or 'neath suburban tree
Smoke solitary pipes and sip the fragrant tea.

Al al, al al,
Or further hie,
With artificial fly,
To blubbering rills and sneezing streams, and try
Unconscious of their savoury destiny
The timid trout to take, and teach them how to fry!

Ti ti;
Oh why?
Should business tie,
Or duties Parliamentary,
Or, worse than all, that hag Society,
Upon whose altars victims, once so spry,
Grow moist and limp, then steam, perspire, and die;
Why should these keep us here in hot captivity?
Ti ti;

Turrouétha.
But stay, oh stay!
Are there not all the weekly bills to pay?
And duns, dense dunces, clamouring at delay?
Oh nay! oh nay!
E'en duns themselves to Margate wind their way;
I, to appease them, will no longer stay,
But pack my carpet-bag, and fly from town to-day.

W. J. M.

WANDERING MAHOMEDANS.

THE French Exhibition of 1867 amongst its many influences on the times has certainly done something to upset the sentimental theory that there is no place like home. At all events it would appear, to judge from the recent proceedings of many of the Royal personages who quitted their kingdoms for the first time last year to visit Paris, that, in their august opinions, if there are no places precisely like their native lands there are several localities infinitely more attractive. These migrations of Royalty have not been confined to the potentates of Western Europe, but have even extended themselves to the conservative monarchs of the East. The Viceroy of Egypt is already *en route* to Ems and the German watering-places, and it is even rumoured that the Sultan contemplates a trip to the South of France. A few years ago such facts and rumours would have been voted absurd impossibilities. Now that the ice has been

effectually broken the reaction is pretty sure to be complete, and we may expect to hear next that the Shah of Persia is about to visit Boulogne for sea-bathing, or that the Tycoon of Japan has taken lodgings at Tunbridge Wells for the winter. Exhibitions are supposed to be good for trade, and they probably are, but they have a most topsy-turvy influence on society.

A SNARL BEFORE A SNAP.

AT the last sale of the dogs captured by the police, 68 lots of valuable animals fetched the insignificant sum of £20, "which amount," adds the semi-official announcement, "has been handed over to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Holloway." What a pity it did not occur to the charitably-disposed Commissioners of Police that the donation would have been far more profitable to the Institution had it been offered in kind instead of in money; for, had the sale been conducted under the supervision of a respectable body, possessed of some knowledge of the manners and customs of the canine race, the 68 lots would have probably fetched prices not far removed from what the lots were worth, instead of about 500 per cent. less than their ordinary market value.

Somebody must have made a good deal out of the auction at Cremorne; and it is almost a pity that the £20 was not divided between the policemen engaged in the captures, who must have had a great deal of the trouble, and, of course, cannot have reaped a penny of the profit. At all events, the public will not be appeased by the emptying out of the dregs of a good speculation on a quasi-charitable object.

The dog days will, thank goodness, soon be over; but Sir Richard Mayne's edict will not so easily be allowed to drop into obscurity. If every dog must have his day, it is a satisfaction to know that Sir Richard's turn is yet to come.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW ALLY.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly a fortunate, if not a very prudent man. He has the happy art of attracting towards himself the most incongruous elements of humanity. The great army which he will lead to victory next year will be a vast and miscellaneous host, to which that with which Hannibal invaded Italy affords the only parallel. Let us hope that Mr. Gladstone's fate may not afford a parallel to Hannibal's.

The latest visitor to the sacred shrine in Carlton terrace, where the great dictator keeps his household gods and his temper (he sometimes takes the former, but rarely the latter, to the Palace of Westminster), the latest ally which—we beg pardon, whom the Coriolanus of the nineteenth century has taken unto his heart is a very remarkable man. Mr. Finlen or Finlan (like many other great men, the mere letters of his name live less accurately in our memory than his mighty deeds) is one of the most remarkable persons of the age. He has gained a distinction—shared, we believe, only by the immortal Broadhead—of having gone too far even for the Reform League, and of having been publicly disowned by that band of heroes. We are sorry that of his birth and antecedents we know nothing; his fame burst into full blossom without any budding preliminaries. Last year at the head of a deputation he, like one of the Gracchi, defied the bloated oligarchy of his native land in the shape of Mr. Hardy and the messengers of the Home Office. His conduct on this occasion was spoken of by his detractors, who were many, with great harshness; it was said, indeed, that his brutal insolence and overbearing blackguardism deserved a greater punishment even than being repudiated by the Reform League. Working men resented being classed in the same category as Finlen the Defiant. In short, this great defender of our liberties was said to have shown no respect for law, order, or decency. Showers of obloquy were poured upon the martyr. Avalanches of abuse and scorn were rolled on him by the Press. But he would not be crushed; he bided his time, and in time his reward came with his opportunity; he was received by the great, the good, the noble, the honest, the pure-minded, the Homeric hero, Gladstone, "like a father." Well may the father be proud of his son! It is no little consolation for the noble exile from the Treasury Bench to feel that if the House of Lords and Bench of Bishops are ranged against him,

Finlen is on his side. Let Mr. Disraeli triumph; let him gather around him his Orange hordes and shout "No Popery" till he is hoarse, Finlen and his two thousand are on the side of Justice and of Ireland. We heartily congratulate both Justice and Ireland on their good fortune.

Mr. Gladstone is often accused of a want of generosity and consistency: surely his conduct towards Finlen should vindicate his character in this respect. The rejected of the Reform League, the outcast of working men, is received with paternal love in the house which has so often been filled with the most distinguished throng that this country can produce. Other champions of liberty shrunk from noticing, much less receiving as their ally and friend, one who had earned so successfully the fame of a turbulent bullying spouter of sedition. Surely it was generous for the chief of the great Liberal party to take such a man to his bosom!

Next, it was thoroughly consistent in the man who, when his name was a rallying word for the mob that kept London in a state of riot for three days, when his portrait was carried at the head of the bands that tore down the railings of the park and destroyed the pleasure-ground of the people, sat in his place in the House of Commons silent, without saying a word in defence, not of folly and vacillation, but of law and order; it was thoroughly consistent in such a man, when a deputation of mischievous, idle agitators, who represented the real working men of England about as well as a score of aristocratic bookmakers from Tattersall's would have done, came to him and announced their intention of holding a meeting for the purpose of talking sedition and blasphemy on Sunday in Hyde Park, thereby annoying the thousands of respectable and hard-working men who were trying to enjoy their one day of recreation there,—it was thoroughly consistent in Mr. Gladstone to tell Finlen and his comrades that he had nothing to say about the proposed meeting but that "the reasons urged by the deputation why it should be held were worthy of consideration."

These, indeed, are glorious times! On one side a wily adventurer, scattering broadcast over the land the seeds of a fearful religious conflict; on the other a man who has been proclaimed great so often, that he might teach himself to believe the imputation, and act as if he deserved it, the chosen champion of Justice and of Liberty, holding out his hand to the pestilent scum of mobs, openly countenancing that foul-mouthed, seditious Licence which is an outrage to justice and an insult to Liberty.

UNDRESS UNIFORMS.

A FEW days since the Judge attached to the Divorce Court dispensed with the presence, in Westminster, of forensic wigs. This innovation must not be allowed to pass into a precedent, or we may expect to hear of the following regulations becoming law:—

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS FOR THE ARMY

(during July and August).

HEAD-DRESS.—Cabbage leaf, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

SWORD.—Sword-stick umbrella, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

COAT.—None.

TROUSERS.—Fine muslin.

BOOTS.—Linen slippers, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

POUCH.—Fitted up with a refrigerator for the accommodation of officers fond of ices.

AMMUNITION.—Per diem, twelve rounds of wafers and three rounds of strawberries and cream.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS FOR THE NAVY

(during July and August).

PERAMBULATING SHOWER-BATH.—Curtains to be trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

SWORD.—As in the army.

COAT, TROUSERS, AND BOOTS.—None.

IMPROVING ONE'S FRENCH.—Why is "cancan" masc.? Because it is unfeminine. What should be the correct fem. of "cancan"? Can't can't!



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatsoever. Contributors should send copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heath) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle" or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE report that Mr. Gladstone had consented to receive a deputation of London thieves, in order to hear their grievances against the police, is, we are glad to say, unfounded. The right honourable gentleman is expected shortly to entertain Mr. Broadhead at Carlton-house terrace, in order to hear that distinguished individual's sentiments on the subject of rattening.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY "DUFF" (we presume this gentleman, in his modesty, has only revealed half of his surname, or perhaps as a determined man prefers the positive "Duff" to the word in its comparative form) has retired from the contest for the representation in Parliament of Aberdeen University. This is much to be regretted; and we sincerely trust that he will consent to stand for some other place—say, Abney Park Cemetery. It is reported that the "Honourable Member" (that is to be) takes some interest in the lively spot we have specified. We are convinced that Mr. "Duff" will find no greater admirers of his talent than the "grave and reverend" constituents to whom we now beg most respectfully to call his attention.

IT seems rather hard that though the Court has been so constant in its attendance at Mlle. Schneider's receptions, she has never been received at Court or even at Marlborough House. However, she ought to be content with the great attention paid her by the Princes of the Blood. The Prince of Wales has been to see her three times, Prince Alfred four times, Prince Louis of Hesse three times, the Duke of Cambridge twice, and other Princes of smaller note we don't know how many times. Besides this, it may be noted that the Duke of Edinburgh immediately on his arrival from Australia first dined with his brother, then went down to see his mother, and came up next day, without losing any time, to see the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. "Honour where honour is due," seems to be the motto of our Royal Family.

FRESH FROM THE "MOLD."

IT is reported that a Mr. Vaughan Williams, judge of the County Court at Mold, the other day rebuked two solicitors for daring to appear before him, "the one in a velvet coat, and the other in a shooting jacket." Noticing the circumstances, a contemporary has already asked "what is the professional costume of a solicitor?" We have not yet seen Mr. V. Williams's reply, and it is very possible that that evidently fastidious gentleman may not trouble himself to give one. However, he has all the merit of having raised a highly interesting discussion. Would the Buckingham Palace standard of

"morning trousers and evening coats" hit the mark, or would even this be considered "indecorous" in a court of justice? We hear it looked very nice at the Palace, although the general effect was broadly comic; and if this is the case, perhaps nothing could be more appropriate to the proverbial solemnity of a County Court. Perhaps, though, justice is literally dispensed in another mould where Mr. V. Williams presides, and the merry laugh over innocence trampled under foot is never heard in the cavernous and earthy regions suggested to the imagination by the name of his *locale*. Perhaps the wisest way, in the absence of any absolute authority, to arrive at a solution of the matter would be to throw it open to the suggestion of clients. Of course there would be several propositions for beautiful white robes and wings, but taking the sum total of opinion in general, we have no doubt the professional dress of a solicitor would be something very terrible and imposing indeed.

ALLEN LORD MAYOR.

MR. ALDERMAN ALLEN, a citizen swell,
Was a bookseller proud 'neath the sound of Bow Bell;
(P'raps dined on prime joints and took muffins at tea :)
And a very respectable tradesman was he.
But woe was the hour, and November accurst,
When his turn came to sit among magistrates First.
In the House of the Mansion he took the chief chair :
"Now I'll read 'em a lesson," quoth Allen Lord Mayor.

He took his small spites and his tricks of the trade,
And therewith the office ridiculous made ;
Such trumpery maxims and politics small
Were never yet heard within range of Guildhall.
And he said, "If those scribblers, the newspaper men,
Dare to make ME the butt of a critical pen,
I'll be amply avenged ; for when Napier is there
I'll shut out their reporters," quoth Allen Lord Mayor.

But London waxed wroth such a lesson to learn,
And longed for November the Ninth to return,
When blustering Allen should quietly drop
From the City's chief lord to the swell of his shop.
'Twere better if claims for the citizen throne
Were settled by merit, and merit alone,
For by lotary choice you may vote to the chair
Such a very small party as Allen Lord Mayor.

PAYNES AND PENALTIES!

OF course TOMAHAWK has no wish to be disagreeable, but really he *must* call the attention of his readers to the following extract, cut from a newspaper recording a case tried at the Middlesex Sessions :—

The jury acquitted the prisoner.
Mr. Payne : Prisoner, the jury have acquitted you. You are not innocent. You know very well that you took the two sovereigns. I have no moral doubt of your guilt.
The Prisoner : My lord, the jury have acquitted me.
Mr. Payne : Yes ; and therefore you may go. But don't get into custody again.
The prisoner was then discharged.

This is justice with a vengeance ! A prisoner is found "not guilty" (a verdict tantamount to a declaration of innocence) by a jury, and the judge coolly sets the finding at naught by delivering a verdict of his own ! As this is not the first time that the "Assistant Judge" has rendered himself ridiculous on the bench he adorns (?), by conduct at once injudicious and eccentric, TOMAHAWK trusts that the "prisoner" so grossly maligned by "his Lordship" will not allow the matter to drop, but will commence an action for libel. Mr. Payne may be a very "mad wag," but he is a very indifferent lawyer.

THE LINENDRAPERS' ANTHEM.—"Oh, bless our Sale o' Prints !"

WHAT Railway Station would be the best for artillery ? Cannon's treat.

THE TOMAHAWK, August 1, 1868.



DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE!
OR,
THE POLITICAL "TRAPPIST."

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER II.—Private Dubbs.—Our First Mutiny.

AT about four o'clock p.m., on a hot day in July, might have been seen two young men travelling in a first-class carriage on the Modern Babylon Extension and North Diddlesex Railway, with tickets in their pockets, granting them a ride from London to Burnham Scrubs. They (the young men) were both very magnificently dressed in green uniforms covered with silver and turned up with red, and one of them (the younger) looked very martial and beautiful. The elder of these two young men was Captain Cockloft, of the B.S.R.V.C., while the younger (the one who looked so martial and beautiful) was myself.

After an hour's panting and puffing, whistling, creaking, and stopping, the train rushed into a station, and the voice of a sleepy porter was heard to exclaim "B'rum Crubs, B'rum Crubs!" Upon which Cockloft and I jumped out of our carriage and made ready to deliver our tickets. The engine, which seemed to have a very hearty contempt for the station, pulled up at the platform for an instant (apparently that it might have time to indulge in a highly derisive whistle), and then, turning up its steam at the signal post, it puffed away creakingly and pantingly to other climes.

I was not surprised at the conduct of the engine, for certainly the appearance of Burnham Scrubs Station was not calculated to fill the soul of even a rustic with respect—the place was weedy and overgrown. The Company had mistaken their town: a very long platform had been constructed, and had been allowed to run to seed—not a third of it had ever been used. The 'cobwebs in an unfurnished refreshment stall told eloquently of the mournful but ambitious career of a disappointed, if not ruined, confectioner. In fact, the station was horribly lonely, and looked as if a goods train had carried into it and deposited upon the platform, a packet containing a cause in the Court of Chancery, which parcel had never since been called for. Even the porter (once a lively fellow, to judge from the merry twinkle that still lingered in his eye) had sobered down into what might be aptly termed a "weird wag." The place was wretchedly dismal, and we made haste to leave it.

"Can you tell me the way to the 'Princess Royal' public-house?" said Cockloft, with a *souffçon* of bluster, to the grinning porter.

"Ax yer pardon, guv'nor, but don't yer recollect me?" and the railway official gave a tug at a bit of his front hair.

Cockloft looked at him steadily and exclaimed, "By Jingo, why it can't be Dubbs!"

"Yes, sir, that's me. / ain't likely to forget a flat—leastways, I means a gent as guvs me three 'alf-crowns and a suit of clothes for jining a Volunteer's Corpse, 'specially when I'm 'ard up and doesn't know where to pick up a bit o' dinner."

"Our private!" said Cockloft to me, softly; and then added to Dubbs, "This is one of your officers, Dubbs—Lieutenant Smyth."

Dubbs grinned more than ever, and said, "Thankee, sir."

"You seem to be getting on in the world, Dubbs," observed Cockloft, with the grand air of a noble patron.

"Well, yes, sir; I've been doing werry nicely since I guv up crossing-sweeping and took to this 'ere work—werry nicely indeed, thankee, sir."

"I understand that you will be at the regimental supper to-night?"

"Thankee, sir. If it's not too bold, what will be up at this 'ere supper?"

"Well, you will be introduced to your future officers—to Lieutenant Smyth, for instance."

"Thankee, sir," said Dubbs, pulling at his forelock, "but wot I meant for to say was, wot will the wittals be like—will there be beer, for hinstance?"

"Ya'as," said Cockloft, pulling at his moustache—"Ya'as, there'll be beer. In fact, it will be like an ordinary mess."

"Axiing yer pardon, sir, it's just as I thought," replied Dubbs, rather mornfully. "When I 'eard as 'ow you'd given the order for the supper to Mr. Potts, of the 'Princess Ryle,' I said to myself, says I, it *will* be a mess!"

"Quite so. You will appear in uniform, of course?"

"Axiing yer pardon, sir, but I *am* in uniform."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me, Dubbs," said Cockloft, suddenly becoming very grave indeed, "that you have been wearing Her Majesty's uniform *here*!"

"Well, guv'nor," replied Dubbs apologetically, "you see I thought as 'ow I might get used to it, sir, by wearing it a little while I shunted the trucks and iled the carriage-wheels. And I'm sure it's done me a world of good. I took quite naturally to the uniform, and, as yer see, the uniform it took quite naturally to the ile!"

"I'm very sorry to hear this, Dubbs," said Cockloft. "You promised me you wouldn't wear your uniform except on duty: however, I suppose we must get you a new suit out of the capitation grant."

"Thankee, sir," replied Dubbs.

"Any of our men come down, Dubbs?" asked Cockloft.

"Only two I think, sir," said Dubbs, promptly.

"Do you know who they were?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't recollect as 'ow I've seen the gents before."

"Do you think they could have been Lieutenant Montgomery and Ensign St. Clare?"

"Werry likely, sir."

"What were their uniforms?"

"Werry long-tailed coats with blue and white stripes, big shirt collars, black faces, and curly wigs. One of the gents 'ad got 'old of a sort of a guitar, and the other, 'e carried a tam-bourine; and both on 'em was werry wocal!"

"Private Dubbs," said Cockloft, sternly, "I can allow of no tomfoolery. If I hear anything more of that sort of thing, it will be my painful duty to order you under arrest!"

"Thankee, sir," replied Dubbs, with an ill-disguised grin.

"Perhaps we had better march down to the mess room," observed Cockloft with some haughtiness. "Is the band of the regiment in attendance?"

"No, sir, unless you count them two wocal gents."

"Private Dubbs!" thundered Cockloft.

"Ax yer pardon, sir," replied the porter with lively gravity.

"No offence meant, sir!"

"Be careful, sir," said Cockloft, sternly; and then aside to me, "Must keep up discipline, you know."

"Quite so," I replied, "very proper indeed."

Dubbs, after calling to a very small child, carrying a very large baby, to "keep 'er eyes on the tickets, and little Jimmy out of the way of the six twenty-five Up express," led the way down the stairs to the road, where we all three arrived in safety.

"Now," said Cockloft, "fall in!"

Dubbs looked at me with a grin, and I looked at Dubbs with a frown.

"Now," repeated our Captain, "Atten—shun! Fall—in! One—two!"

"I say, old fellow," I began.

"When we are on duty, Lieutenant Smyth, I wish to be called by my military rank. You are addressing your Captain. Remember that, please."

"Addressing my grandmother!" retorted I rather angrily, for a little crowd was getting up round about us, consisting chiefly of a butcher-boy and a couple of infant roughs. "I don't see the fun of making ourselves de'd ridiculous to pander to your military whims and fancies."

"I am ashamed of you, Lieutenant Smyth," said Cockloft, gravely. "Think of the example you are setting to private Dubbs. You really ought to be tried by court-martial for so forgetting yourself before the Man of your regiment."

"Oh, hang you and the court-martial too," I replied, thoroughly out of temper, for the infant roughs, led by the butcher-boy, were beginning to jeer at us.

"I can submit to this no longer," roared Cockloft. "Private Dubbs, I command you to arrest Lieutenant Smyth!"

"I should like to see him do it," said I, putting my hand to my sword.

Cockloft paid no attention to my defiant gesture, but, pointing towards me, exclaimed, "Do your duty, private!"

"Arrest *me*, indeed!" I cried, angrily. "I command you, private, to arrest *him*!"

"Which do you intend to obey, sir?" asked Cockloft, sternly.

"Well, sir, you see 'e's bigger than you, so, if you've got no objection (I mean no offence), I'd sooner arrest *you*."

"Do, Dubbs," I cried, "and I'll give you half-a-crown."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the infant roughs, enthusiastically.

"Lieutenant Smyth and Private Dubbs," said Cockloft, with gloomy majesty, "on a reconsideration of the subject, I've come to the conclusion that it is unnecessary for you to fall in. How-

ever, it will be my duty to report this affair to the authorities at the War Office. We will muster in half-an-hour's time, if you please, at the mess table." And with this he stalked off.

The very mention of the War Office filled my soul with alarm. What hadn't I done! Arrested my superior officer! Perhaps laid myself open to being shot by a file of soldiers, according to the Articles of War. My only hope was the fact that Cockloft had not been actually arrested. My face must have revealed my emotion: for Dubbs said,

"I'm sorry yer told me to arrest 'im, as I think it will get yer into trouble," and he followed Cockloft with hurried steps.

"Don't do it," I exclaimed.

"Oh, I must," said he, "because yer told me to. I wouldn't disobey my superior h'officer not for h'ever so much."

"Not for half a sovereign?"

"Make it a sovereign," replied Dubbs, stopping short, "and I will do anything. I knows it's wrong to disobey yer, but I've got a wife and a starving family!"

I paid the money and rejoined Cockloft. After a long explanation he became reconciled to me, and we reached the "Princess Royal" without further adventure. When we got to the door of the tavern we were met by a surly-looking man, who in reply to a question about the supper, answered us in the following startling words—

But stop! perhaps I had better keep the account of the ever-memorable supper until next week. Ha! ha! Won't you laugh when you have heard all about it!

(To be continued.)

BLESS YOUR HEART, IT WAS THE WHITEBAIT.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—On the balcony of the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich.

TIME.—After dinner.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Capital whybait, Sir John. Somehow, rather disagrees with me—like Glashtone, eh?

SIR JOHN P—.—Good again—like Glashtone—very good. Like the dinner. Deuced good dinner. Landlord most liberal!

RT. HON. B—D—.—Landlord Liberal—wish! Lib'ral Conservative or 'Shervative Lib'ral? Confoun' it! I never can take more than spoonful of whybait.

SIR JOHN P—.—It's not the whitebait, Premier, it's th' inclemenshy of weather.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Like Glashtone again—finds th' inclemenshy getting too hot for him.

MUDLARK (below).—Chuck us hout a 'apenny, guv'nor.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Good boy. Recognishesh his Polit'cal Guv'nor. (Throws a sixpence at the Mudlark). Hit him, by Jove! Goo' shot that, eh, Sir John?

SIR JOHN P—.—Cap'al shot. Confounded Pallsher couldn't aim better.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Who's Pallsher? Oh, comical shot, Pallsher. Shplendid fellow. Name sheems to shill your heart of shteel, eh, Sir John?

SIR JOHN P—.—Hate gunners and gun makers. They know I know nothing about it.

RT. HON. B—D—.—That don't signify. Do ash I do—look as if you knew all about it. You aint funny thish evening. Wish Bernaloshborne was here to make one laugh, or Maysher Anshon, to get a rise out of Sec-Secretary of war.

SIR JOHN P—.—Confound Major Anshon and his inquisitive curiosity. Quite enough to go into the midst of a nesht of hornets at Shoeburynesh, without —.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Come, Shir John. No shop! An' you love me, Sir John.

MUDLARK (who has climbed to the top of a boat's mast and is overlooking the banqueting room).—Aint yer got another tizzy among yer, guv'nor?

RT. HON. B—D—.—Enterprishng boy that, Sir John. Got to the top of the pole. Eh! By Jove, he'sh shliping down. Like Glashtone again. Go away little Glashtone, or I shall shy ishe at you, or bottle, or shumsing or other.

MUDLARK.—I aint 'ad no dinner, guv'nor. I'd like to change places with you for a bit.

SIR JOHN P—.—Both of you at the mast-head.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Been a dowful compliment when you were in th' Admiralty, Sir John. (Throws ice at the Mud-

lark.) That'sh what your friend Pallsher would call a shill shot with a vengeance!

MUDLARK.—I'll send a bobby to you if yer don't 'a done. Come, I say, just muzzle up a bit; two can play at that game.

RT. HON. B—D—.—Quite right, little Glashtone; we do it every evening. Shy shtones but no mud, you know. Thasht not Parliamentary.

SIR JOHN P—.—Go away little boy, or it will be war between us.

MUDLARK.—Vy yer aint in a fit state for war, you aint. I'd lick the lot, if yer'd come down 'ere.

RT. HON. B—D—.—(retiring with Sir John P—).—Jush like Glashtone—Glashtone all over!

Scene closes.

THE MANIACS COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

When roguery for others makes a trap,
And is caught itself few people care a rap:
Such rascals are the dramatist's delight,
And Shakespeare shows one in a pretty plight.
Of all his plays no finer one than that
Of which the title means but "tit-for-tat."

2.

My first is a language few English can speak,
And the Queen of its talkers as much knows of Greek;
My second's an animal not wild or tame,
And one which no sportsman considers true game;
My second at plenty of shops you may buy,
And when joined with my first your own cook will supply.
'Tis not in the least like the name that it bears—
What 'tis called, only God has the power to create;
What it is, man with nature in making it shares,
Like most of the good things that cover his plate.

3.

My first is a spirit, my second a fruit,
My whole in large gardens often has root.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Tempest. 2. Westmoreland. 3. Liverpool.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Rennyarf, Two Puss Cats, A Yorkshire Tike (W.H.M.), J. R. Moor, John Cockles, Chêqu'a-dit-oui Une-piyanne-les-gambes-en-l'air & Co., Baker's Bills, Excelsior, W. McD., Alderman Number 80, Linda Princess, The Owl (Folkestone), Pythiakara, Four Stockings Scalps, Sine Macula, Soda Might, Two Enterprising Earwigs, X. Y. Z., Mad Whilk, Two North Grove Children, Sweet as the Rose, A. W. Ryberg, Two Tinkers of Regent street, A πέρκτ σε φλας mit zee Στόμμα αυτέ, Annie (Tooting), Three Stray Buzwings, Howard M. C., Tower Mixture, Old Brum, A Dulwich Duffer, A Muzzled Cat, Spindlilljack, The Binfield Road Wonders, H. J. T., Rolfe, Emily F. Hollowell, Ginger Wine and Shrimps to the Sound of Trumpets, T. H. L. Winton, Muzzled but not Puzzled, C. R. R., Cholic, Two Herefordshire Hogs, A Precocious Mosquito, Gulnare, Galatea, Palmetho, Greywater, Anti-Teapot, Σημ, Ruby's Ghost, Poppy, Snooks and Co., G. M. S. (Edgbaston), Cats Don't Know, Still Dublin, Sauerkraut, A. Le (Middle Temple), Sciocco, Veau, B. C. H. L., Samuel E. Thomas, J. F. Dexter, Dixon Scrip, W. Burbridge, Blarney, W. H. (Hackney), Ein verrückter Kerl, Lucie J. Wright (Rotherham), Arthur's Pet, Why Not Give Better, Rose Eäler, Frank Stafford, Agnes and Nat, A Darlington Lunatic, A Tuesday Morning Maniac, and Easy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 63.

ANSWERS have been received from Poppy, Grassplot, A Merry Zingara, Chêqu'a-dit-oui Une-piyanne-les-gambes-en-l'air & Co., Monta, Orange Cream Flummery, R. L. Mesurier and Walter Maclean, Alexis, Hawksley, A Jay and No Jay, Edward and Blanch Woodford, Uncle Charles Peter, Dropsical Walking-stick, A Peppered Muffin, Mable May, Old Brum, W. J. M., Rolfe, Bill Buck's Old Slipper, The Nells of the Night, Ynnaf Nesuhlla, W. McD., The Maldon Dan'l, W. T. Taverner, The Savage, A Newcastle Swell, and A Band of Brothers.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 66.]

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE RESULTS OF ENQUIRING WITHIN.

A GOOD deal of natural curiosity was excited at the time of Her Majesty's recent garden party at Buckingham Palace, as to the source from which the Lord Chamberlain had obtained his views of the proper costume on such an occasion for the real gentleman of the period; and the public interest in the question has been gradually subsiding only because everybody has begun to despair of finding the solution of so peculiar and perplexing an enigma. We think we have solved it. We really flatter ourselves that we have discovered the source of this second Nile. The Lord Chamberlain has been diligently studying the "three hundred and sixty-second thousand" of *Enquire Within Upon Everything*. Afraid of discovery, that sensitive magnate did not adhere literally to the instructions there given under the head of "Visiting Dress," but just slightly deviated from them, in order to elude detection. It is clear, however, to the critical mind where he got the hint for the famous evening coat and waistcoat and morning trousers. *Enquire Within* lays it down that "a black coat and trousers are indispensable for a visit of ceremony or entertainment." Now a visit to Her Majesty must always be one more or less of ceremony; but about the particular entertainment in question there was a novelty, which made some people—wretched old Tories, no doubt—pronounce it not only far from ceremonious, but positively free-and-easy. Of course we do not take that view ourselves; but we can quite believe that it had come under the cognisance of the Lord Chamberlain, and that he was a little perplexed how to combine a certain amount of ceremony with the expectation of a certain absence of it. At that moment he received his copy of the new edition of *Enquire Within*. He did enquire within, found the paragraph we have quoted, and thereupon framed his sartorial edict. Very likely we shall have some more Court regulations from the same source. One of them, however, we do devoutly hope, will be overlooked. It is that "a gentleman walking should always wear gloves, this being one of the characteristics of good breeding." The late Mr. Thackeray never wore them; but perhaps *Enquire Within* would retort that he was only an author, and that nothing better could be expected from him. We are willing to waive that point; but in the interest of all the young gentlemen of the very highest breeding who, we hear, are going to get married on £300 a-year, we must pray that gloves be not considered quite as "indispensable" in the streets, as "black trousers at a visit of ceremony."

FLASHES IN THE PAN.

WITH telegraph wires over the whole of Europe, and through a good half of the rest of the world, it is strange that we should receive such a meagre amount of daily news. The telegrams in the morning papers seldom occupy more than half a column of space, and a great portion of these are only inserted as make-weights. For instance, almost every other day there are half-a-dozen messages in the largest type, telling us of the proceedings of the ships that carry the Indian mails. Now as these ships sail twice a week, and make their journeys as regularly as clockwork (or if they sometimes do not, we don't hear of it),

such information cannot be either useful or interesting to anybody. It would be just as sensible to announce the safe arrival at Edinburgh of the limited mail in the second edition of the *Times*, or to reproduce the way-bills of the Brompton and Islington omnibuses in the evening papers.

Now that the subject of telegraph monopolies is under discussion, it is a pity that some influential person does not come forward as the champion of the public interest. Hitherto the question has only been ventilated from a purely selfish and personal point of view—what it will cost to telegraph to Brown at Brighton, or if Cook will get her message in time to prepare dinner for Jones on his unexpected return home.

Such details as these should doubtless not be overlooked; but at the same time it should be remembered that the electric telegraph has a mission far nobler than that of ministering to the comforts of the upper classes. Its mission is to let the world know what the world thinks and does; and it is a bad sign of the times that while so many great men are interesting themselves in the reorganisation of the telegraphic systems, it has occurred to no one to still further develop the real value of this magnificent innovation of modern days. The tree bears fruit it is true, but it requires cultivation to supply those multifarious benefits which all nations may claim as a right to cull from its branches.

PEARLS AMONG SWINE.

MR. RONALD THOMPSON, the Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, has rendered to the Foreign Office a most interesting report of the trade and resources of Persia. The country, we regret to see, appears to be in a terribly bankrupt condition, owing to the repeated failures of the silk produce. The report states that the whole amount of money in the Imperial coffers and in circulation amounts only to the insignificant sum of £1,500,000. In addition to this are the Crown jewels, which are valued at two millions; but unfortunately it is useless to offer them for sale, as the whole riches of the land could not purchase them.

Under these circumstances it is a pity that some one does not advise the Shah to despatch an ambassador to the Court of King Attenborough, of Piccadilly. This simple course would certainly dispel the deadlock at which the affairs of the Persian Treasury have arrived; and we can assure His Eastern Majesty that there would be nothing unusual or *infra dig.* in the proceeding, as he would be by no means the first Royal personage who, within the last hundred years, has pledged all, save honour (which, after all, may not be considered by pawn-brokers as a marketable commodity), beneath the sign of the golden orbs.

GOOD NEWS FOR A DISTINGUISHED VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.—Several demagogues have written to us to say that they intend joining the "Burnham Scrubs R.V.C." They give as a reason for their preference, that they think the Volunteer Movement should be as *public* as possible, and add that from what they have heard they imagine that there must be very little that is *private* about the "B.S.R.V.C."

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

IN this age of social enlightenment, when so much is expected from youth and so little allowance is made for inexperience, the subject of female education has become a question of paramount importance. The utter failure of the ordinary run of "Establishments for Young Ladies" to educate children of the upper classes to assume the position in society to which they are called immediately on leaving school, has lately become so painfully apparent, that it is with no surprise that we hear that an effort is about to be made by those interested to do something towards remedying the evil. We understand that it is proposed to establish an institution on a system which, breaking free from the ordinary routine course of a boarding school education, shall secure that its pupils on leaving school shall at once find themselves mistresses of those arts and accomplishments which now-a-days it behoves all young ladies to possess, and which, alas! when the mind is once formed with other ideas require the study and perseverance of years to acquire. We have much pleasure, therefore, in publishing the prospectus of a Ladies' College, the foundation of which is on the *tapis*, but, as the engagements of the professors are in most cases still pending, we insert their names under every reserve.

TRAINING COLLEGE

FOR THE

DAUGHTERS OF NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

Patrons.

THE PRINCES OF THE BLOOD.

Visitors.

The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY, YORK, and ARMAGH
(*ex officio*). With power to add to their number.

Note.—Any nobleman or gentleman presenting two thousand guineas to the Foundation Fund of the Institution will become a Life Visitor.

Principal.

This office will be thrown open to public competition. Ladies of title and others are invited to send in their testimonials. The salary will be £1,000 a year and a private residence.

Professors.

<i>Theology</i> . . .	Mr. Bradlaugh.
<i>Poetry</i> . . .	Mr. Algernon Swinburne.
<i>Composition</i> . . .	Mr. Linklater.
<i>Moral Philosophy</i> . . .	Lord Ranelagh.
<i>Physical Science</i> . . .	M. Leotard.
<i>Arithmetic and Book-making by Double Entry</i> . . .	Mr. Padwick.
<i>French</i> . . .	Mdlle. Theresa.
<i>German</i> . . .	Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
<i>Italian</i> . . .	Signor Francatelli.
<i>Painting</i> . . .	Madame Rachel.
<i>Drawing</i> . . .	Mr. Moses. (Terms, 60 per cent.)
<i>Dancing</i> . . .	Mdlle. Finette.
<i>Music</i> . . .	Messrs. Offenbach and Godfrey.
<i>Singing</i> . . .	Mr. A. Lloyd and Miss Annie Adams.
<i>Domestic Economy</i> . . .	Mrs. Wyndham.
<i>Deportment</i> . . .	Madame Schneider.
<i>Elocution</i> . . .	Mr. Fordham (of Newmarket).
<i>Floriculture</i> . . .	Mr. E. T. Smith.
<i>Jurisprudence</i> . . .	Baron Nicholson.
<i>Riding and Driving</i> . . .	Miss Anonyma.
<i>Billiards</i> . . .	A Cavalry Officer.
<i>Whist</i> . . .	A Member of the Arlington Club.

The college is solely for the education of the children of those persons moving in the select circles of society. To ensure exclusiveness, the terms will be high—viz., £250 a year for each girl.

Children will be received at any age under twelve, but in no case will a young lady who has passed her twelfth birthday be accepted, it being the opinion of the promoters that after this age the impressions and prejudices of youth are in a degree already formed; and a pupil joining the college with any of the ordinary ideas indigenous to English girlhood cannot do justice to the system.

The course of education will be complete at the age of sixteen years.

The term will commence in August of each year, and terminate at the end of March, thereby giving the pupils the advantage of being with their parents during the whole of the London season.

The college is already handsomely endowed. A nobleman has undertaken to provide annually an "Honorable" who will make an offer of marriage to the pupil who obtains the highest number of marks in her general studies, and several gentlemen have promised broughams, opera boxes, and bracelets to those young ladies taking the first place in certain of the classes. A lady interested in the undertaking has munificently presented her freehold villa in St. John's wood for the residence of the lady principal.

The excellence of the design of the institution speaks for itself. An undertaking which meets so fully the requirements of the age cannot fail to be financially a success, and its promoters deserve the gratitude, as they must command the sympathy, of fashionable England of the present day.

RHYME AND T-REASON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the attempt we made the other day to stay the torrent, snobbery has swept everything before it, and the immense success of that screaming comic song, "God bless our Sailor Prince," has already borne its fruits. The whole Royal Family is now on the eve of being handed over to the music-halls, for snobbery is a thirsty thing in its way, and is not inclined to stop short after so fine a crawl as it has recently indulged in at the expense of the youthful Duke. When an enthusiastic crowd, composed of seventeen thousand snobs, relish and re-demand such sickening twaddle as that "effectively given" by poor Mr. Cummings a few weeks back at the Crystal Palace Blue Fire and All-alive Royalty Gala, what on earth must become of the real vulgar taste? Talk of lampoons on the august,—did any "chaff"—no other word will express it—ever come up to that directed against the unoffending young Duke by the poet who, doubtless never meaning to hit so hard, penned the cruel lines to which we again refer? We will be bound to say that for sly, yet gashing and withering severity of humour they are unmatched. Indeed, should the series be continued, we quite tremble for the fate of Royalty. Fancy, for instance, a national hymn to Prince Christian! Why, "Champagne Charlie" and the "Galloping Snob" would pale before it! Indeed, the thing is serious when we dwell on the opportunities open to its indulgence. Young Prince Arthur has just got his commission, and is working for the Engineers. True, the Engineers do not suggest dash, and are not so useful for poetical purposes as the Artillery. "God save our Engineer" sounds tame, and would not read well; but a change, *elegantia gratid*, might be made, and the cannon's mouth itself easily introduced. Imagine a military edition of our "Sailor Prince," under the title of "God save our Bombardier!"

How apologetically it might go off, thus:—

We've cried "God bless the Prince of Wales,"
And "done" our "Sailor Prince;"
But when your snob his ear regales,
Matters what use to mince!
He wants to gush and crawl and shout;
At some one he must cheer,—
Ah, see, he's found Prince Arthur out!
"God bless our Bombardier!"

Then the poet might get bolder:—

Napoleon he lost Waterloo,
And Wellington he won;
But I'd name one to lick the two!
I mean it—not my fun.
The man to drive the foe away,
When he's en-camp-ed here,
Is he, of whom I, Gents, must say,
"God bless our Bombardier!"

And at last, not entrained by the ordinary conventionalities of accent, time, space, or fact, he might really close very effectively:—

When London in the dust is laid,
And England no more free
(Her very dividends unpaid),
Sinks deep beneath the sea ;
When countless foes about her roar,
Annihilation near,
Expiring nature still shall snore,
"God bless our Bombardier !"

En somme, we might be treated to gush *ad infinitum*. Talk of *La Lanterne* and the *Court Newsman* ; why, their gibbets are made of rosewood compared to this. Heaven preserve Royalty from popular enthusiasm excited by an admission of half-a-crown a head, and stimulated by a two-shilling Crystal Palace dinner !

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON IN SEARCH OF A SEAT.

A PERSON who, by dint of irrepressible effrontery, timely servility, and publications bordering on the indecent, has made himself known to the indiscriminating curiosity of the vulgar as Mr. Hepworth Dixon, has just been endeavouring to purchase what calls itself "the richest borough in England," by the sale of himself. Having instructed some of his hangers-on—of whom, we are sorry to say, he has, as editor of an utterly worthless but still somewhat influential critical journal, no small number at his disposal—to concoct a letter affecting to proceed from the electors of Marylebone, and inviting him to give an account of his principles, he has responded to the enquiry by what he evidently imagined would be the profitable confession that he has none. He informs these electors in buckram that he considers a member of Parliament a mere delegate of those who elect him ; one whose business it is to do simply what he is told, and—to be paid handsomely for doing it. If these views meet the approbation of any constituency he shall be delighted to be their obedient and—N.B.—salaried servant. He adds that, personally, he believes "very strongly" in manhood suffrage, the ballot, and compulsory education ; but nobody can say that we are uncharitable if we express our opinion that Mr. Hepworth Dixon affects to believe in these things because he suspects that the constituency of Marylebone does. In any case, however, there could be no difficulty, inasmuch as he had already laid it down that he should consider himself bound, to abandon all these opinions if they ordered him to do so—and gave him money for complying. To cap it all, an attempt is made to cloak this gross venality by an ignorant pretence that it is in strict conformity with the theory and ancient practice of the English Constitution. Mr. Dixon must have forgotten the terrible dressing he once got from the *Edinburgh Review* for his *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, which he had the astounding impudence to attempt to write. The nasty doings, real or imaginary, of Mormons and Spiritualists, may possibly not be beyond the tether of his mind ; but for such a one as he to prate about Bacon or the English Constitution, is as though a greengrocer were to give us a discourse on botany.

A few days later, Mr. John Stuart Mill addressed the electors of Westminster, and we are led to think from what he said on the occasion, that he must have seen or heard of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's bold bid for a metropolitan constituency. At any rate he gave expression to sentiments which are a direct and complete condemnation of that adventurous individual's policy. Mr. Mill hoped that the electors would be wiser than to choose men of whom they had no opinion, whom they dared not trust to examine or think for themselves, and whom, therefore, they would send to the House with tied hands, under the promise to do exactly as they were bidden. For his part he was not ashamed to say that he desired to be represented by somebody who could tell him what ought to be done, instead of him telling his representative. This is Mr. John Stuart Mill's theory of the Constitution, and likewise his particular practice of it. It would be strange indeed if that high-minded and illustrious if sometimes crotchety gentleman's theory and practice, in every imaginable department of life, were not in flat contradiction with those of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Still, unhappily it will be equally strange if, "in these last days, the dregs of time," the effrontery which has led the ignorant to suppose that the author of *Spiritual Wives* is a literary man, should not lead some rich Radical borough to buy him even at his own figure and send

him into Parliament. We almost hope it will ; for we believe that this ambitious frog would then be so inflated with his already grotesque sense of his own importance that, like his prototype in the fable, he would "bust up," and we should so get rid of him for ever.

AFTER DARK.

WE had been foolish enough to imagine that this title belonged more or less to its author, Mr. Wilkie Collins, who used it some years ago for a collection of his tales from *Household Words* if we remember rightly. "*After Dark* !" And yet we see that original manufacturer, Mr. Dion Boucicault, announcing a drama (original, of course) of his own under this heading.

Perhaps Mr. Collins has allowed the dramatic brigand to take the words for his own use ; but has the French author also given Mr. Boucicault the right to produce his piece again without some acknowledgment of the parentage ?

Foul Play has already been exposed by one of the magazines, and now we are to have another original drama from the hand of the translator of *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. What is the new piece to be ? A translation of *Paris qui dort* or *Paris qui s'endort*, or an amalgamation of the two ? We shall see.

Apropos of *Foul Play*, it is not generally known that one translation of the same piece was brought out by Geo. Conquest at the Grecian Theatre some four years back called *The Rescue on the Raft*, and another at the Surrey, entitled *The Fight with Fate*.

This must be of some interest to publishers who may be entrapped into giving enormous sums (say £45,000, eh ! Mr. Boucicault ?) for sensational works of undoubtedly original minds acquainted with the market value of other people's brains.

A THUMPING LEGACY.

POOR Rajah Brooke, whose death we have lately had to deplore, has made a bequest which promises to be almost as unacceptable a legacy as the Moonstone itself. By his will, dated April, 1867, Sir James Brooke devised his sovereignty of Sarawak to his nephew, Charles Johnson Brooke, and the heirs male of his body ; and, in default of issue, the Rajah devised his said sovereignty unto Her Majesty the Queen of England, her heirs and assigns for ever ; and the Rajah appointed Miss Angela Georgina Burdett Coutts, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, and Mr. John Abel Smith, M.P., trustees of his will, to see the purposes aforesaid carried into effect.

The responsibility imposed on the executors is rather heavier than a lady and a couple of quietly-disposed gentlemen can be expected tacitly to accept. To place young Mr. Brooke on the throne of his ancestor supposing his subjects offered any resistance, would be an undertaking, in comparison with which the Abyssinian campaign would be dwarfed into insignificance. To call on Miss Burdett Coutts to outlive Lord Napier of Magdala is rather an unreasonable demand, however high the late Rajah's opinion of that excellent lady's talents and accomplishments may have been. Besides, a private war might prove even a more expensive luxury than a Chancery suit ; and Sir James's residuary legatee might find himself a dozen millions or so out of pocket by the transaction.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER.

THE FRENCH PLAYS CLOSED.—Several personages of exalted rank have lost their evening occupation.

CREMORNE OPEN.—Lord Napier prevented by the heat from attending. The cabman who took his Lordship to the Crystal Palace will attend from 9 till 11.

THEATRES OPEN EVERY NIGHT FOR VENTILATION.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Supposed to be cool. Inquire within.

ALHAMBRA.—An Ice Ballet—Real Soda-water Cataracts.

LONDONERS who can afford it, going out of town. Those who can't, going out of their mind.

EVENING DRESS.—For ladies.—Neck or nothing. For gentlemen.—Abyssinian. For policemen.—Muslin.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

LETTER II.

Cousin Willie to his Friend.

My dear old boy ! prepare for a surprise.
 I shall arrive in town on Friday week.
 Find me some rooms of modest cost and size,
 Not far from yours ; you've lots of time to seek.
 My coming's cause you vainly will surmise,
 So spare your sneers. 'Tis neither whim nor freak.
 My cousin Florence—that's the simple reason—
 Is to be up in London for the season.

Now, Algy, do you wonder any more ?
 You know the one great purpose of my life,
 Which is to make the being I adore
 My wife, and yet a something more than wife.
 For this I long have tarried on the shore,
 And shrunk from plunging on the sea of strife.
 Love and ambition woo me : I prefer
 Fame to forego and live alone for her.

I know you think the two can be combined,
 And we have wrangled oft about the question ;
 But I am firm, and of a settled mind
 Which I had best select, and which had best shun.
 Either is good for life, but both you'll find
 Excite a sort of vital indigestion.
 Blend them you cannot. One is sweet and placid,
 The other tart and turbulent and acid.

I know not if Flo guesses that I love her,
 For I continue, patient, still to wait
 Till womanhood, which round the girl doth hover
 Long ere it settles, her initiate
 In truths it only should to her discover.
 I hold it wrong to steal a march on Fate,
 And with surprises definite and rude
 Ruffle a virgin's brooding solitude.

Yet now—plague on them all !—they drag her thence,
 From song of birds, from sward, flow'r, hedgerow, field,
 Silence, and all that to the growing sense
 Of maidenhood affords a needed shield,
 To where each sight and sound are an offence ;
 A forcing-house to make the nature yield
 Premature bloom which never comes to fruit,
 Or, if it does, exhausts the heart, its root.

Half of my dream is gone. I nursed the hope
 The vulgar doom would never her befall,
 Nor that her simple soul would have to cope
 With that fell foe whom women Fashion call,
 Once swayed by whom they maddened are or mope,
 Alternately, till the grave ends it all.
 No longer do they to themselves belong ;
 Woman is weak, and Fashion is so strong.

And it expels their moral sense, and makes
 Itself the only conscience. Nought seems wrong
 It under its supreme protection takes.
 And, as it favours none and nothing long,
 But still its thirst on novel bubbles slakes,
 Its lead they follow and condemn the old ;
 Not heeding vice or virtue, false or true,
 But crying ever, Give us of the new !

Whereby the passion for excitement grows
 To such mad heights that nothing pleases more,
 Save ostentation, rivalry, and shows.
 E'en these soon please not as they pleased before.
 Dejection then demands a double dose,
 Again, again, to make life bubble o'er,
 Till maidens led by matrons scarcely shrink
 From drinking poison rather than not drink.

You know it, Algy, just as well as I.
 You know the end, the tricks, of that false mart,
 Where human beings all that is human buy,
 Save that which never can be bought—the heart ;
 Where all things are inverted, low is high,
 And high is low, and each one plays a part ;
 In whose exchange money is all, mind nought,
 And what is worthless most is keenest sought.

Better the flash of savage hate and lust
 (Though that were to put back celestial work),
 Than that our nature should corrode and rust !
 Better some ruinous volcanic jerk
 To crack the false superincumbent crust
 'Neath which accurst insidious poisons lurk !
 Then would the innocent be warned. But now,
 The demon Fashion wears an angel's brow.

And so my guileless Florence they allure,
 Who thinks an Eden opens on her view,
 And just because she is so frank and pure,
 She for a time will deem the false the true.
 Who knows what first will this delusion cure ?
 Oh ! if it be an antidote to rue !
 Perhaps I seem ridiculous, romantic ?
 Love in its moods of fear perforce is frantic.

Had I but known that they would play this turn,
 This ugly, unkind turn, on my pet aim,
 I would have seen Florence did slowly learn
 Something beforehand of the worldly game,
 Its scope, its shifts. But how could I discern ?
 Now she must go as stubble into flame,
 All unaware ! My curses on them all !
 Curse on them ever, if aught foul befall !

For it is foul to sell the body for gold,
 And throw the soul in with 't, as though this last
 Counted for nought when solid flesh was sold !
 Foul—though the altar bind the barter fast !
 Oh would some timely goddess, as of old,
 Descend, and bear her off upon the blast,
 Invisible, to some unthought-of shore,
 Where I alone should ever see her more !

An empty wish—eh, Algy ? So, you see,
 I need must play the god myself, and leave
 Mountain and stream, and all that are to me
 Natural haunts to which I cling and cleave,
 And in the crowd of the world's votaries be
 A sort of fashionable make-believe.
 Do you but help, I'll cease to be a railer,
 And first I know you'll take me to your tailor.

Quite right, my boy ! The tailor makes the man.
 (We used to say that nought from nought is made ;
 But it is clear a tailor furnish can
 Nine times himself, when properly arrayed.)
 And as it is the essence of our plan
 To make a man out of my honoured shade,
 I swear to yield, with absolute composure,
 To tailor, hatter, barber, glover, hosier.

I will be kempt, and curled, and oiled, and scented,
 And not a soul in Bond street more particular ;
 And wax so wroth, you'll think me quite demented,
 Should not my trousers keep the perpendicular ;
 And will I wear, as though by Love presented,
 In my coat's buttonhole a pale auricula.
 Thus shall you work on me, your sov'reign will ;
 And what is more—by Jove ! I'll pay the bill !

But if by this fantastic fool's-disguise,
 I from your ranks can only snatch away
 The fairest spoil, the very sweetest prize
 That your foul field has seen for many a day,
 And bear her safe from profligate, bold eyes,
 To where a chaste Simplicity hath sway,
 You will be welcome, Algy, as before ;
 But World and worldlings ne'er shall see me more.

AT THE COUNCIL.

(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE TOM A HAWK.)

Savage Assault—A Burlesquer in Trouble—Severe Sentence.

H. J. BYRON (who described himself as a dramatic author, a *London Journal* novelist, &c.) surrendered to take his trial on July the 24th, at the "Queen's" Court. The prisoner, who was detained in a box during the proceedings, was charged with having wilfully, and with malicious aforethought, attempted to kill an elderly lady of the name of Melodrama. It was further alleged that he had attempted to kill the said old lady by turning her into ridicule.

The case attracted considerable attention, and the court, during the trial, was crowded with notabilities in the literary and journalistic world. Among others we noticed Messrs. Tom Adapter, Christian Cancan, Envy Snivel, &c.

The first witness called was NED CLAYTON, who deposed that he was a servant of the prosecutrix. He was under the orders of the prisoner, and his (the prisoner's) instructions to him (the witness) were to make himself as ridiculous as possible. He was engaged to appear in a piece called *The Lancashire Lass*. He was ashamed to say that he had to make quite an exhibition of himself. First of all, he had to use a dialect of which he knew nothing, and which dialect, hadn't it been called by the prisoner Lancashire, might have been Welsh or gibberish. Secondly, he had, at the end of the first act, to copy a situation from an old piece called *The Merry Widow*. Thirdly, he had (as a working man) to wear a moustache, which made him look exceedingly ridiculous.

Cross-examined by the Prisoner.—Wearing a moustache was not the fault of the prisoner; it was the fault of Mr. Wyndham, who would make him wear it.

Examination continued.—Then he had to talk high-flown language, quite out of keeping with his supposed station. Altogether, he would far sooner have appeared in the columns of the *London Journal*—he would have felt more at home there.

The next witness called was ROBERT REDBURN, who complained of being described by prisoner as "an adventurer." Emphatically, he was *not* an adventurer—he was a steady-going man of property with a very large acquaintance, as he had appeared in nearly every melodrama that had been produced during the last three centuries. He was absolutely bored to death by having to tempt so many village beauties, and was weary of smiling sardonically, and sitting on the edges of tables. His "iron will" was so rusty that he never alluded to it in company without causing a roar of laughter. But not only this, as if he was not sufficiently ridiculous already, Mr. Byron must suddenly arrest him at the end of the third act, for nothing in particular, except, perhaps, to gratify the gross vanity of an obtrusive Irish serjeant, or to bring the curtain down upon a clumsily-contrived and thoroughly-ineffective tableau.

THE PRISONER.—You made yourself more ridiculous than you need have been. Why did you talk all the time from the soles of your boots?

WITNESS (*smiling grimly*).—For that information—must refer you—Mr. Henry Irving!

The next witness called was RUTH KIRBY, who entered the court laughing heartily. Knew it was a serious matter, but really the thing was *too* absurd! The Judge ought to have seen her flirting with honest yeomen, and scorning gold, and breaking open prisons, and withering libertines, and fighting with murderers! And she was so virtuous and so poor, and yet wore *such* handsome dresses. And her old father was such a dear old idiot. He was perfect; he couldn't read, and he couldn't write. Oh, he was perfect!

THE JUDGE.—I saw the gentleman (a Mr. Mellon, I think), and he certainly was very nearly perfect; in fact, I noticed but one trifling fault.

WITNESS.—And that?

THE JUDGE.—Unhappily the poor gentleman could speak! (*Sensation in court.*)

Mr. DANVILLE was next called. He certainly was made to appear very ridiculous. His duty consisted chiefly in cowering before accusations of murder, forgery, &c. He was made to look particularly comical by having to push a man on to some canvas under the wheels of an impossible steamboat—a steamboat which would have been a disgrace to its builders, even had it been made in the toy establishment of Mr. Cremer. His part would have been effective in broad farce, but nowhere else.

The next witness called was KATE GARSTONE, who deposed that she was dreadfully commonplace. Her frowns, &c., were so old and so untrue to real life. Of course, because her lover jilted her she died of a broken heart, just in time to assist in the production of a good tableau. The idea! As if in the world anyone would be so exceedingly foolish as to die for a man! In her opinion this incident proved that the prisoner wished to bring Mrs. Melodrama into ridicule.

This was the case for the prosecution.

For the defence the prisoner called

JELICK, who said that he was very bad indeed. He certainly assisted in spoiling the piece.

PRISONER.—Was it *my* fault that you were so bad?

JELICK.—Certainly not, sir. There's no one to blame but Mr. W. H. Stephens.

The Prisoner then summed up in his defence. He had a great deal to contend with. In early youth he had written several burlesques, and now everyone thought that he meant to be funny. He was sure that he hadn't done so much harm to Melodrama as Mr. Andrew Halliday. He threw himself upon the mercy of the Court.

The Judge summed up briefly, and the Jury immediately returned a verdict of "Guilty." A former conviction for the same offence at Liverpool having been proved against him,

The JUDGE (*who was suffering from intense emotion*) said that the case must be treated with the greatest possible severity; he sentenced the prisoner to a season of hard labour upon the columns of *Punch*. (*Great sensation, loud murmuring, and much weeping in court.*)

The Prisoner was removed in an agony of grief from the box.

REVISORS WANTING REVISING.

THERE is a rumour on the Home Circuit—TOMAHAWK believes and hopes it to be without foundation—that among the six extra revising barristers to be appointed by Mr. Baron Martin, pursuant to the power given him by a recent Act of Parliament, the three following gentlemen, who are far from needing anything of the sort, have been selected:—Mr. George Francis, Recorder of Faversham, a gentleman enjoying an extensive and lucrative junior business; Mr. Arthur Moseley Channell, son of Sir William Fry Channell, one of the Barons of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, who has only been called five years; and Mr. Roland Vaughan Williams, son of the ex-Justice of the Common Pleas of that name, whose standing only dates back to November, 1864. Now, as it has always been understood that these revisorships are intended either for needy men of long standing, or young and struggling ones with large families and small incomes, a selection such as has been hinted at can only breed ill feeling and unpleasant comment. The Home Circuit numbers more members than any other, and among them are very many able men upon whom attorneys have not smiled, and who have not had the good fortune either to get into practice, or to be born judges' sons, or to marry rich wives. To them the paltry remuneration of five guineas a day for some six weeks would be a perfect godsend; and it is of men such as these that notice should be taken in making appointments of this kind, and not of those who, financially speaking, require nothing. Mr. Francis TOMAHAWK can hardly forgive for applying for anything of the sort; the other two gentlemen, from their connections, very reasonably expected they would get anything they asked for. TOMAHAWK does not want to say anything disrespectful of Her Majesty's Judges, but it would be well if one or two of them remembered that in the present state of the public mind jobbery is dangerous, and might lead to their being deprived of their power of patronage altogether.

A BROWN STUDY.—The grass.

"PATTI AND CAUX."—Mdlle. Adelina Patti is at last married to the Marquis de Caux. Caux is a rhyme (to the eye at least) to Faux; and no doubt the happy Marquis will, in many envious hearts, rival that great conspirator as an odious monster. Let us hope that if he *must* be burnt in effigy, the perpetrators of the outrage will content themselves with the sacrifice of burnt Corks.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE idea of shutting up M. Rochefort by forcing him to publish a *communiqué*, which would take up nearly the whole of his little journal, is a brilliant idea worthy of the French Government. But in this attempt to put out *the Lantern* with an extinguisher of foolscap, the Minister may burn his fingers.

REALLY something ought to be done to restore the Liberals to office. When Mr. Milner Gibson begins to lose his temper, things must have come to a pretty pass. But there is a limit to the endurance of even the most patient and amiable of men; and it is cruel to condemn such a statesman as the right honourable member for Ashton, who so fully appreciates the "*dolce far niente*" of office, to the onerous labour of opposition for nearly two years.

AMONGST the many disastrous effects of the hot weather may be noticed the fearful state of weakness to which that great genius, Sir John Pakington, has been reduced. The other night, on being asked a question about some alleged blunder on the part of the authorities, he actually could not answer for want of information! Considering the usual nature of Sir John's answers, the strength of his imagination must have been indeed melted away, if he had to wait for information before he could reply to a charge against his immaculate department.

THE Marquis of Bute, whose infant mind has hitherto been chiefly occupied by the Beautiful, has been compelled to devote his energies to a search after the True. He has decided to abandon his Liberal cousin, who does not represent his guardian's opinions, in favour of a Conservative stranger who does. This has drawn upon the young Marquis the indignation of the Liberal Press. Well, it is certainly very hard that Tory Lords should not throw all their influence into the Whig scale, for we know there never was such a phenomenon as a Whig Peer who tried to influence the electors in favour of his own party.

ETON has refused to play Westminster at cricket—most likely on account of the signal defeat that Charterhouse has sustained at the hands of the latter school. We cannot believe a rumour that has reached us to the effect that Eton has declined to meet her sister Public School on the ground "that she must preserve her dignity." In days long gone by, Eton was wont to receive an annual thrashing on the river from

Westminster. In those days, Eton, Westminster, and Winchester were the only recognised public schools; we had no Cheltenham; and Rugby and Harrow were conscious of the inferiority of their founders. But now we live in a "shoddy" age. Royal Westminster bows before commoner Charterhouse, and Eton forgets that her kingly benefactor did not intend her to be a comfortable retreat for flunkies.

POOR MR. HUBBARD.

From the St. Albans Primer.

POOR Mr. Hubbard,
He went to his cupboard,
To build a good priest a church,
Who was no sooner there
But he left (hardly fair)
His most excellent friend in the lurch!

"However," said he,
"I have found you a home;"
"Thank you much," said the priest,
"But there's no place like Rome."

Then he went to the tailor's,
To buy him a cope;
But when he came back—
He was playing at Pope!

Said he then to the priest,
"Come get out, make your bow;"
Who replied, as the dog did,
With "Get out! Bow-wow!"

HEATED FANCIES.

DEAR SIR,—In this unusually tropical weather, any hints that conduce to the comfort of our suffering fellow-creatures must be very acceptable. I venture to send you a few ingenious devices by means of which I have experienced great relief during the intense heat of the last few weeks:—

Diet.—This is a very important point. All sweet things should be avoided, as tending to heat and acidity. By taking a tea-spoonful of common salt in a large cup of hot tea every two hours, the whole system will be refreshed, and the stomach kept cool. Meat should be avoided. West India pickles, and capsicums, are an excellent prophylactic.

Dress.—This should be light and porous. Thin sponges sown together, and kept moist, form a very comfortable garment. I have tried as a head-dress a square helmet of light wicker-work covered with green gauze curtains to keep off the flies; it should be lined with cabbage-leaves at the top; or a few branches of the sycamore tree, arranged like a wigwam, will be found to shade the eyes and keep the head cool.

Bathing.—This should be carefully avoided, except in very hot water. I have found it very useful to have my bath fitted with a large spirit-lamp, and I stay in till the water boils; I find, on coming out, that the air feels comparatively cool, even in the hottest part of the day.

As for general directions, I strongly advise the avoidance of all excitement or emotion of any sort. For instance, if you should happen to fall head foremost into a wasps' nest, as I did the other day, you will find it much better to lie still, and allow the busy little insects to amuse themselves by stinging you, than, by trying to escape, to heat and flurry yourself.

Above all, avoid politics, unripe fruit, duns, strong spirits, fatal accidents, and high animal food; you will then find that the heat is by no means so unbearable as some would lead us to think.

I remain, Sir,
Yours coolly,
ISIDORE ISIR.

NEW PROVERB FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—Spare the Rod (man) and spoil the chill'd (shot).

THE TOMAHAWK, August 8, 1868.



"AT REST!"

(UNTIL NEXT SESSION.)

EDITOR TOMAHAWK.)

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER III.—*Passages in the History of an ex-prosperous Town. The Mysterious Statue!*

BEFORE I proceed to describe the Regimental Supper, I think I will just tell you a little about Burnham Scrubs itself. You see, as one of its defenders, it is only natural that I should wish to impress you with its importance—so pray pardon me if you find me at any time degenerating from a frolicsome, if not wag-gish companion, into a downright bore.

Burnham Scrubs a few years since was one of the most dismal spots in the world, a short time after it suddenly freshened up and became comparatively lively, and now as I write the reign of gloom has set in with tenfold severity. You would like to know what caused the sunshine to which I have alluded? "Yes." Very well then, why not say so at once, instead of hesitating about the matter? "You are afraid of making a suggestion to so august a person as a Lieutenant in the Burnham Scrubs R.V.C." Well, there's something in *that*. I don't wish to be too hard upon you! Let's say no more about it.

I have observed that Burnham Scrubs was a very dismal spot. I will now add, with your kind permission, until the arrival of Mr. Charles H. Parafine. Parafine came from the United States, and was what is termed in America "a smart man," and in England, when successful, a "Merchant Prince;" or, when foul weather has set in, a "miserable thief." After this description of Parafine it is scarcely necessary to add that our amiable American came down to Burnham Scrubs to "financere," that is to say, to swindle.

On his arrival at the Green Lion Inn he noticed in the yard the ugly-looking statue of an ill-favoured man, got up in Roman armour, and a truncheon. Moss had grown over the legs and the lower part of the body, and the weather had disfigured the head piece.

"Hi! waiter," cried Parafine, when he had carefully examined this work of art, "just come here a bit."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, coming up quickly (it was not often that a traveller found his way to Burnham Scrubs, so when they got hold of one they made the most of him). "Yes, sir. Anything I can do, sir? Thank you, sir."

"Who's this?" asked Parafine, tapping the statue with his cane.

"Well, sir, it's unbeknown, sir. That there statue has laid here a many years, and not one in the town knows anything about it. He was an ugly-looking gent whoever he was; and as for his dress, why it must 'ave been quite ridiclus!"

"Very much so," said Parafine. "And now waiter tell me who your Mayor is, and where he lives."

"Mr. Coke, sir. He's our lawyer, sir. Been Mayor this twelve years. Re-elected every year, sir."

"He must be a popular man then?"

"Well, not exactly popular, sir. But the fact of the matter is," and the waiter assumed a manner half-confidential half-servile, "I think people in these parts rather fear him. Everybody owes everybody something, and as the lawyer is up to all the ways of the County Court, and knows the Judge quite pleasantly, he's a great man in his way. He'd as soon issue a writ as look at you, if not sooner."

"Where does he live?"

"At Blackstone Lodge, sir."

Mr. Parafine marched off through the dreary High street with its Chemist shop (with linendraper's department attached), and its Grocer's shop (with a hosiery business in the back parlour), and its Butcher's shop (thriving so wonderfully on boots, shoes, and joints), until he arrived at the Mayor's residence. He knocked, and was shown in by a red-headed servant, who kept him waiting in the hall among the umbrellas while she went in search of her master. After five minutes' delay Parafine was ushered into the Lawyer's Sanctum.

"Now then," said Coke (a very small man, all red face and blue spectacles), savagely, "What may *you* want? If you've come about Jones's affair I may tell you at once that we sold up his widow the day before yesterday, and got his eldest son comfortably in gaol on Monday night."

"I don't know Jones and never did," replied Parafine.

"So much the better. Well, then, I s'pose you've come about Mrs. Allen's little all, eh? Well, you can't have it because I've spent it. And there's an end to *that* matter."

"Hang Mrs. Allen *and* her little all!"

"By all means. Then you want me to help you out of your difficulties?"

"You help me!" exclaimed Parafine with supreme contempt. "Why, man alive, do you know who you are talking to? I have compounded with my creditors four times in three months, received eight hundred writs in a single season, and have (for years) gone regularly through the Bankruptcy Court every Monday morning before luncheon."

"Well, what *do* you want?"

"To make your fortune!" And then the American explained his plan. The lawyer listened, stared, and smiled.

A few days later and Burnham Scrubs was absolutely frantic with excitement. Flags were flying, bells ringing, guns firing, and boys shouting. Additional trains had been put on by the local station master, to bring visitors from neighbouring towns to the joyous spot. Bottles of ginger beer sold by the score, and there never had been *such* a demand for sherbet. The Chemist, always equal to the occasion, filled his shop window with false noses, made of card-board, and comic bonnets, fashioned out of coloured paper. The Butcher got in a barrel of beer, and the Grocer openly invited the public to partake of "Tea, bread and butter, and watercresses, 6d." There never had been such a time for Burnham Scrubs. Everybody looked happy and (later in the day, after the Butcher's barrel had become empty) glorious. The great attraction of the hour was a ceremony advertised to come off in the market place, the "Inauguration of the Statue by His Worshipful the Mayor" (to quote from one of the numerous placards that had been sown broadcast by Mr. Parafine).

It was a beautiful sight. In the centre of a number of reserved seats (only half-a-crown a piece) stood Coke and the American. Between the two heroes was planted the Statue, covered by a white table-cloth. On the right was the Burnham Scrubs policeman, conversing affably with the Burnham Scrubs beadle; to the left sat the little girls attached to the Burnham Scrubs Charity School, ready at a moment's notice to lift up their youthful voices in (partially) sweet melody, and the rest of the company was composed of visitors from neighbouring towns.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, "this imposing ceremony is about to commence. I now beg to inaugurate this Statue. May it remain here in our midst long and prosperous; may our children reverence its memory, and may it never know what it is to bask in the sun of adversity. Statue, be free!" and Coke pulled away the table-cloth, amidst great cheering of the bystanders. At a sign from Parafine the Charity Children struck up the "Evening Hymn," and soon their voices were drowned by the deep tones of the church bells and the constant explosions of the village gun.

Thus, with great joy and some profit, did the inhabitants of Burnham Scrubs erect a Statue

TO

NOBODY IN PARTICULAR!

Parafine and the Mayor after this little matter became firm friends, and entered into a speculation which had for its object the regeneration of Burnham Scrubs and the pockets of its promoters. Among other things, this scheme was to give the place boulevards, a theatre, several churches (creeds assorted), some public baths, two or three streets of magnificent mansions, three monster hotels, a new town hall, a couple of clubs or so, and a rural Crystal Palace. Great preparations were made, and a good deal was done to some of the foundations; but unhappily the scheme fell through. One fine day Mr. Parafine started for the U-nited States, and one wet afternoon the Mayor absconded with all the available cash he could lay his hands upon.

Burnham Scrubs never recovered the blow. The place became more dismal than ever. The inhabitants languished, and most of the houses fell into decay. The resident gentry quarrelled amongst themselves, and the Parson took to incense in the Parish Church. The incense was pretty but unpopular, and hadn't been in use a month before the congregation left the Parish Church *en masse*, and refused to occupy the pews any longer. On the next Sunday the lax and reckless went to the

* This narrative is founded upon fact. Not a thousand miles from one of the Channel Islands stands a statue without a name under it. But hush!—no matter, we must dissemble!

Dissenting Chapel, while the conscientious and holy remained at home. And all was desolation when some one thought of the happy idea of starting a Volunteer Rifle Corps, and you know (some of) the rest.

Hallo! Didn't I promise to give you an account of our Regimental Supper last week in the current number? To be sure I did! Pray, let me apologise. Well, now that you have waited so long, you may as well curb your curiosity until next week!

There I promise, if everything goes well and it's not too hot or too cold (as the case may be), I will assuredly tell you all about it on the next day of publication. Mind, the coming Tuesday—only seven days, or one hundred and sixty-eight hours, hence! Don't become *too* excited about the matter! Pray don't, or you'll make me feel quite uncomfortable!

(To be continued.)

DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

As the "Autumn Season" at the Theatres seems to flourish on a sort of negative principle, and temporary managers appear to delight in giving their audiences entertainments the very reverse of those they have been accustomed to witness at their respective houses, why not let the public know really what is in store for them? *Mossoo*, who goes to the "Haymarket" to relish English comedy proper, that is to say, comedy as now understood at that establishment under the auspices of Messrs. Buckstone and Sothorn, is astounded at finding himself in the presence of the immortal *Sha-kes-pare*! "*Ma foi*, but your Shakespeare he is comic then! Ha, ha, *que c'est drôle* your *Kingjohnne* with Mr. Anderson!" and *Mossoo* goes home and says it will not do after the Palais Royal. Then Mr. Thickhead escapes from Hanwell, and comes up from the country to see *Daddy Gray*, and goodness only knows what he gets instead of it at the little Soho Theatre. Better therefore to publish an authorised list. With the experience of previous seasons before one the task is easy enough. Here it is:—

THE THEATRES.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Box and Cox*. (At a quarter to eight), THE BLOOD-STAINED ATTORNEY OF LINCOLN'S INN; OR, THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAITER'S REVENGE. (At ten), *The wonderful Galavanti Family and their CARVING KNIFE ENTERTAINMENT*. (Half-past ten), *The Miller and his Men*. Seven.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Swinger's Oriental South Australian Circus. (Nine), Signor Josephini's Daring Eyelid Feat. Eight.

HAYMARKET.—*Othello*. (Nine), *King John*. (A quarter-past eleven), *Antony and Cleopatra*. (Ten minutes to one a.m.), *Macbeth*. To conclude with a new and original Comedy never before produced. Five.—N.B. Money payment entirely suspended.

ADELPHI.—*She Stoops to Conquer*. *The School for Scandal*. *Used Up*. *Cool as a Cucumber*, and other regular "Adelphi hits," till further notice. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—*Macbeth* (with a new tragedian). (At a quarter to ten), *Nebuchadnezzar the Ninth*. Original tragedy in SEVEN ACTS (with several new tragedians). At a quarter to one), *Paul Pry* (with another new tragedian). Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, *L'Africaine*, with full chorus, band, and all the magnificent scenery, dresses, appointments, &c., &c. (At a quarter to eleven), A new comedy, not by Mr. T. W. Robertson.

OLYMPIC.—*A Grand Christmas Pantomime*, in which Mrs. Howard Paul will introduce "her funny little king" at Eleven forty-five precisely. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Everything (free list alone excepted) entirely suspended.

ST. JAMES'S.—*Double Entendre*, or, *Menken Outdone*. Every Evening at Eight. Stalls, One Guinea. N.B. Ladies admitted.

THE NEW ROYALTY. TWO ITALIAN OPERAS, and Grand Ballet—and *Macbeth*.

And so on. In short, only at the Queen's, the Strand, and

about two other theatres, can one count on something approaching a respectable adherence to the traditions of the house. Why cannot the unhappy speculators let the public alone for a couple of months? Indeed, both would be much better off for the forbearance.

THE MANIACS COLUMN; OR, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

I.

My first one does who's an inflicter of blows,
And a round the policeman or sentinel goes;
My second comes out of the earth, and is good
At dinner or lunch-time for part of our food;
The two form a product from which may be made
An article well known in commerce and trade.

2.

My first is what all wish to be,
My second you may often see
In certain letters graved on stones
That cover human flesh and bones,
My whole occasions many a martyr,
Though some are base enough to barter,
And the world's noblest men and laws
Has waked to action in its cause.

3.

My first without much trouble will declare
A Christian name that English women bear,
First syllable my second brings to view
Of that which Claude Lorraine so sweetly drew,
My whole from time not very ancient dates,
And may be found in the United States.

4.

My first, propelled by steam and gas,
Through earth and air makes way;
My second's a united mass,
Whom one or many sway;
My whole's a flower which, like the rose,
Is grateful both to eye and nose.

5.

My first in made dishes will often be found;
My second for sauce is cut out of the ground,
When money falls out of the pocket or purse;
My third will describe its descent. Now my verse
Must give, as 'tis usual in riddles, a line
Which my whole may suggest, if not clearly define.
Well,—chemists and grocers and pastrycooks sell it,
And fruiterers sometimes, but enough—lest I tell it.

6.

An edible relish in general use,
A Christian name rarely selected by any,
Will give you the name of a popular tale
Or novel which years ago gratified many.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

History of Caricature. Hotten, London.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Measure for Measure. 2. Welsh Rare-bit. 3. Shrubbery.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Winterbourne, C. R. R., 100 W. T., The Binfield Road Wonders, Three Stray Buzwings, Ruby's Ghost, Annie (Tooting), Linda Princess, Frank and Pollie, Old Brum, La Perfection, Ghost of Old Jewry, Baker's Bills, L. Kneller, The Lively Flea, Gertrude Phoebe, Towhit, Rosebud, Mad Whilk, Ein werrückter Kerl, Samuel E. Thomas, W. I. A., W. McD., Slodger and Tinney, Galatea, and Renyard.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 67.]

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

DEATH'S SNUGGERIES.

ATTENTION has been once more drawn to that fearful source of physical and moral corruption, overcrowding. Two reports recently issued of the state of the parishes of St. James and Hackney reveal the same dreary list of horrors, which caused every humane person such anxious sorrow some three or four years ago, when first brought to light by the Inspector of Nuisances in the county of Norfolk in the columns of the *Times*. We fear that little has been tried since that time, though much was then said and written, and something done. The evil is one which rests on too firm a basis easily to be shaken. That respect for the rights of the individual, at whatever cost to the happiness, the health, the lives of the general public, which is the "proudest jewel in England's crown of freedom," prevents any efficient legislation on this subject. The man who sticks a bill up on a private wall, or who builds a portico which intrudes about six inches on the public foot-path, can at once be prosecuted for committing a nuisance; but the man who maintains, for his own personal profit, dens where human beings are huddled together, as no wild beasts ever are, with a special regard to disease and indecency, is allowed to exercise his sacred right of property in perfect peace; or at the worst can only be indicted by such a tardy process that the remedy, if any be granted, cannot be applied, till many bodies and souls have been destroyed; and as for punishment, that is reserved for the children bred up in these hotbeds of fever and vice—for the boys and girls who have—we cannot say lived—who have pigged together under such conditions as totally preclude the existence of modesty or decency.

These are a few of the statistics from the report of the health officer of Hackney:—

"In one room were found a man, his wife, three daughters, aged 12, 16, and 17 years of age, besides three other children."

"In another, a man and his wife and a girl of seventeen slept in the same bed."

"A father, mother, daughter aged 20, son aged 18, and five girls under 13 slept in a room only large enough for three persons."

We have become so accustomed to these plain matter-of-fact details, that we lose sight of what they really mean. We must speak plainly on this subject, for the time has gone by for mincing the matter. Those who have read more detailed reports, those who have searched parish registers, those who have listened to the domestic tragedies of such families, know what these statistics mean. They mean atrophy, consumption, fevers, corruption of the blood—they mean a moral corruption so terrible that the hardest hearted, the most vicious must tremble to name it; they mean the destruction of—we will not say of every comfort, every happiness—for such words are mockeries when spoken of such a place; they mean the worse than destruction of every humanising influence, of every gentle thought, of every tender association, which Home can inspire; they mean the systematic creation of a race of beings for whom the words mother, wife, sister, father, husband, brother have no meaning. Can modesty or delicacy, can love exist in animals who live like this? Can we look for chastity in the women who have been robbed of it by those who should have died in its defence? Will the brother, who has destroyed the honour of his own sister, respect the honour of a stranger?

This is no exaggeration; years ago, in plainer language than ours, tales were told in the columns of the *Times*, which should surely have had a more durable effect than the shudder that passed through all who read them.

Must we, then, use a purely selfish argument before we can rouse from their monstrous torpor those who permit such things to be—those who live on the rents of such places? Let them, the owners of such property, consider if any tumult or revolution were to spring up among us, and these creatures, decrepid with disease as they may be, but with hearts hardened by vice and misery, were let loose in blind fury upon us, what respect would they show for the purity of our homes? What mercy could any of us expect to meet at their hands? Of course, this is an extravagant supposition,—such a thing is impossible in respectable, order-loving England, with its institutions and its excellent police, &c., &c.; but History, at least, might teach us the value—nay, the danger, of such blind confidence. We are approaching times of great excitement—a revolution has taken place, hitherto a peaceful one, but one of which we cannot yet know the full effect. The fire of religious animosities has been kindled; political excitement will run very high in the coming elections; and with a new Parliament will come the discussion of questions on which the two great armies of Labour and Capital will meet face to face. In such times, when those who have every reason for self-restraint are apt to lose their heads, we have need of every good influence to keep the mob from violence and outrage. To what good influence can you appeal in creatures fresh from such dens as those alluded to above? Surely it is our interest, if not our duty, to work with hand and head and heart to raise from degradation and brutality those, who will furnish ready instruments for that mischievous ambition, which they are incapable of feeling, but not incapable of serving.

But this, after all, is a weak and unworthy motive; let us hope that a higher one will move all men to aid in wiping away such a terrible disgrace on our nation as these Snuggeries of Death. Whatever difficulties be in the way cannot be insurmountable, if there be an honest and sincere determination to remove them. Everybody who owns cottages can do much to render such a state of things impossible. Let an Act be devised, which shall render such overcrowded houses impossible, by making it a misdemeanour on the part of the landlord who lets any room to a family of more persons than it can decently or healthfully accommodate; or on the part of the tenant who produces such overcrowding by wilfully taking in lodgers. A strict weekly inspection of all tenements under a certain value would do much to check the evil, while the erection of lofty buildings, somewhat of the nature of barracks, in overcrowded neighbourhoods, would provide a refuge for those families evicted on account of overcrowding. Above all, what is required is the enforcement of cleanliness among the poor, and the erection of suitable houses for their accommodation, especially in neighbourhoods where improvements have swept away the humbler kind of habitations. A moderate profit may be obtained on the expenditure, and subscriptions intended to aid in doing honour to the dead might find a much worthier channel in useful erections for this purpose, than in those monstrous works of art (!) on which they are usually wasted. Surely a good man could wish for no nobler monument than that which helps to rescue the humblest of his fellow-creatures from misery and vice.

THE INTERNATIONAL BIG GOOSEBERRY COMPANY.

INCORPORATED, &c., &c.

CAPITAL, &c., &c.

DIRECTORS.

&c., &c., &c., &c.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is projected for the purpose of supplying the Metropolitan and Provincial Press with the finest green gooseberries that can possibly be grown during the months of August and September.

It being an acknowledged fact that the public will insist on having daily served up to them in a dirty condition, and on a cheap and nasty paper, at least five times the amount of intelligence that can possibly be collected in an interval of four-and-twenty hours, it has been determined, with a view to ensuring a supply of subject matter for leading articles, controversies, police reports, sensational paragraphs, &c., &c., &c.,

- 1.—To enter into negotiations with several celebrated London thieves, and arrange with them for a series of periodical burglaries to be committed as the directors shall hereafter appoint.
- 2.—Communicate with distressed husbands, lovers, and Irish politicians, and settle for the perpetration of several effective and ingenious murders.
- 3.—Offer a prize for the finest specimen of suicide, either with or without mania, a preference being shown for the latter.
N.B. Rules of the competition to be sent *gratis* to chairmen of Joint Stock Companies, clergymen with large families, sporting youths, and dramatic authors.
- 4.—Get up a weekly controversy on some highly interesting subject or other, such as the "Back of the Moon," "the fundamental principles of treacle," "the average age of the undomesticated flea," and "locomotion by gunpowder."
- 5.—Explode a quart of nitro-glycerine in the midst of the Social Science Congress, or publish the speeches *in extenso*.
- 6.—Dig up an "undiscovered" poem and send copies of the original MS. to Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and Bedlam.
- 7.—Raise a cry about the immorality of the age, and send agents to Ramsgate sands and Brighton beach to gather overwhelming evidence in refutation.
- 8.—And, lastly, establish agencies all over the country for the purpose of picking up news about commercial frauds, twins three at a birth, railway accidents, religious meetings, escaped tigers, political manifestations, exploding coal mines, bad champagne, missionary enterprises, and coming divorce cases, &c., &c., &c.

Possessed by these means of an immense fund of original and exciting information, the directors confidently believe that they will be able to supply their constituents, the proprietors and editors of London and provincial papers, with intelligence affording material for some of the finest contents bills that the season has yet produced.

RESPECTABLE POISONERS.

THE *Lancet* calls our attention, by some extracts from *Memorials of London*, to the opinions of our ancestors five hundred years ago on the proper punishment of such trading brigands as might be caught adulterating food or offering putrid meat for sale. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, at a time when antibilious pills were unknown, the penny-a-liner not dreamt of, and the marvellous civilisation exhibited by modern museums not even hoped for; at a time when there was no co-operative society to invent second prices for inferior goods, no *Times* to appeal to, no *Telegraph* to lash a horrible tale, no Zoo to walk in; at that time a baker who sold light bread was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the City; a butcher who exposed putrid meat for sale was pilloried, while the diseased carcasses were burnt beneath him, giving him the full benefit of their odour and savoury worth; a merchant convicted of selling unsound wine was forced to drink the unwholesome concoction;—and so on. Verdict: Serve them all right, though the last punishment does seem awful. Just fancy for a moment in these enlightened

days, when Brass is King, that pink of vintners, Mr. Nod Sweetly, being, not requested, but forced to swallow all the wine which could be proved allied with any product but juice of the grape; or imagine for an instant Messrs. Ditches and Buttons standing on the pillory while Mr. Calcraft handed them bumper after bumper of strong military ditto.

Verily, our ancestors were more advanced than we are at the present day with the full light of Maynes and Pakingtons to shine over our path in life! The baker who sells a loaf half an ounce short weight, robs the poor man; the rich does not know it, and cares little if he does. The rich man is stopped in the street by a rough, and loses a pocket-book containing half-a-crown. The rough, untutored but to crime, gets six months' education, such as it is, in prison. The baker, reading and writing well, knowing enough arithmetic to count the profit on half an ounce weight saved in every loaf sold, and well enough off to have a seat in church, robs the poor pinching family of the food it pays for, and is fined a sum which may be deducted from the profit of the year without causing much uneasiness, and producing no necessity for altering the system of baking. To bring the argument still nearer home: a poor starving wretch, with nothing full but his heart, while his ears ring with calls for food from a sick wife and famine-struck children, takes the first loaf he can put his hand on from the first baker's shop he meets. This man is a robber, is roughly treated by X 99, who has just dined at somebody else's expense in the adjacent area, and after bearing in hunger the vituperations of baker, police, and public, is hustled off to prison, while the wife and family wait in vain for succour, and fall a prey to the parish. The baker returns to his spotless counter, and within five minutes sells some other starver who has got the twopence demanded, a loaf blown up with excessive water to a fair size, but lacking nearly a quarter its weight and corresponding sustenance.

If he is found out he gets a scolding from a magistrate, and a small fine is inflicted, but, bless his dear eyes! he is no robber. What! the man who takes a loaf without giving its equivalent price is a thief, while the man (in respectable circumstances, it is true; which makes a vast difference all the world over) who takes money without giving its equivalent loaf is not subject to the same obloquy nor the same punishment? Verily, as we have said above, our ancestors were nearer the truth than we are!

Few as their parish beadies may have been in comparison to the parochial boards which block up progress now-a-days—and Dogberries seem to multiply instead of disappearing—there was authority enough when the fourteenth century was in its teens, with good sense to back it, to punish the vendors of putrid meat with proper severity.

The weak-headed wretch who stole the loaf gets out of prison at last, and finds wife and last child perishing miserably beneath his eyes, without a hope of change or a knowledge of Watts's hymns. He invests his last penny in "Food for Rats," and administers a dose sufficient for his wife and child, but leaving scarcely enough to despatch himself after.

This odious ruffian, whose only sense of a future is that it obliterates the present, is a Poisoner. When he recovers from his vain agonies, he finds himself recognised as somebody with a niche in the temple of Tussaud, and a tear for his memory from Calcraft.

But Weevil and Co., who sell whole carcasses of diseased flesh that sickens the salesmen who wash it with salt and water or "Condy" to make a sale possible, who knowingly disseminate typhus in all its fearful forms of death and sickness, are only reprehensible! Their ears won't be nailed to their doors, as happens even among the Turks and heretics; they won't be even pilloried, much less called Poisoners.

This hot weather too you must sell your meat to somebody, and it is a real benefit to your race to get rid of a surplus population, without getting your head into a noose. Poisoning indeed! If they can't eat good meat a little tainted, the pampered brutes can buy fermenting fruit which will only give them cholera, a worse plague than typhus any day. Poisoners! we will bring an action for libel against the man who calls us so—and win it too.

And WIN it too!!

The doctor orders a bottle of port as the only means of bringing some poor sick mother round. Half-a-dozen glasses will do it. There is, perhaps, only half-a-crown in the small till, which only replenishes itself during the health of the woman

ailing. The port must be bought. There is a small wine-merchant next door. He gives a quart bottle containing a pint and a quarter of a coloured Lie called port, for one shilling and tenpence. The bottle is charged twopence till returned. The value of the gin and water coloured with log-wood is about twopence-halfpenny to the merchant, and utterly valueless to the purchaser as a remedy or cure.

Is this a robbery or a legal fraud?

If the poor woman sent her child with false coin valuing twopence-halfpenny for cost of make, but useless to the wine-merchant as current coin, what would the punishment be for the fraud?

There is something inordinately rotten in the state of Denmark, when it is illegal to sell bread of light weight, but perfectly admissible and honest to call a pint and a quarter a quart, or dirty spirits and water, wine. But so it is in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

TWADDLE.

Now that everybody is out of town, the promoters of the school treats are more clamorous than ever for small sums to enable them to give the children "one day in the fresh air." It is creditable to the East-end Incumbents that these appeals have hitherto been couched in language of modesty and simplicity; and it is therefore the more to be regretted that one of their body should be the first to bring discredit on a good cause. The Rev. George Harvey, M.A., Incumbent of St. Augustine's, Haggerston, in writing to one of the papers, says:—"Through the kindly influence of your most valuable journal we were enabled last year to give the children of our Sunday and Day Schools, in number 381, an excursion to Epping Forest. Will you kindly allow me to lay the case of these our dear children before your readers, and ask for about five-and-twenty pounds? Many a hearty cheer will resound (as last year) in the forest for our benefactors, the expression of many a grateful and joyful heart."

That Mr. Harvey can really look upon these 381 of the dirtiest little urchins in London as his *dear* children is not likely, to say the least of it; and the allusion to the cheers as before savours much of what is understood by the word humbug. We object altogether to the tone of the letter. That Mr. Harvey is an active clergyman and an intelligent schoolmaster we have no reason to doubt; but that he really regards each individual of his youthful flock with so much tender affection we cannot believe. The fact is that Mr. Harvey, in the earnestness of his appeal, has drifted into cant.

TOMAHAWK has already given his countenance and support to the children's treats, and has called for sympathy and assistance in behalf of the movement; but he is the first to condemn cant wherever it shows itself. Let Mr. Harvey get his £25 by all means, but let him understand that double the sum would have flowed in more readily if the terms of his demand had been more in the spirit of honest sincerity and good taste.

CARRIAGE AND DEPARTMENT.—Young ladies on the look-out for a brougham begin by sending out their *carte*.

BIS (CUIT) DAT QUI CITO.—Sporting bakers in Hampshire have been getting up matches to see who could bake biscuits the quickest—probably with an eye to "puffs."

WANTED.—Good padding, by several daily journals. No "Rapacious Pike," "Wolves in the North of France," "Second Methusalem," "Two-headed Pony," or "Curious Habit" of the Caterpillars, need apply.

[ADVT.]—THE REVIEW IN THE GUTTER.—The *Saturday Gutter Percher* begs to inform the literary world that it has made arrangements to supply the public with any amount of refuse articles and rotten matter. N.B. Mud Pies at a moment's notice.

WHAT A LARK (OS)!—*Alarcos*, a dreary tragedy by the great comedian of the day—need we say the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli?—has proved a ridiculous failure at Astley's. Why didn't Miss Cameron, of Transatlantic fame, play the part on horseback and in fleshings? Success would have been secured at once; whereas the American actress will now remain a *cameron obscura* under such management.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE III.

From Erica to Florence.

YOUR letter, Flo', this minute is to hand,
Sent on from London to this wretched poking
Dull little village in a foreign land.

Was ever anything half so provoking?
I think the very fates and fiends have planned
This horrid *contretemps*. But, without joking,
And against Heav'n not to be too audacious,
I really must pronounce it most vexatious.

To be away the very year that you
Are in the world to make your first appearance!
Although 'twould now have been the same, 'tis true,
To me at least, had you come out a year hence.
Papa declared he knew not what to do
For debts and duns, except to make a clearance.
It was a case of bolting or the bench;
And so, alas! we've come here to retrench.

It is those nasty Companies have ruined him.
We had to leave home at a moment's notice,
And sadly watch the shores of England blue and dim
Fade from our sight. Ugh! what a channel boat is!
And when a stretch of waters rolls twist you and him
You love, a lump for ever in your throat is.
But that dear desprate dream must be forgotten.
What use in clinging to a branch that's rotten?

Enough of that. My doom is sealed; but your
Lot, pretty Flo', is to be bright and brighter;
For you have spells about you which ensure
Deep bliss, as sound sleep is ensured by nitre.
How sweet you'll look in all your new *parures*!
And, tell me, are you taller, paler, slighter?
Pray send me out at once your *carte de visite*—
Taken in town, I mean. How I shall kiss it!

I fully comprehend your mingled feeling
In leaving home and quiet rural places,
And all that you describe as so appealing
To your young heart, for a dense crowd of faces
And flashing sights that set the senses reeling.
Still, very versatile the human race is;
And even you, divine dear thing, are mortal,
And soon will be at ease 'neath Fashion's portal.

There is no earthly help for it, that's certain.
For we are social animals, and when
From off our nature is the social spur ta'en,
We flag, and are not women and not men.
Willie may fancy he can raise the curtain
And give you sight of an ethereal Then;
But, after all, that is not earth but Heaven;
Here we must yield to our terrestrial leaven.

You know how fond I really am of Willie,
And think him in his way a splendid fellow;
But when removed from meadow, stream, and hill, he
Is, if not green, at least uncommon yellow.
And when he talks of life, he's simply silly,
And shows a judgment anything but mellow.
In fact, he cannot deal with real things.
By rights, he ought to have been born with wings.

But neither he nor any of us is,
And so we must be satisfied with crawling;
And in the latter's favour there is this,
We cannot hurt ourselves so much in falling.
I know, if anybody does, what 'tis
To fly too high, and then to be left sprawling.
Willie will some day have a precious tumble,
And then, perhaps, will be a bit more humble.

(To be continued.)



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S original drama, by M. Denner, "*Les Oiseaux de Proie*," was brought out on Saturday with Mr Wilkie Collins's title "After Dark."

HER MAJESTY, travelling *incognito* into Switzerland, had the good sense to forbid any recognition of her state by salutes at Cherbourg. Why, then, do the authorities at Chatham go shrieking the name of Prince Arthur to the winds with salutes of all kinds? Such cringing must be much against His Royal Mother's wishes.

M. ODYSSE-BAROT, in his duel with M. Jecker, the banker, was shot in the stomach; but, fortunately, a button turned the die and the bullet at the same time, lodging itself eventually in his waistcoat pocket. The ball was not meant for the vest, but the waistcoat proved a good *in-vest-ment*. M. Barot pockets the affront with honour.

HENRI ROCHEFORT has got FOUR MONTHS' imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs (£8) for stupidly losing his temper and striking a printer who refused to give up the name of a libelling scoundrel who had attacked M. Rochefort in his nearest and dearest ties. If the Government wishes to stop the *Lantern*, why does it not extinguish it at once? But at present it is merely making itself contemptible in taking such petty means to revenge itself upon its enemy. If the striker had been a devoted toady and decorated as such, what a different verdict would have resulted from the evidence!

BY THE SEA.

[See CARTOON.]

By the sea. Idling, dreaming, playing, are they—these careless, happy children of the hour? Yes, here they are; labour, thought, ambition, struggle—all left behind! Here they are, out for their holiday; freed at last from the din, the whirl, and the stifling heat of work, leaving their schemes behind them in the smoke of the black city far away, and drinking in the pure salt sea air, like the careless, happy innocents they are! Come, let us take a turn and look at them. Pretty this to begin with—those two boys and their ship. See how the little fellows are struggling for the craft! Indeed they might be a couple of statesmen fighting for some prize, save that statesmen never fight for—toys. Ah! what is this? A dance, and one worth

looking at. See how the poor honest fellow is stepping out before that delighted audience. And look, too—he keeps well to his dancing board, and never changes his measure. One might almost liken him to a Bishop dancing an Irish jig of exultation over an ill-fated Establishment. Carry out the idea a little further, and listen to the strains of that Israelite with the hurdy-gurdy. Ten to one he is playing the good old "No Popery" gallop, and sets the imaginary Bishop wild with the tingling melody. Very pretty, is it not? Quite a peaceful sweet holiday picture. Then the audience—how much they resemble a parcel of old women! But let us pass on. Dear me, who have we here? A band of niggers—and their chief, begging halfpence of a fat gentleman. Ah! everything reminds me of the real business of life. How like the fat gentleman is to John Bull, and how strongly the nigger leader and his band resemble a celebrated ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and his peculiar friends! There is a flaw in the analogy, you say? Quite right. Who ever would dream of a great statesman playing the fool for halfpence? Mr. Gladstone trying to see what he can get out of John Bull? Bah!—the thing is preposterous!

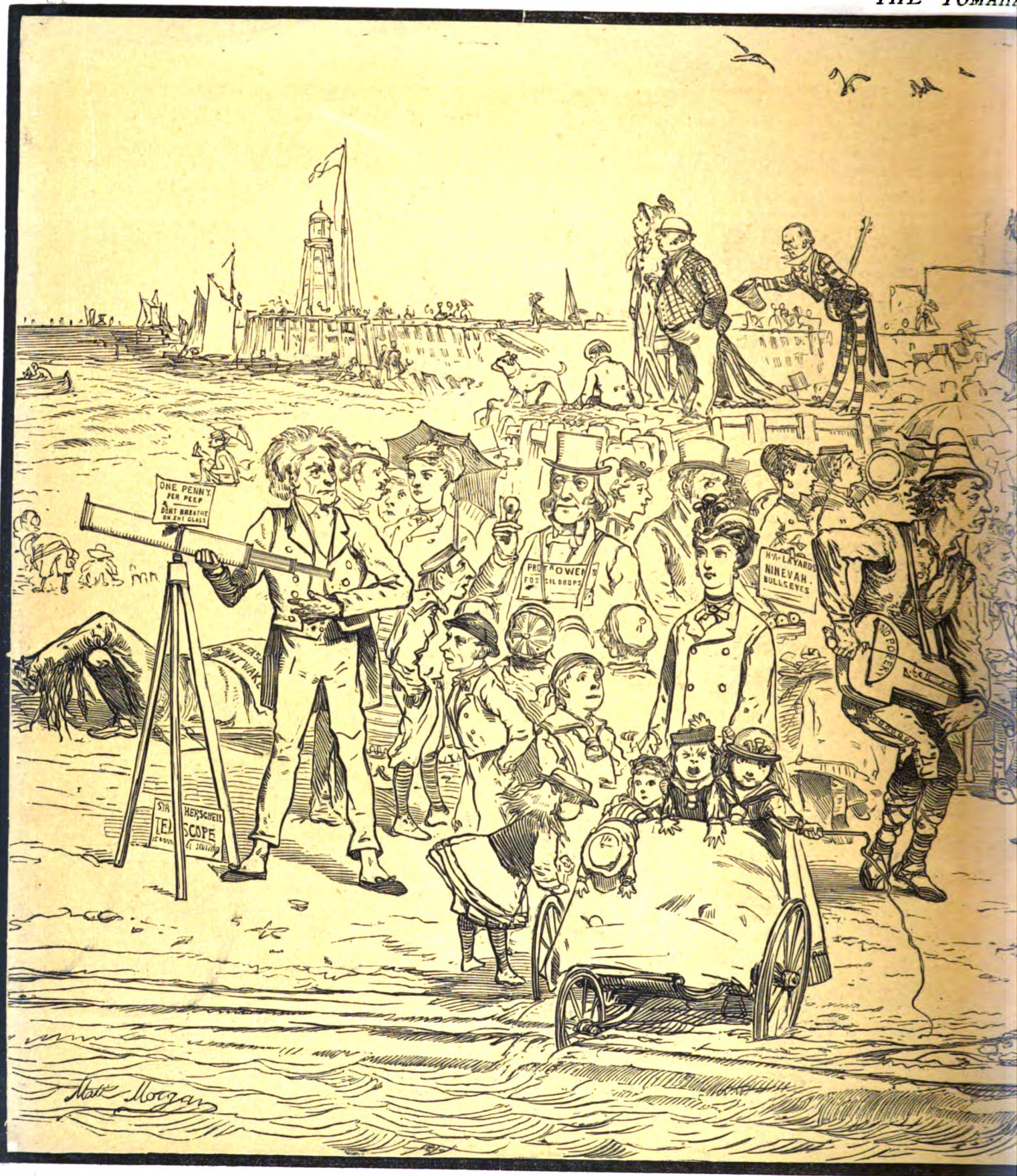
But let us walk this way. Ah, now this is *really* pretty. Love-making in its purest form. That beautiful girl is listening to the soft nothings of that highly respectable and religious-looking gentleman with the umbrella. Close to them, too, is another gentleman (he looks so savage he must surely know the young lady very well) reading the paper. He evidently does not like the flirtation. Well, he need not distress himself very much if he only knew the truth. Soft *nothings* are really the staple commodity of that respectable lover's address, and the young lady knows it. You have not a chance in *that* direction, my fine gentleman with the umbrella. Better give it up. But see, there is plenty to amuse. Peep shows—royal ones, too, where a live Prince may be seen for a halfpenny—and performing dogs, and what not.

That poodle in the cocked hat—quite a military-looking dog—seems up to a repetition of *his* performances a dozen times over. Well, the public encourage his antics, and so, poor poodle, he can hardly help himself. Then there is the bull's-eye man, a useful member of society, very; and the man with the telescope; and—but can we believe our eyes? Yes, four dear little children in one perambulator, and their charming Mamma. Delighted to see her looking so well. And Papa, where is he? We hope he is not very far off. And, lastly, who is that? Why, surely that is TOMAHAWK himself taking his change with the rest. Well, he is the wisest of them all, for he has come there for repose and not for bustle. Bustle! you repeat. You do not like the word. This is holiday time, you say, and ask why should not the workers enjoy themselves upon the shore? Why not? Well, people have a strange way of picking up their recreation when every step they take leaves a footprint on the sands—of time.

AN UNREASONABLE JENKINS.

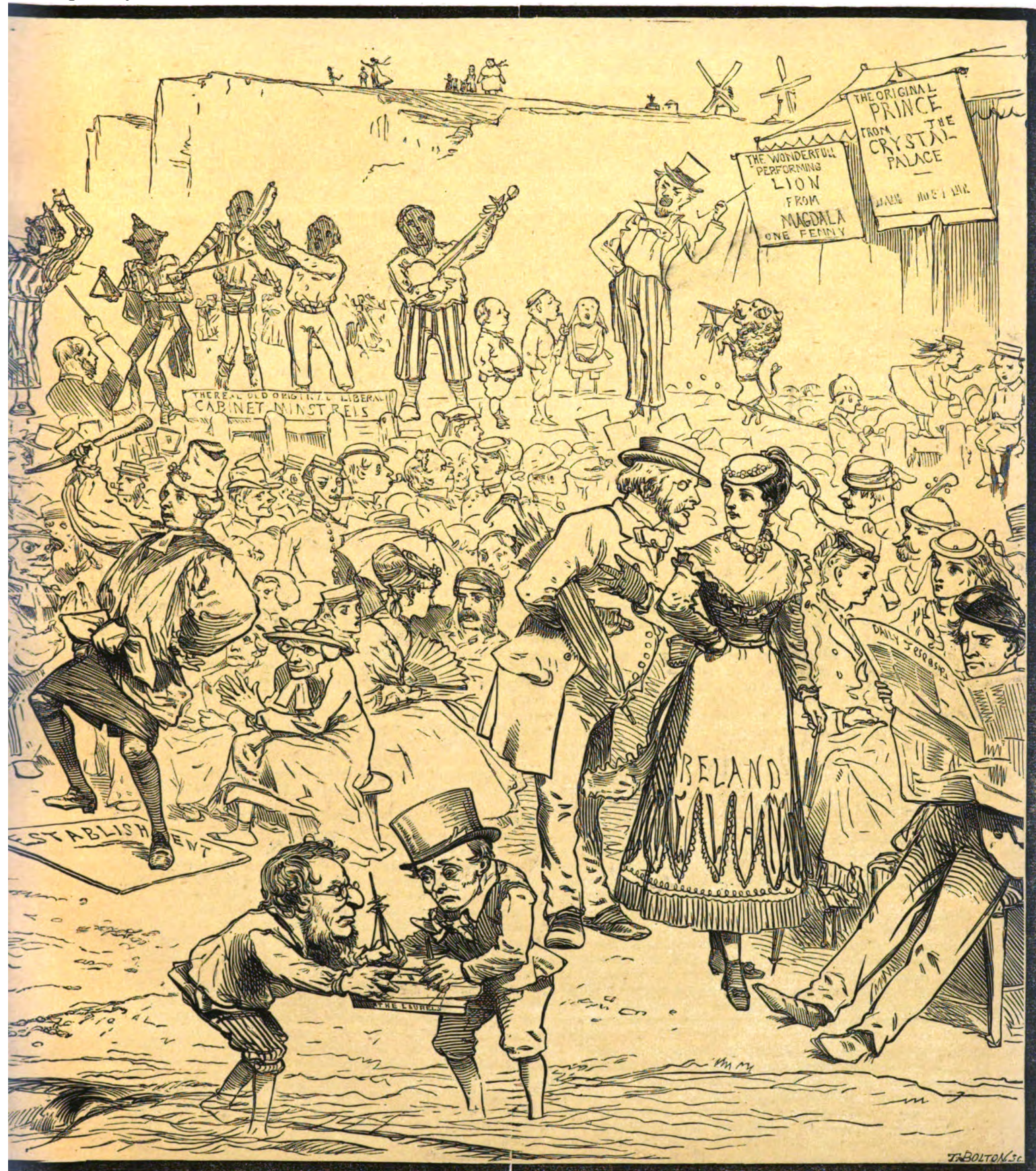
THE reports of Mdle. Patti's marriage to the Marquis de Caux which have appeared in every civilised journal in Europe have been more or less graphic and elaborated; but of all the impertinences of which the newspapers have been guilty in prying into the details of Mdle. Patti's personal affairs, the English "leading journal" has come out first in bad taste and stupidity. The *Times* report concludes its description of the ceremony with the remark that "Oddly enough, and to the disappointment of every one present, not a note of music or song was heard throughout the entire service."

Does the *Times* really consider that Mdle. Patti was bound to offer a musical entertainment to the churchful of uninvited guests that hampered the proceedings of the bridal party on the happy occasion; and is the *Times* unaware that in a "low mass," to which service the report refers in a tone of intimate acquaintance, there is no music? It is really almost too wantonly silly for an intelligent English journal to pass a kind of censure on a young lady who would not consent to be married to the sound of drums and trumpets (a proceeding which it is doubtful if the ecclesiastical authorities would tolerate), simply because she happens to be the bright particular star of the operatic stage, and the *Times* reporter happens to be too intellectually dense to disassociate Mdle. Patti on the boards of Covent Garden from the young lady who was married the other day in the little Catholic Church at Clapham.



BY TH

August 15, 1868.



ESEA!

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

THE amiable and gentle reader (for whose sake I am taking all this trouble, and in whose cause I am putting myself to all this inconvenience—as I write I have the most magnificent landscape before me : I am staying in Brittany at—but hush, as I have not paid *as yet* for my lieutenant's uniform it is just as well not to be too definite about my hiding—I mean, my resting place)—the amiable and gentle reader, I repeat, will remember that a couple of chapters ago I was on the point of introducing him to the host of the "Princess Royal." In this chapter I will complete the ceremony. Now then. Quite ready?

A very red face fringed round with shaggy piebald whiskers, small eyes and bushy eyebrows, a scowl and a great many pimples, grey hair and wrinkles "at discretion." Short, podgy, white-aproned, dirty shirt-sleeved, and disagreeable. Amiable reader, I present to you the host of the "Princess Royal."

(Ten minutes for refreshments.)

PART 2 OF THE CEREMONY.

Host of the "Princess Royal," I beg to present to you a gentleman (or lady) of the nicest honour, of the most brilliant abilities. A gentleman (or lady) as beautiful as the morning star, as lovely as smiling Italy or merry Peru. A gentleman (or lady) as picturesque as Dinan, as sedate as Putney, as commercial as Constantinople, as conscientious as Clapham, and as critical as Corfu. A gentleman (or lady) rivalling Shakespeare in Poetry, Gustave Doré in Drawing, Auber in Music, and Mr. H. Cole, C.B., in the use of the globes. In a word, host of the "Princess Royal," I have the pleasure to present to you my friend—my firm, valued, and distinguished friend, the amiable and gentle reader!

And now you know one another.

"Wot are yer talking about?" exclaimed mine host, in answer to Cockloft's question about the supper. He continued thickly, "it's my b'lief you're all 'toxicated—beastly 'toxicated."

Private Dubbs put in a word here. "Mr. Potts, I'm sure, sir, the gent means no manner of 'arm. 'E says to me 'as 'e comes along, 'I've got confidence in Mr. Potts I 'ave, and I know 'e's a man of 'is word, and when 'e says there *shall* be a regimental supper I knows 'as 'ow there *will* be a regimental supper. I knows Dubbs, 'e continners, 'that there will be a h'cean of beer, a 'eap of tripe, likewise a good many h'onions. There will be, 'e continners, 'liver and bacon, and Dubbs, 'e continners, 'I should not be surprised if there should be a few pigs' trotters and a mug of gin to top up with.'" And our Private having exhausted his list of dainties was silent.

"I am surprised, landlord," said Cockloft with dignity, "that you haven't attended to the orders of your superior—I mean to my orders."

"Now look 'ere," bawled Potts (who, not to put too fine a point upon it, was very 'toxicated), "I ain't agoing to stand 'ere to be bullied by the like of you. With yer swords and yer shackos and yer figures. Oh, I've 'eard all about you—law bless yer, I knows yer! Why, I never seed anything so ridicklus! Why, ye're a couple o' jacanapes. That's wot you are."

"Potts," said I, good naturedly, because I really was getting very hungry, and there seemed little chance of our obtaining any supper unless we effected a reconciliation with our host; "Potts, you're a sensible man—a public man, or, rather, a public house man (a far prouder title)—and I'm sure you would not wish to be unloyal to Her Majesty the Queen, or unjust to your own pocket. I tell you frankly that we are volunteers—defenders of your native place—and are willing, nay, anxious to pay well for the food you set before us. As a true-born Briton and an inheritor of the flag that for a thousand years has braved the bottle and the breeze, as an honest publican, as a man *and* a brother, I tell you that you must not refuse the salt of joviality to the valiant protector of your hearths *and* your homes!"

Potts was evidently softened. "You talk sense; but as for 'im," and he pointed with supreme contempt to Cockloft, "why, 'e's quite ridicklus!" With this he led the way into the tavern.

When we got inside it appeared that supper had been prepared after all. The cause of our host's incivility was to be traced to Cockloft's uniform, the wearing of which seemed to give great offence to Mr. Potts.

"Yes," said the enraged publican, "I knows werry well wot 'e means by it. Oh, you can't blind *me*! But I says not another word. Let 'im give me any more of his sauce and I ups to the

table and I silently takes away the meat." With this dreadful threat he disappeared.

Cockloft, Dubbs, and I sat down to the table (it was four deal boards supported on trestles) and prepared to make merry. And here perhaps it will not be out of place to give the bill of fare:—

A PLATE OF THE BEST WHEATEN BREAD.

A CRUET OF THE STRONGEST VINEGAR.

Salt.

Salt.

SOME RIBS OF ROAST BEEF (more bone than meat).

Salt.

Salt.

A CRUET OF THE GREASIEST OIL.

"Something," which the Landlord called "*Lobster Salad*" (fortunately eaten early in the evening by Dubbs).

"And now," said Cockloft, taking the head of the table, "are we all here?"

"Not quite, sir," said Dubbs. "Sergeant Gunn, late of the Royal Artillery, is below in the bar, and 'e wants to join the mess."

Cockloft's face fell; he murmured to me, "Gunn's our drill sergeant. Capital man when *not* drunk, but when he's taken too much, I do believe he would commit a murder. I am afraid I saw him drinking with the landlord as we came in. However, it can't be helped. Here, Dubbs, show him up."

We waited impatiently and tremblingly to see whether our fears about Gunn's sobriety would be realised. After two minutes' pause we heard a heavy step on the stairs and the door was thrown open.

"Sergeant Gunn," said Dubbs, with a broad grin.

(To be continued.)

"EN VOYAGE."

THE excursion fever has taken a firm hold of the London public. Ten years ago an organised trip to Paris under the superintendence of a conductor was looked upon as a curiosity of society. Now, however, not only does Mr. Cook flourish in an extended business, but a dozen imitators have sprung up with even more enlarged notions than the original inventor of the system. Now-a-days, by taking a ticket at an excursion office, you may be booked through to Greenwich by train with a coupon available to bring you home by the river; or you may make a circular tour of the Isle of Thanet, with the opportunity of visiting every object of interest between Margate and Ramsgate; or, if you have more time and more money, you can go on to the continent, call at Paris, spin round Switzerland and over the Alps, look in at Milan, pass a Sunday at Venice, and come home by Vienna and the Rhine without forethought, trouble, or responsibility, for a fixed sum payable in advance. Such conveniences as these are not extended to Europe alone. This year a party has been made up to "do" the Holy Land, while some enterprising individual has chartered a steamer for a trip to Iceland and back at £100 a head.

If we have arrived at this already, it is not unreasonable to expect that the caterers for public locomotion should soon provide some tours less hackneyed for those people who have been everywhere and seen everything, in the cockneyfied acceptance of the terms. If it is easy to convoy large parties through civilised Europe without inconvenience or confusion by means of a little judicious pre-arrangement, it is to be hoped that the excursion agents will now turn their talents to a more useful object.

There are numbers of persons for whom a tour through Switzerland and Italy in an excursionist band would have no attraction, and there are others who would be contented with photographs of Palestine, or would consider £100 too much for the pleasure of a week or so in Iceland, even in this weather. The great majority of Englishmen, however, like travelling, and although independent enough in their ideas when they can do without assistance, they would be glad to avail themselves of Mr. Cook's or of anybody else's travelling experience, if they felt it would prove a convenience. Any one can travel over the beaten routes in Europe without much trouble, forethought, or knowledge of foreign languages; but if Mr. Cook would organise some such tour as the following for next year, he would really be rendering a good service to numbers of people

who are anxious to see the world. Let us suggest, therefore, that an excursion might leave London at Midsummer in a steamer chartered for the purpose.

JUNE.—Arrive at the Azores, where a week might be advantageously passed.

JULY.—Visit the Canary Islands, spend a day or two on the line, say from Saturday to Monday, and proceed thence to Cape Coast Castle, from which place an excursion might be made to Timbuctoo and the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. From the Gold Coast by the steamer to St. Paul de Loando, where the party might halt for a few days' sea bathing.

AUGUST.—Leave St. Paul for the interior, by carriages previously sent out from England. The route chosen should give the tourist the opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the various tribes, and animals, inhabiting Central Africa. A portable hotel might be taken with the excursion for this part of the trip, as it is not improbable that for some portions of the journey across the continent the existing hotel accommodation might prove insufficient for a large party.

SEPTEMBER.—Arrive on the east coast of Africa, and proceed by the steamer to the Comoro Islands; thence to Madagascar, where carriage excursions might be made to the north and south points of the island. At the end of the month leave for Borneo.

OCTOBER.—Might be passed in visiting the principal islands in the Chinese seas, after which the steamer should proceed south, calling at the Sandwich and Society Islands.

NOVEMBER.—Arrive at Cape Horn, where the portable hotel might be erected, and a fortnight pleasantly passed. Leave about the middle of the month, and proceed by road through the countries of the South American continent.

DECEMBER.—Arrive at Panama, where the steamer should be waiting. Sail at once for the Arctic Seas, which it is probable would be reached in about three weeks; thence by sledges to the North Pole, which might be reached by Christmas Day, and where the portable hotel should be re-erected.

JANUARY.—Visit to the objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and by the North-West Passage home to England.

An excursion such as this would be a *bond fide* convenience to that class of people who consider themselves capable of looking after themselves in the beaten tracks of the continent. We offer the programme to the excursion agents, in the confident belief that if the charge for the trip is reasonably cheap numbers would avail themselves of the opportunity. There might be, it is true, some few difficulties in organising the tour, but none surely which Mr. Cook and his *compères* could not, in the way of business, overcome. If these persons really possess the extraordinary administrative abilities they pretend to, they should turn their talents to useful and practical purposes.

MERELY PLAYERS.

EVERYBODY has heard it. Mr. Disraeli, the successful author of so many screaming farces, has crossed over Westminster bridge and produced an entirely "new and original tragedy" at Astley's. Need it be added that this is a purely political move, and intended to serve the same ends as a Greengrocers' Company after-dinner speech, or some firework harangue let off before a parcel of gaping farmers in the neighbourhood of Hughenden? The idea is not a bad one. Indeed, when it is remembered how often the stage has subserved the State, it must be admitted that no common measure of praise is due to Mr. Disraeli's genius. *William Tell*, even when lowered to the level of half-a-hundred fiddles, has often been regarded on the Continent as so much gunpowder. Why, then, should not Mr. Disraeli try the effect of a little nitro-glycerine at home? But he must not be astonished to hear that he has already a dozen rivals in the field. Yes, the platform is, for a season at least, to give way to the foot-lights, with what promise the following dramatic gossip may in some measure declare:—

"It is said that a great many novelties are in preparation with a view to the forthcoming season. Subjoined is a list of the various entertainments already advertised at some of the principal metropolitan and provincial theatres."

HER MAJESTY'S.—*The Queen's Oath; or, the Peer who knows all about it.* By Lord Redesdale.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD!—*The Bishop-fiend; or, the Blue-blood, the Ballot, and the Blasting Powder.* By Mr. Horsman.

THEATRE ROYAL, TOWER HAMLETS.—*Who Cut his Head Off? or, the King and the Commoner.* New farce by Mr. Beales, M.A.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.—A new but not original comedy, by W. E. Gladstone, entitled *Place*. To be followed by *Beggar my Neighbour*, a farce in one act by J. Stuart Mill. The whole to conclude with a piece of wild extravagance called *Orange Blossoms*, adapted from the Irish by Colonel Knox.

IMPERIAL TEA GARDENS, PETERBOROUGH.—Grand Melodramatic Entertainment every evening. Great success of the *Confessional Unmasked*, with new dresses, scenery, appointments, &c., &c. At nine, the new piece entitled *The Cowl, the Curse, and the Conscience-monger; or, The Jesuit's Return Ticket and the Pope Volunteer*. Rinaldo Mackonochie (his original character), Mr. Whalley, M.P. At eleven precisely, Dr. McNeill on his new instrument, the "Curseandswearophone."

BISHOP'S IMPERIAL OXFORD CIRCUS.—Great success of the new comedy, by Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., entitled *Soap*, followed every evening at nine by the gorgeous fairy spectacle of the *Sea of Gold; or, the Enchanted Lawn Palace and the Home of the Five Thousand Shining Sovereigns*. To conclude with the screaming farce of *Who Killed the "Poor" Curate?*

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

CREATION's noblest work, and then
A cover for his head;
The word that speaks of nasty work,
By which some gain their bread;
My whole's a place that will be found
In Jonathan's united ground.

2.

What a bad cold makes people do,
And doctors claim who are asked to cure it
(Though some, averse to medicine,
Without the doctor's aid endure it),
Describe the drink of many a nation
As morn's or evening's potation.

3.

My first's the half of Cato's name,
My second is a British sailor,
My third what stage performers do
When dressed by their dramatic tailor,
My whole is one of Nature's forces,
Resistless whosoever its course is.

4.

Without my first no preference would be,
Alter or change my second would express,
My third's a beast you almost daily see,
My fourth a drama known to stage and press,
My whole to hear instead of truth is trying,
And though not that is quite as bad as lying.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Beetroot. 2. Freedom. 3. Maryland. 4. Carnation. 5. Peppermint Drops. 6. Peregrine Pickle.

ANSWERS have been received from Darlingdnil, Four Hastings Scalps, Reasonable Plea, Samuel E. Thomas, Three Black Diamonds, H. T. Taverner, Jack Solved It, W. McD., Annie (Tooting), Young Man called Guppy, Generalderbesengarde, J. F. Dexter, Ruby's Ghost, Linda Princess, Mynheer von Gubchick, The Binfield Road Wonders, Bill Brick's Old Slipper, Ag. "Cavlan" Largs (N.B.), Moses Benson, Ein Verrückter Kerl, A Nautical Lunatic, Tofta, Slodger and Timey, and 100 W. T.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 68.]

LONDON, AUGUST 22, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

ANOTHER MURDER AT THE HAYMARKET!

CERTAINLY, if the ghost of Shakespeare ever does revisit the earth, he must often wish that his plays had been all burned by the relentless kitchenmaid of Warburton, or been numbered with the lost books of Livy.

There is always a spasmodic attempt to revive Shakespeare at this slack season of the year. The unfledged bantlings of the drama may now be seen trying their plumeless wings in anything but graceful flights. Now is the time for the pupils of the great tragedians (!) whom the gods have left us, to come out in "something grand" and take the town by storm. These same pupils are generally more favoured by Fortuna than Minerva, or perhaps they would not find it so easy to make a first appearance before as much of a London audience as friendship, and curiosity, and "paper" can get together. Every West-end theatre which happens to be vacant at this time of year appears to go through a course of the legitimate drama, to purify it, perhaps, from the pollution of sensational pieces and those anatomical exhibitions which go by the name of burlesque. And after all, going to see Shakespeare (provided you have got a book with you) is a nearer approach to an intellectual recreation, than the unrestricted contemplation of Miss Phemy Smith's legs, or the agonised sensation caused by a real pasteboard steamer on four legs, or even a practicable railway engine with a tinsel boiler. It is certainly a nobler ambition to attempt Shakespeare and fail, than to attempt and succeed in—well, we won't single out any of our great living dramatists for such enviable distinction.

This "noble ambition" has been very prevalent lately. Scarcely had we recovered from the inarticulate gaspings of Mr. Allerton, than we saw ourselves invited to witness that merry wag, Mr. Creswick, gaily careering through *Hamlet*. Even the levity of Charles Mathews, towards the end of the season became sobered down into a flabby villany, as unsatisfactory as a bottle of Château Yquem, the cork of which has been left out of it for twenty-four hours. But at the Haymarket, whither, till lately, Society went comfortably after dinner just in time to see the elegant Mr. Sothern leap off a tower on to a feather bed—an intellectual effort to which the mental powers of Society were nearly equal—the sacred home of Buckstone and Braid has been for the last two or three weeks in the hands of a band of bravos, who have been murdering as many of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines as they could in the short time allowed them. We assisted at one of the latest outrages on the characters in *Cymbeline*, and our very passive share of the guilt still haunts our slumbers. Mr. Ryder is a great tragedian, there is no doubt; but when the whole stage is peopled by imitations of Mr. Ryder, in various states of feebleness, it becomes, to say the least, rather trying. We do not mean for one moment to deny that Shakespeare intended nearly all of his lines to consist of three gasps and a scream; it is too deep and recondite a view of blank verse for any one, who has not had a long experience on the stage, to attempt to dispute. The various emendations, which reverent and industrious students of our great poet have made on the original text, are no doubt very valuable; but it becomes a little embarrassing when every character, from the *King* to the Third Lady in waiting, introduces his or her own peculiar reading of Shakespeare's lines, even though the great object,

the three gasps and a scream, be secured. Some of our contemporaries have encouraged Mr. Lewis Nanton, for instance, to go on and prosper; they have prophesied that he will take a great position on the stage. We hope he may; but first let him learn to speak one line, at least, naturally, with due regard to metre, rhythm, and sense; and surely, if he be such a great genius as his admirers would lead us to suppose, he need not imitate the journeyman of nature who made him so abominably. Mr. Henry Marston occasioned us considerable discomfort by constantly reminding us of a very terrible wax-work figure that we saw when of tender years, the which figure was supposed to be undergoing murder, and did gasp and gurgle and groan so fearfully during the process that he made our infant soul to quake within us. The exhibitor assured us it was only the figure's way of breathing, but we could not believe him. Mr. Henry Marston seems afflicted with a similar peculiarity in breathing. As for the other male characters, Mr. Nelson as *Cloten* was the only tolerable one, and he took to filling up the spare feet in Shakespeare's verse (as he spoke it) with noises, such as burlesque ogres make, when they are going to eat the young lady in silk tights and tinsel armour. A certain Mr. Roberts showed signs of something better than the rest, but he did not succeed in dissipating the impression that all the characters were saying their lessons, and saying them very indifferently.

Miss Frances Bouverie demands a few words of friendly advice. Let her study her words more and her robes less. Let her cut off her train, unless she have two boys to carry it. She has evidently something of dramatic power in her, but she must use much more study and care before she can do justice to such a character as *Cymbeline*. Her face lacks mobility of expression, and her voice, though musical in parts, requires great management. Let her unlearn most that she has learned, and take the human heart as a teacher, and her emotion will move both herself and her audience more.

We were painfully impressed with the want in England of a good school of elocution. How can we hope to have actors when what raw talent or genius aspirants to the stage possess, is liable to be deformed by teachers who can only serve as warnings, not as examples?

FOR SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S DIGESTION.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER AT THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S BREAKFAST.

IF on the moors, and you have a chance of a grouse, remember that you should not use a ramrod for a breech-loader.

A cartridge is explosible, and will not bear testing between the kitchen bars.

No round shot has been successfully made square that we are aware of.

A sixteen-pound salmon does not necessarily mean a fish that costs sixteen sovereigns.

What is the difference between your own calibre and that of a great gun?

Nitro-glycerine is not used for chapped hands or the complexion. Try it next time you blow up an aide-de-camp.

Will you make a Report when you go off?

LADIES' UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

THE University of London has issued its regulations, sanctioned by Government, for Public Examinations for Women. The candidates are to be examined next May (1869) in a long list of subjects, which will necessitate a new profession in the metropolis—that of Female Crammer. We may expect some such paper as the following at the very least, and we pity the poor dear girls who intend to go in for the London University Examinations.

MAY TERM, 1869.

Latin.

1. Conjugate the verb *amo*. Quote the "Comic Latin Grammar" on this head.
2. Translate *Nolens volens, Ab uno disce omnes, Cum grano salis*, and state whence derived.
3. Decline *uxor*, and state why.
4. Scan

Tityre tu patula, &c.
Arma virumque cano, &c.

Give the name, or names, of authors.

5. State your opinion of Ovid's Arts and Horace's Odes. Which do you prefer, and why?
6. Translate a passage from the *Daily Detonator's* last sensation article into dog Latin. Give the English of *cur*.

English Language.

1. Give the derivations of the words *jolly, muff, duffer, rover, croqueted*. Where used in best authors?
2. From what British classics do the following quotations come—*Like a bird, Out for a lark, Not for Joseph?*
3. Give examples of the uses of *which, that, that which, which that, that there, them which*, and any similar grammatical idioms you may be in the habit of using.
4. Give the plots of *The Moonstone, Lady Audley's Secret, Guy Livingstone*, and *Enoch Arden*. Who by?
5. Write an answer to the article in the *Saturday Review* entitled *The Girl in the Gutter*.

History.

1. Name your own hero.
2. Which do you think the most ill-used man, *Henry the Eighth* or *Charles the Second*?
3. Give short memoirs of *Foan of Arc, Madame de Maintenon*, and the *Queen of the Iceni*.
4. What is the use of dates?
5. Whose history do you prefer—Macaulay's or John Gilpin's?

Mathematics.

1. What is a sovereign worth, and how far will it go?
2. If you have ten pounds and only spend fifteen, how comes it you cannot live within your income?
3. When you divide four by two, why do you invariably make the result three for yourself and one to the other side?
4. In wedlock do one and one always make two?

Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

1. What is the vacuum abhorred by nature?
2. Is the air by Beethoven composed of oxygen and hydrogen?
3. Why does a kettle sing, a chimney smoke, a fire go out, a mother-in-law scold, and a baby cut its teeth?
4. Why does Poverty come in at the door when Love flies out at the window? Is this true?
5. Explain "*cold*" applied to a reception, "*heat*" to an argument, and "*vapours*" to any lady.
6. Give the formula for the elements of *Hi : cocc : Alorum* : Jig.

Music.

1. Do you like the Opera? Which?
2. Do you go to listen or to talk?
3. Give the biographies of *René Favarger, Claribel*, and *Phia workski*.
4. What is your notion of thorough bass as applicable to the side drum?
5. Score the Old Hundredth for piano, piccolo, and triangle.
6. What musical magazine do you subscribe to?
7. Quote Shakespeare and Swinburne on music?

Botany.

1. Describe the *primrose*, the *daisy*, and the *dandelion*. Give their Latin names.
2. What are *cuttings*, *seedlings*, and *annuals*?
3. Which is the most irritable, the *passion flower* or the *sensitive plant*?
4. What is the meaning of "*Up a tree*," "*a Greek root*," "*a regular plant*," "*a carpet hop*," and "*the pink of perfection*?"
5. What is Miss Braddon's favourite suppressing mixture?
6. What is the nature of the weed known as *Trabucos*?

But we have not space to give the entire paper. When we inform our readers that Dancing, the Use of the Globes, Crystallography, Photography, Tatting, and Politics are included, they will think with us that the students who compete will have their time fully occupied, and work over, to get half marks in the coming May Examination.

THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

Now that the season is over and no one is left in London, the time has come round for a general cleaning up and embellishment of the public property. A fresh coat of paint to the British Museum, or a wash-out of the basins of the Trafalgar square fountains, is an annual recurrence and calls for no special comment; but the orders that have been given this year regarding the re-arrangement of the interior of the House of Commons are worth recording. We therefore reproduce the Board of Works minute.

[MEMORANDUM.]

Spring Gardens, S.W.
August, 1868.

The House of Commons is to be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water.

The leather benches are to be covered in the strongest brown holland cases to preserve them from the wear and tear to which they will probably be subjected by the members of the new Parliament.

The peers' gallery is to be protected by a silken net, fixed after the fashion of a spectator's box in a tennis court, and arranged in such a position as to intercept any missile that may be thrown towards the gallery from the floor of the House.

The ladies' gallery will be faced with sheets of plate glass, in order that its occupants may witness the proceedings of the House without being compelled to listen to the language of the speakers. Notwithstanding the great expense of this alteration, it has been considered absolutely necessary in the interests of ladies who may be present at the debates.

A row of iron railings similar to those recently put up in Hyde Park, and the strength of which has been tested, will be erected down the entire length of the House, so that any collision between the Ministerial and Opposition sides may be rendered impossible.

Accommodation for an extra body of the metropolitan police will be prepared in the lobby of the House, and an indiarubber speaking-tube will be fitted from the lobby to the Speaker's chair, in order that its occupant may communicate with the police without quitting his seat.

By order of the Board of Works.

The arrangements of the House of Commons have for a long time been found anything but perfection, and the proposed alterations speak well for the discrimination and good sense of the authorities. The result will doubtless prove that the precautionary measures were not taken before they were wanted.

VIVE LA LANTERNE.—No sooner has the *Lantern* been extinguished in Paris than, hey, presto! it flares up again in Brussels. In fact, the French Government will find that they have undertaken a regular will-o'-the-wisp chase; and we know that such a chase generally leads the pursuer into trouble. As will-o'-the-wisps are created by bad air, so the *Lantern* could not exist were it not for the abuses from which it derives its light and fire.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE III.

From Erica to Florence—(Continued.)

MEANWHILE, you must not mind what he may say,
 For life is life, and somehow must be used,
 Nature at first is pleasant in its way,
 But even solitude may be abused.
 Why, take this very place. From day to day
 We all of us wax less and less amused.
 As splendid scenery as you could scan—
 Mountains in scores, but not a single man.

At least not one to talk to. And there isn't
 A shop that it is worth one's while to enter.
 Young children, and some peasants old and wizened,
 And then a string of mules and their tormentor,
 Are all one sees. I find them insufficient.
 Nor can my interests for ever centre
 In foaming torrents or in forests hilly.
 Oh, for one good half-hour in Piccadilly!

Oh to be with you, Florence, and to see
 Your sparkling triumphs, and to live once more,
 If only meekly following on your lee,
 A something like the life I lived before.
 I hate the streams, I hate each shrub and tree;
 The moonlight plagues me, and the sunsets bore.
 Softer the scene, the more my spirits harden.
 The throistles sing, I sigh for Covent Garden.

But as I sigh in vain, and may not share
 In your bright glories even with my eyes,
 All I can do is bid you, Flo', beware
 Of what chief peril now athwart you lies.
 I have no wish to strip life's beauties bare,
 Or make you, darling, miserably wise.
 But I would guard you 'gainst that path pursuing,
 Which has been mine and many a one's undoing.

Mind, mostly, that you keep your heart in hand,
 Nor let it run away with you full tilt;
 The pace at first's deliciously grand,
 But ends in steed and rider being spilt.
 Then in the fray as little chance you stand
 As one whose sword is broken at the hilt,
 Or trusted carbine injured at the nipple.
 In short—you ever after are a cripple.

Whate'er you do, avoid this fatal fault.
 Accept with grace all homage as your due;
 For admiration is the social salt
 Which makes the dull the bright, the old the new;
 But when you have that homage, always halt,
 Or even fly—for homage will pursue.
 Give not yourself, until you all receive;
 Or you will live to mourn from morn to eve.

For love, real love, should in reserve be held
 For the calm days when hopes and fears are over;
 When something more than novelty doth weld
 Two hearts, and fancy is no more a rover.
 Oh! I can't tell you how I feel impelled
 To rush away, from Calais cross to Dover,
 Travel both day and night till at your side,
 And be your friend, philosopher, and guide.

And look you, Florence!—and don't think me venal—
 Never suppose existence without money
 Can possibly be anything but penal.
 Think you, forsooth, our exile here is sunny?
 Ah! my dear simple child, when you have seen all
 I've seen, you'll have a great respect for honey.
 Unless you want to lead a life of torpor,
 Or bitter struggle, marry not a pauper.

Now, write me often—often. For although
 I'm sure you'll very soon be all the rage,
 You won't forget Erica—will you, Flo'?—
 But once a week will scribble me a page
 To tell me all I so much long to know.
 So will you, dear, my banishment assuage.
 For fearful banishment is just what this is.
 Adieu! God bless you. Love, and thousand kisses.

A SULLIED PAGE.

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS, who, upon the strength of his name, is credited as a writer of musical lyrics—which, however, do not bear to have their jingling dissected—has endeavoured to hide a by no means nice novel under an attractive title taken from Shakespeare. There is nothing sweet about Mr. Mortimer Collins's latest production but the name, which, however, will answer, most probably, its intended purpose, namely, to induce decent persons to look into the book, expecting to find a sweet subject, pleasantly and tastefully treated, instead of a coarse, tedious chronicle of the doings of the vicious of both sexes. No one would venture to dispute for one moment Mr. Mortimer Collins's great knowledge of the subject which he has so gracefully treated, but it is a knowledge which he had best keep to himself, for his readers will be none the worse without it. A few more such books as *Sweet Anne Page* would make us welcome a Censorship of the Press with unfeigned heartiness. The man who sells you some poisonous compound under the name of wholesome food is not very far removed from him, who would try and poison the minds of young men and women with indecent trash, under such a winning and innocent title.

NO STOPPING IT.

LUCERNE, August 17, 1868.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Here I am comfortably located *au quatrième* at the *Schweitzerhof*. Her most gracious Majesty—I beg her pardon, the Countess of Kent—has been here not more than a week, so you must admit I am not very much behindhand. You will ask what I have come here for. You will suggest the lake, the Rigi, the Pilate, Lungern, Flüellen, and a dozen other lions, not omitting Thorwaldsens? No; none of these things have for me the slightest attraction. I have come here, then, for the sole purpose of being on the spot with Royalty. There! Conscious that our most gracious Majesty wishes to preserve a strict *incognito*, under the title of the Countess of Kent, I have come, as thousands of my friends have come likewise, with the laudable object of watching, peeping, creeping, dodging, ogling, eyeing, staring, gaping, and generally disbehaving myself, as can only,

Ever yours,

In much independence,

THE BRITISH SNOB.

P.S.—I am keeping a diary, which, if sufficiently interesting, will be at your service on my return.

CURE FOR MOSQUITO BITES.

ALLOW the sting to remain unrubbed, and in course of time the irritation will cease and the mark will disappear.

We assure the public that our prescription is the only cure, notwithstanding the hundred "infallible remedies" which have been communicated to the newspapers. Has it not occurred to the dwellers in Woolwich and its neighbourhood that if any antidote for the pain of the mosquito sting existed, people who live in India, and are bitten unceasingly for the best part of their lives, would have found it out long ago?

EXTREMES MEET, as the Czar said to the King of Prussia at Schwalbach.

THE SIDE TO TAKE DURING THE COMING ELECTIONS.—The sea-side.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzz's," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 22, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE hear of an inquest on a woman who died of sunstroke in St. George's Church, Manchester. Did it occur to the coroner to ask how long the sermon was during which the death happened?

* IT is with great joy that we find there is still a chance of seeing Lord Amberley in the next Parliament. He has declined to stand for Nottingham because the lambs of that place refuse to be represented by such a lion.

A GREAT deal of unnecessary asperity has been shown by the Liberal Press on account of Mr. Disraeli having dared to make a Duke. Surely, since the Premier has striven so hard to make his political life the illustration of his novels, as author of *The Young Duke*, he might be excused attempting to bring the youthful offspring of his imagination to maturity in the shape of the "Duke of Abercorn."

WE are sorry to find some of the English Press applauding the tyrannical treatment of M. Rochefort. A Government which is so strong and founded so firmly on the love of the people as that of the Emperor of the French, ought to be able to give the lie to such satire as M. Rochefort's by its acts, not by its edicts. An elephant does not turn on the gnat that stings him. If M. Rochefort is so insignificant a person, and his attacks on the Government unfounded, is it worth while to strain the powers of justice in order to hurt him?

WE notice with sincere sorrow the death of the talented Editor of the *Saturday Review*. In private life he was so genial and amiable, that he would never have been suspected of any connection with a paper so bitter and spiteful, as the *Saturday Review* has lately become. It was too plain, from some of the articles that have appeared lately, that the staff had lost their head. We hope that whoever succeeds to the post, so unhappily rendered vacant, will teach the young lions under his care that it is possible to be forcible without being malignant.

THE tentative nomination of Lord Mayo as Governor-General of India does not seem popular. May we not hope that, as the noble Lord's name is, grammatically speaking, decidedly in the conjunctive mood, he may share the office jointly with some person who knows a little about India, and who will be able to take care of this guileless genius of the Conservative party?

PEACE!

(See CARTOON.)

PEACE! with the murderous Engine here
Still warm from foundry-bed! Peace, did I say?
While bayonets bristle round, and o'er my head
Some Fate hangs ominous! Yes, this is Peace!
My people love me—me, the lawful heir:
Have I not promised all a sovereign can?
Have I not given Liberty her wings?
What if poor pigmies shoot their venom still
At me and mine! Have I not Right to nerve me?
Is not a nation's faith, respect, and love
Sufficient guard against a private spite?
Yes, this is Peace! Chain up the Press! And, quick,
Order another thousand cannon to salute
The prosperous harvest of Imperial France!

HERO WORSHIP.

POOR Lord Napier of Magdala has at length concluded his second great campaign and has left London for the country, having evinced powers of docile endurance and long-suffering for which those who only knew the General from his conduct of the Abyssinian war would scarcely have given him credit. We quote from the columns of a daily paper the last of his brilliant achievements before quitting the metropolis:

Lord Napier of Magdala has favoured Messrs. Maull and Co., of Piccadilly, with sittings (in uniforms) for a series of photographs.

What forethought and public spirit has been shown in obtaining Lord Napier's consent to allow his likeness to be taken, not only in his uniform, but in every variety of the regulation, dress and undress. Those people who have not had the good fortune to see his Lordship during his London campaign will now be able to buy his picture in any costume which they may consider nearest in accord with his prowess or personal appearance. For instance, some may associate his Lordship's victories with a cocked hat and coatee, while others may consider a forage cap and spurs more in keeping with the ready simplicity of the General's character.

But let us be serious. The fact is, to speak plainly, that in the popular desire to welcome Lord Napier the public have gone a little too far. In the praiseworthy wish to render him homage as a great and successful commander, Londoners have done their best to make him ridiculous. The idea of his Lordship being worried into going off to be photographed with a portmanteau containing the variations of his military uniform is really too absurd.

Lord Napier has now gone on his starring tour in the provinces; and we take the opportunity of humbly recommending to his Lordship that it would be wiser to show a little more moral courage than he has hitherto evinced in resisting the importunities of those people who have a higher appreciation of his great worth than discretion in showing it.

WHAT THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SWITZERLAND REALLY MEANS.

AS some anxiety seems to exist in the minds of certain French politicians as to the real objects of Her Majesty's trip to Lucerne, we are happy to inform them that they are—

1.—The establishment of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, Spain, Italy, Russia, the Pope, Austria, Sweden, and Montenegro, for the total absorption of France by the various members of this new Grand Alliance.

2.—The propagation of Orleanist documents throughout France by means of white mice trained for that purpose.

3.—The total removal of the Alps, and rearrangement of the same as an ice barrier around the coasts of England, provided only that the Wenham Lake Ice Company can be induced to consent to the measure.

4.—The creation of large vineyards all round the Swiss Lakes, to the infinite prejudice of the French champagne trade.

THE TOMAHAWK, August 22, 1868.





PEACE!
OR
ENJOYING HIS HOLIDAY.

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER V.—*The Mess Revellers. Gunn on the Volunteer Service. Our Second Mutiny.*

"GENTLEMEN all!" said Sergeant Gunn, taking a seat at the table, and saluting us with his hand while he gazed intently at the beef.

And now, with your kind permission, I will give you a plan of the guests, showing where they sat at table, &c. You know Charles. Reade the novelist is very fond of giving maps of undiscovered islands, and very rough sketches of nothing in particular—why, then, should I be less generous? Of course *he* gives these wonderful drawings because he thinks them very, *very* useful. I, on the contrary, have no better reason for bestowing my gifts than that I believe said gifts to be very, *very* beautiful. For instance, what can be prettier than the accompanying plan? Look well at the straight lines, and admire the exceeding taste the printer has shown in the choice of his type:—

PLAN OF THE REGIMENTAL MESS OF THE "B.S.R.V.C."

Showing

WHERE CAPTAIN COCKLOFT SAT, WHERE LIEUTENANT SMYTHE WAS SEATED, WHERE SERGEANT GUNN TOOK UP HIS POSITION, AND WHAT BECAME OF PRIVATE DUBBS.

Captain COCKLOFT
(on a bit of root-seat).
O

Empty chair	O	Table groaning with ribs of beef, salt, bread, &c.	O	Empty chair.
Empty chair	O		O	Empty chair.
Lieut. SMYTHE (on a chair).	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty stool	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty chair	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty stool	O		O	Empty chair.
Empty arm-chair	O		O	Empty chair.

Sergeant GUNN
(on an arm-chair).
O

O Private DUBBS
(on a stool).

There! Now I trust you are satisfied.

"I say, old fellow," said I to Cockloft, after a careful inspection of the supper and those who had come to eat it, "what do you intend to do?"

"What do I intend to do?" echoed Cockloft, angrily; "you know as well as I do. What have we come here for?"

"As far as I can see, to make ourselves deuced ridiculous," I replied, testily.

"Good again!" shouted Gunn from the other end of the table. "Good again!"

Cockloft glared, but was silent. I smiled, and was equally taciturn.

And thus we sat moodily eating the ribs of beef, and spitefully munching at the loaf before us. Not a sound was heard save the unearthly giggle of Dubbs, as he listened to the whispered remarks of Gunn, our sergeant. It was a painful sight—one to make the judicious grieve, and the holy cry for sorrow!

At length Cockloft said, "Now, Smythe, are you *quite* tired of playing the fool?"

"Playing the fool! My dear sir, I know you are an excellent master of that art,—the lesson you are giving me now clearly proves the fact; but I decline, nevertheless, to become your pupil," and I smiled gently to myself, and thought "Hum, *that* was rather neat."

"I mean," said Cockloft, red in the face with suppressed rage, "do you intend to allow any business to be done?"

"What business?"

"What business! This is really too much!"

And Cockloft trembled with anger, and glared at me with the eyes of a murderer. "Why, you know as well as I do that you

have come down to be introduced to the men of your regiment. On my soul, you don't deserve a commission!"

"Guv'nors! Mean no 'fence," growled a thick voice from the bottom of the table, "but—must—have—beer!"

"Certainly, Sergeant," replied Cockloft, graciously, "you will find some over there on that little shelf. When you've got it, fill your glass. I have a toast to propose."

The worthy (or rather unworthy) Gunn staggered to the beer jug, and reeled back to the table. In filling his glass he upset some of the beer on the cloth—looked at the drops savagely, tossed off the bumper, and then exclaimed savagely, "What's up? Say much more and I'll punch yer 'eads!"

"Gentlemen," said Cockloft, ignoring Gunn's rather uncalled-for and very incoherent remark, "Gentlemen, this evening I have a very pleasant duty to perform. When I tell you that that duty is to present to you my dear friend Smythe as your future Lieutenant, I'm sure you will understand my feelings. I've known Lieutenant Smythe for many years, and—and I have always found him a very nice, conscientious kind of a man. But perhaps before I present him to you I had better propose a toast."

"Yes, pr'ose toast!" murmured Dubbs.

"I propose then the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family, and I beg to couple with their names that of Sergeant Gunn, a brave warrior, a sober soldier—"

"Right again," thickly from the "sober soldier."

"And a loyal bombardier. I may add," continued Cockloft, "that it is not customary for the gentleman who responds to a toast to drink it."

"That's all you knows about it!" said Gunn, as he tossed off another glass of beer.

The toast was duly responded to, and then the Sergeant was called upon for a reply. I give it verbatim. Gunn said, "Ladies, Gents, Guv'nors, and Dubbs" (*sleepy applause from the Private*)—"Speaking for Queen and Prince—thankee kindly, yer does us a deal too much honour. Speaking for self, I've got a few remarks to make—it's them as follers. Most people calls you volunteers scum. That's what *they* call yer, but I (mind yer I may be wrong)—I don't call yer scum." (*Loud and long-continued cheering from Cockloft and myself.*) "No, I don't call yer scum." (*Hear, hear.*) "I says, yer may be fools, yer may be hugly hidiots, and murdering thieves," but "yer haint scum! And what I says, I sticks to!"

With this Sergeant Gunn sat down, and once more addressed himself to the beer.

Cockloft rose for the second time, opened his mouth, and said smilingly, "And now I will introduce the only officer that has honoured our board this evening to the man of the regiment."

I arranged my uniform to the best advantage, and tried to look as much like an officer as possible.

"Who's that a calling me a man?" asked Dubbs (who had been conferring with the Sergeant) angrily. "And who said he" (pointing at me) "was an officer? The men of a regiment choose their own officers, and hanged if I don't choose mine!"

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

THE *Moniteur* informs us that on the occasion of the funeral of the late Queen of Madagascar orders were issued for a national mourning, which was to last three months. During that period ladies were to wear no garment that covered the bosom or fell below the knee. The "effect," says the *Moniteur*, was "peculiar." We are surprised at the remark, considering that in Paris, and certainly in London, a similar costume is now perfectly common. The only difference between Madagascar and either metropolis that we can see, is that in the former women go about half-dressed in obedience to superior orders for a limited period and in moments of grief; whereas amongst us they indulge in the "peculiar effect" in hours of supposed gaiety, and threaten to continue to do so for an indefinite time. We suppose it is only another illustration of extremes meeting. Perhaps when the fashionable females of England are compelled by some calamity or other to go into mourning, they will once more dress themselves, at least for a time.

ON TRIAL.—SOME POPULAR CANDIDATES.

THE Commission appointed to inquire into the existing state of the House of Lords "with a view to its general utility, &c., &c.," having suspended its labours in order that important evidence might be forthcoming to enable the Commissioners to send in their report in full, the above inquiry was resumed yesterday.

As on the previous occasion, the room was densely crowded, and the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The first witness called was Mr. Yawlings, of Finsbury. He said he was what was called a "popular candidate" for the new Parliament. He was for progress. By progress he meant that universal advancement of everybody to the self-same standard of eternal equality, brotherhood, and wealth. He could not exactly explain what he meant by this, but he had written a pamphlet on the subject, to which he referred the Commissioners. Yes, he intended to go to the hustings as the "people's champion." He was the determined enemy of all that interfered with the people's good. By that, he meant all abuses. He considered that there were a great many abuses in England. Yes, he could name one—half a dozen, if the Commissioners liked. The aristocracy was an abuse. Landed proprietors were an abuse. People with incomes of over £500 a-year were an abuse. He might make an exception by saying that incomes of over £500 a-year resulting from the honest working man's labour and the sweat of his brow were by no means to be regarded in that light. He would vote for the abolition of many things. Among them he would include the Crown, the House of Lords, the respectable newspapers, clergymen generally, clubs, and first-class carriages. He considered this state of things would benefit the working man. He had studied the working man both from a subjective and objective point of view. He meant by that, that he belonged to two friendly societies and a debating club, and had once borne a banner in a procession round Finsbury Circus. On that occasion he wore a helmet and sash, carried a board on his back inscribed "Beware of Cromwell! Finsbury or death," and rode on a cab horse. He addressed the people of England from the Circus railings, and was stifled by the myrmidons of the Crown. If the Commissioners wanted that in plainer English—well, then, he was told to move on by the police. He was unquestionably a great orator. On that account he meant to stand for Wapping at the approaching general election. He had issued his address. No, he was not aware that there was any bad spelling in it. He did not much care if there was. What the people wanted was not morals, education, and all that nonsense, but their rights. He hoped in a couple of years to see England really free. He would soon explain what he meant by "free." A working man for President, a House of working-men-Lords, Commons to match, every coronet on the treadmill, and a fair division of all the money in the Bank. When he had got his share he might possibly retire to Australia, and help them to get their rights there. In conclusion, the witness, on being pressed, somewhat reluctantly admitted that he had been twice through the Bankruptcy Court, and had written several little squibs against Christianity.

The next witness called was the Hon. Barker Waistcourt, M.P. In reply to the Chairman, he said he meant to present himself shortly for re-election. He was the member for Gulpborough. It was a family seat. Lord Brainwood, his father, had put him in, and he was again coming forward as the Conservative candidate. His election cry was simple enough, "No justice for Ireland, and God defend the right." He believed he was a sound Tory. The Brainwoods had always been "sound Tories" since they bought a peerage of James I. As to Ireland, if he had his way, instead of disestablishing the Church he would double the number of bishops. If the Irish did not like it they ought to, because they were a conquered race, and ought to be thankful for the blessings of a merciful toleration which did not even force the truth down their throats. Certainly he would cry out "No Popery!" Did not care what it led to. True, at Eton and Oxford he had been an intimate friend of the priest who did service in the Catholic chapel at Gulpborough, but the man had evidently been a snob all along, or would never have turned out as he did. Yes, if the mob burnt his house about his ears it would certainly serve him right, and it was a glorious thing to teach these men that old John Bull was wide-awake, and was as just and tolerant and re-

ligious a fellow as ever. Meant to say a whole lot to his constituents about the "thin end of the wedge," and show them how Gladstone's unchristian resolutions would very soon touch the Established Church itself, and finally their own pockets. Of course he would be returned by an overwhelming majority. As to its being hearty, he did not care about that. Mr. Disraeli knew what he was about with his Reform Bill as regarded country boroughs, and he might confidently say that Gulpborough was still in the pockets of the Brainwoods. At all events, he should like to see it try and get out. Yes, he would consider anything fair play at an election. Certainly he should advocate the burning of Mr. Gladstone, either in effigy or otherwise, with or without a cardinal's hat on his head, and a Guy Faux lanthorn in his hand. He knew Mr. Gladstone intimately, and respected him immensely, but upon the hustings he felt it his bounden duty to his principles—that is to say, to himself—to describe him as a charlatan, a blackleg, and an atheist. He was a party man, and whatever his party cried he cried too. He was a type of a large class of Englishmen, and he was proud of it. Mr. Gladstone said to the country, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Mr. Gladstone was a fool. The evidence of the last witness, which was throughout given in a very flippant manner, was just concluded as our parcel left.

THE FALL OF TUPPER.

WE are too often painfully reminded that the best of us are but very frail. Some man, before whose purity and strength of character we have bowed our heads in reverent admiration, is tempted, and falls. We can only lament his fall, and strive to learn humility from it. A very painful case of moral declension has occurred lately. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the great moral philosopher at whose feet all England has sat so long and learnt so much, that great and good man who had discovered a new species of poetry which was neither rhyme nor reason but all beautiful pure sentiment, has come down to writing rhyme! Happily he has not yet reached the next stage—he has not fallen so low yet as to incur the suspicion of writing reason. But this abandonment of his principles has been, we fear, the result of bad company, for—our heart breaks almost while we pen the words,—but it is too plain, we cannot shut our eyes to the cruel truth—Martin Farquhar Tupper has fallen into the power of Algernon Charles Swinburne!! He, the purest of philosophers, the chosen minstrel of the Evangelical Church, has been studying the words of the erotic Pagan bard, the laureate of Venus and Faustina! Whether it be that the music of Swinburne's lyric verse, the ringing charms of his alliteration have stolen the eyes as well as the ears of the chaste Tupper, drugging his intellect and lulling to sleep the vigilance of his conscience, or that the vigorous onslaught made by Mazzini's devotee on the Pope has atoned, in the eyes of the Protestant Béranger, for all the hymns to Aphrodite, we do not know; but certain it is, that in the last volume of marvellous verses published by M. F. Tupper we can trace too distinctly the influence of Swinburne in every line. Our space will not allow us to quote many instances. We can safely refer our readers to the volume itself, known as *Tupper's Protestant Ballads*, for the confirmation of our statement. Who will not at once perceive the influence of the author of *Poems and Ballads*, *The Hymn to Italy*, *The Halt before Rome*, &c., in these lines:—

"They witness of Rome as 'always the same,'
Made drunk with the blood of the saints evermore."

Then again—

"They witness the peril that lurks in each priest,
If his craft were a pestilence over the land."

And again, in his ballads on "the Canadian Dominion," Tupper has—

"What a seed of high thoughts, what a root of good things!"

One of Swinburne's favourite similes.

Then for examples of alliteration take

"Let patriot zeal be promoted and praised,
And the name of each lordship be linked to a place."

What but this passion for alliteration could have prompted the now celebrated line

"The birdlime which stuns while it sticks"?

We might go on multiplying instances of the way in which Tupper's mind has become inspired with the spirit of Swinburne's verse; but we are enabled, by a wonderful effort of clairvoyance, to publish a poem which the modest songster of *The Rock* has held back, the charming domestic interest and true Protestant flavour of which must commend it to all admirers of Martin Farquhar Tupper:—

GOING TO THE WASH.

(Lines written on Monday morning.)

By M. F. T.

I really must look to my washing this week,
I must watch how my shirts are got up;
For I feel that in matters like this I'm too meek,
And I don't keep my pluck enough up;
I ought to be brave, and to speak my mind out,
For of sheep, sure the male is a Tup,
And I am a Tupper, so quite to the rout
I must put Mrs. Sarah Hiccup.*

Let me see; five fine shirts as ever was seen,
Five collars (not paper) to match,
With four pairs of socks, some blue and some green,
Will make up a beautiful batch;
Then of handkerchiefs seven seem semblant to see,
And two or three neckties so white!
Every clear starcher's soul will be strangled with glee,
When on my sacred things they set sight.

Stop, I've nearly forgotten two jerseys (quite thin),
And two flannel shirts too I vow!
In this weather it's right to wear flannel next skin,
At least I do truly so trow;
One nightshirt, if modesty lets me to add,
In my list I must also include,
I would mention my nightcap, but soberly sad,
Society sneers that it's rude.

Mrs. Sarah Hiccup now I hope will take care,
And return all the things that I send;
But trumpets of treachery tickle the air
Till I know not where Treason will end!
What if Ritualist robbers should recklessly join
My shirts, to make copes with, to seize;
Or the pattering Papist my parcel purloin
His priests so prehensile to please?

There, we think that this charming poem combines in a wonderful way the lyrical melody of Swinburne with the tender domestic simplicity of the Tupperian muse. But the corruption is still there, and unless the great philosopher can shake himself free from the allurements of alliteration and jingling rhyme we fear that we shall indeed have to witness, with tearful eyes, the Fall of Tupper.

AFTER DARK.

DION the Great, the inexhaustible, the never-to-be-suppressed has again achieved a literary success. Boucicault adds another £45,000 to the account at his bankers'. Dion Boucicault has brought out *After Dark*, and a grateful manager has telegraphed down to Brighton, where the great man is "smoking his cigar (think of that!) on the esplanade" (we quote that well-known orator Mr. George Vining), to say that Dion is again the only champion of dramatic art.

A literary success! Well, of course, if we went into the question of literary merit we might find it difficult to argue for or against; but then, Mr. Boucicault has a way of his own, you know, of putting a piece together, that is quite irresistible. The reader probably never was in the great Dion's laboratory. We will introduce him then without delay.

Mr. Dion Boucicault having half-an-hour to spare, and finding it high time to think about his income for next year, is sitting down with paper, pens, and ink before him, while at his side lies a complete edition of *Le Théâtre Contemporain*. Drawings of "sensations" of all kinds, as produced at London, provincial,

and foreign theatres, are hung round the room and cover the floor.

"Let me see. Vining wants a piece with scenery for Lloyds, a part for himself, and a considerable pile of agony. Let us look through these plays. By the powers! this will do, with a bit from another and an original sensation.

"*Serjents de ville*—Policemen. *Hirondelles*—Night-birds. *L'Elysée, quartier St. Antoine*—the Elysium in Broadway, Westminster.

"This is child's play! I suppose I must put down something for the characters to say; but, really, if Lloyds does his best the piece ought to go in a series of tableaux.

"By jabsers! that was a good sensational scene they had at the Vic., where the express comes down to the foot-lights and stops before it runs off the rails into the orchestra. We'll put in that; it wasn't original at the Vic., for Charlie Dickens got rid of Carkers in that way, so we'll try an express at the Princess's, smash in the Metropolitan, stab the inspector, and tear up the rails with an earthquake.

"Stay! the express and the damage to the Metropolitan will be quite enough this time. I'm on the track. Lo! there it stands. What shall it be called? *Caste* is a good title. Confound Tom Robertson, he took that; and *Society* would scarcely suit. *Blow for Blow*. No! I quite forgot Byron's piece. *Birds of Prey*. That looks like the original too much; and, besides, Miss Braddon might object. *After Dark*. Wilkie Collins won't object; anyhow, I meant to register that title ages ago, and I shall do so now. There it is—*After Dark*.

"ACT I.

- "SC. 1.—Victoria Station, with a real cab.
- SC. 2.—Mews, with real straw.
- SC. 3.—Silver Hell, with really good intentions.
- SC. 4.—Covent Garden Market, with real cabbages.
- SC. 5.—Temple Bar, with real advertisements.
- SC. 6.—The Zoo, with real monkeys.
- SC. 7.—Blackfriars Bridge, with real suicide.

"If Lloyds does this scene well— (We open a parenthesis to remark that Mr. Lloyds did do this scene particularly well; but it is a remarkable thing that scene-painters never seem to have observed how reds lose their colour at night, and how much better such a scene would be with all bright dresses toned down to a uniform tint.)

"ACT II.

- "SC. 1.—Dry arches, with real spirits.
- SC. 2.—The Lilacs, with real curtains.
- SC. 3.—Greenwich, with real whitebait.
- SC. 4.—Cremorne, with real fireworks.
- SC. 5.—Garden gate, with real Walter Lacy.
- SC. 6.—Green chamber, with real sobs. 'My Eliza Hann!!!'

"ACT III.

- "SC. 1.—Elysium Music Hall, with real break-down, real comic song in all its dreadful reality, real billiard table, &c., dedicated to G. W. M. Reynolds.
- SC. 2.—Crystal Palace, with real acrobats and Mr. Coward on the organ.
- SC. 3.—Wine cellars, with real key-hole.
- SC. 4.—Real curtain.
- SC. 5.—Underground Railway, with real semaphore, real rails, real red fire, real slack lime, and real sensation. Very well managed.
- SC. 6.—Bursting of the locomotive, with real accidents, real surgeon, and real railway director.

"ACT IV.

- "SC. 1.—The Lilacs again, with real curtains as before.
 - SC. 2.—Storming of Magdala, with real Commander-in-Chief.
 - SC. 3.—Attack on Private Junks and fall of Theodore.
- "There, with a little cutting, that will draw."

We agree with Mr. Boucicault. In fact, if Mr. Vining had only engaged Mr. Lloyds to do the scenery and engines, Miss Rose Leclercq to look like Kate Terry and come in with the tableaux, as wanted, Mr. Boucicault need scarcely have given himself the trouble, for so paltry a sum as £45,000, to waste so much good writing on a piece which the public will rush to see for its decorations only.

* A sobriquet for the washerwoman.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE.

THE *Daily Delonator*, having Antwerp *fltes* and electioneering prospects asking for space, has closed its zoetropic correspondence on "Marriage or Celibacy"—a correspondence which has sold the paper and cost nothing a column to produce during the hot weather. Had the public benefit alone been the motive of publishing individual experiences, the readers would have been saved much wading through a slough of gush by the editor's condensation of the various observations offered as an excellent substitute for marmalade at the morning meal.

Perhaps it would be as well to show by illustration the advantage gained by giving drops of pungent essence instead of gallons of insipid liquid.

MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY.

To the Editor, &c.

LETTER I.

SIR,—Annie is a dear and would live on sixpence a day for my sake, as she can cook, wash, darn, and plays the *Song without Words* on the concertina.

Yours, &c.,

BACHELOR, ÆT. 18.

LETTER II.

SIR,—George is a noble soul, with a strong right arm and £60 a-year in the Post-office. I shall love to welcome him to his plain dinner (cooked by me) of cold lamb and tart as he comes home with a camellia in his button-hole.

Yours,

MAIDEN, ÆT. 19.

LETTER III.

SIR,—Just got a sixth baby. Wife will have Honiton lace on christening frock—so economical it will do for the next! We are always in debt on £800 a-year.

Yours,

PATER, ÆT. 30.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—I am mother of four children after less than five years of married life. Boot-mending comes to £20 per annum; and we are now pinching black and blue to pay the doctor's bill since the hooping-cough. Husband in the City, £120 a-year.

Yours,

MATER, ÆT. 24.

LETTER V.

SIR,—What selfish nonsense men write! I will marry on anything you like to offer.

Yours,

SPINSTER, ÆT. 39.

LETTER VI.

SIR,—Absurd talk of marriage. Can't keep out of Jews' hands on a couple of thou. a-year as a bachelor. How can one think of another?

Yours,

SWELL, ÆT. 27.

LETTER VII.

SIR,—I do not believe Love flies out of the window when Poverty, &c. It is true I have been brought up in Belgravia, but, though I have nothing, Gussy is in the Guards, and surely we ought to live comfortably. I can do without powder on the footmen's hair.

Yours,

SWELLE, ÆT. 21.

LETTER VIII.

SIR,—I earn five shillings a-week by writing *Social Songs* for a comic paper. Maud and I only want a room in a cottage to be superlatively happy. Side by side on a sofa all day we compose our little rhymes and are content. Why do not others do as we do?

Yours,

YOUTH, ÆT. 20.

LETTER IX.

SIR,—I have met Charlie but twice at croquet, and I know by his eye he would slave his life away for me. It is all I ask.

Yours,

MAIDEN, ÆT. 24.

LETTER X.

SIR,—My yearly expenses as a bachelor are:—

Flower at button-hole, 6d. a-day	£	s.	d.
Ess. bouquet and brilliantine, two bottles a-week	9	2	6
Patent leather boots, at one pair per month	14	0	0
Three hats, at £1 1s.	3	3	0
Two umbrellas, at £1 4s.	2	8	0
Cravats and gloves, at least	10	0	0
Tailor's bill—not sent in	0	0	0

Allowance from papa, per annum	£	54	1	6
Clerk's salary in Quarts and Pints Office	30	0	0	
	70	0	0	

Leaves for lodging, keep, dress, and cabs . £45 18 6
or about 18s. a-week!

What should I be without the flower, brilliantine, &c., &c., in Georgina's eyes!

Yours,

A PHILOSOPHER OF TWENTY YEARS.

LETTER XI.

SIR,—If you saw Frank with his Stephanotis and his smooth hair and cambric handkerchief, you would believe with me that he is incapable of a bad action. It would be a bad action to force me to give up my chignons and flirtation for the horrors of a nursery.

Yours,

GEORGINA, ÆT. 26.

LETTER XII.

SIR,—Do as I do. We have a family of four children. For their healths' sake we neither clothe, educate, nor feed them, and they seem to thrive on the dirt. We keep a brougham and three horses, which I never pay for. My wife is a little too fond of dress, but a little whitewash covers a multitude of debts.

Yours,

SCAMP, ÆT. 40.

Surely more practical good sense is to be learnt from this series than from the columns of amateur epistles which have ended in smoke or emigration, to the visible swelling of the *Delonator's* coffers!

THE MANIACS COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

A scriptural country my first will express;
A homely-bred name which some women possess
Will do for my second; my whole is the name
Of an artist whose works are widespread as his fame.

2.

My first's a short word for a longer name,
To be my second every male may claim,
My whole performer of such wondrous acts
As but for Scripture none would take for facts.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Manhattan. 2. Coffee. 3. Cataract. 4. Prevarication.

ANSWERS have been received from Four Hastings Scalps, Harry Rutley, A Chickaleary Bloke, Bung Chubbles, Esq., Foxy v. Stripes, Ruby's Ghost, General Boum, Silly Tommy, Mabel May, Frs Searle Imperial, George and Gerty, T. F. B., Herne Hill Jacob, W. McD., Botesdale Guppy, C. R. R., General derbesengarde, Veni Vidi Vici, Bobbypeeps lom pom knaveoclubs farfetstoby earwigheureumrhumbookooks, Samuel E. Thomas, Three Black Diamonds, The Savage, Jack Solved It, Due Damigelle dil boschetto Settentriionale, Delirium Tremens, The Malvern Spooner, F. V., S. Habbit, Henry Hawkins (Brixton), Muchtooeasyforalunatic, Linda Princess, Stout Pimlico Puppies, Stupid Owl (Forest Hill), Old Brum, Baker's Bills, Two Felpham Fidgets, Three Stray Burwings, Elphn, Awful Duffer, A Yorkshire Tike, Sine Macula, Cheeky (Brompton), Dixon Scrp.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 69.]

LONDON, AUGUST 29, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TIPPERARY OUTRAGE.

ON the eve of a general election, and at a time when one would think, injured Ireland having found so many unexpected champions, that there would be some attempt on the part of the inhabitants of that country to prove that they deserve the sympathy so lavishly bestowed on them, we are shocked by the occurrence of an agrarian outrage of the very worst description, evincing that universal defiance of law and love of violence which, we were foolish enough to hope, were on the decline even in Tipperary. The event seems to us one of the saddest that could have happened at this time; and the way in which many of the so-called friends of Ireland have commented on it is certainly calculated to increase in every way its mischievous influence, both on the authors, and on the intended victims, of the crime.

Of course our very Liberal friends, who expect to get a seat in Parliament, and the prospective chance of a seat somewhere else, by crying out very loud about the wrongs of Ireland (having no property there), will at once exclaim, "Here is another voice raised in the cause of oppression! another defender of tyrant landlords, who wring the heart's blood from an impoverished peasantry of Ireland, to pay for their luxurious living in another country." Those whose good opinion is worth having, as being based upon knowledge, not upon prejudice, will acquit us of any lukewarmness in the cause of Ireland. But if the ingenuity of all mankind, and devils to boot, were exerted, they could not hit upon any device more certain to increase every affliction under which Ireland labours, than the cowardly semi-approval or semi-condemnation of such crimes as this attack upon Mr. Scully and his party. We are certainly almost in despair at the way in which the whole Liberal Press has spoken of this premeditated and organised outrage upon the law. Well may those who have some real stake in Ireland tremble for the security of their property, and their persons, under the government of those, who are so busy in finding excuses for assassination, that they have no time even to pity the victims, much less to condemn the assassins. Not even the publication of the monstrous conditions, said to be those which Mr. Scully tried to impose upon his tenants, can blind us for one moment to the fact, that such crimes as this must be suppressed by the hearty and united efforts of every subject of this kingdom, who respects law and order, if Ireland ever is to be anything but the battlefield of rival politicians, or the home of idle discontent.

There is no quality more essential to the well-being of any community, than the submission to legally constituted authority. There is certainly nothing more fatal to moral independence, more destructive of internal peace and happiness, more hostile to all progress, more provocative of despotic terrorism, than that abominable assertion of the superiority of individuals to laws, divine or human; that paltry, Brummagem heroism, which nerves the victim of injustice, real or fancied, to be his own jury, judge, and executioner, and triumphantly to vindicate his own innocence by murdering his oppressor from behind the safe shelter of some hedge, or barricaded barn. What true friends of Ireland should do is to strive, by every means in their power, to teach the Irish, that the noblest heroism of which human nature is capable is to submit to any personal wrong, rather than by an outburst of selfish violence to outrage that law, upon the proper maintenance of which the security of the whole community rests.

This may seem a mere truism, but it cannot too often be dinned into the ears of a people, who have never shown any sense of moral responsibility, and who are ever ready to hold their own fancied rights and interests above every other consideration, moral or politic.

Cowardly and villanous as is the act of those who fired upon Mr. Scully, and the bailiff and police who accompanied him, there are no words to describe the conduct of those who, at such a time as the present, can deliberately sit down at their desk, while the demoralising excitement which spreads among the whole peasantry after such a crime is at its height, and pen plausible palliations of that crime; and, in order to make political capital, add to the number of excuses which the devil has already suggested to the murderers and their accomplices. Justice must never be vindictive, but she will fling away her proudest attribute—mercy—if she does not visit with the utmost severity every one concerned in this outrage. As long as the peasantry are allowed to believe that anyone interfering with their rights, real or supposed, may be shot like vermin, so long will every concession to the just demands of the Irish be worse than useless.

What is the real object of those who advocate reform in the laws of land tenure in Ireland? Is it political profit, or the good of the Irish? If the latter, surely the first thing to do before the provident, the industrious, and the sober can be in any way encouraged or rewarded, is to make the law thoroughly efficient to punish the prodigal, the idle, and the dissolute. In other words, the law must be respected by all, and those who outrage it must find no friends among those who strive their best to keep it. It is all very well to say that the law in Ireland was for a long time wedded to injustice and tyranny,—it is not so now; but it would be were a time-serving timidity to spare the guilty at the cost of the innocent, to be lenient to rioters and assassins at the cost of their victims.

Now is not the time to discuss the conduct of Mr. Scully as a landlord. Every word said in condemnation of him is easily snatched at as an encouragement to those, who are ready to hold the land, which they will not cultivate and improve, by violence and bloodshed. That every facility should be offered to those tenants who earnestly try to turn their farms to the best account, we have often before maintained, and maintain now; but how is the state of Ireland to be improved, how is the character and condition of the peasantry to be elevated, if the careless, lazy vagabond who lets his ground go to rack and ruin, or parcels it out among those of his kin more careless and lazy than himself (who all expect the crops to grow, and gather themselves in, of their own accord)—if such idle rascals are to be left in undisturbed possession of the land they are making barren, from fear of assassination? Let Irish and English demagogues say what they will, Ireland's fate is really in the hands of her own people; until that cursed doctrine that a tenant must not be evicted from a farm which he will not improve himself, or allow the landlord to improve, simply because he or his father has held it so many years, is rooted out of the minds of the Irish, so long will the country, which should be one of the richest and happiest portions of Great Britain, remain a disgrace to the Imperial kingdom, a smouldering volcano of insurrection, a home to which self-banished patriots return again, only to spread through its length and breadth the withering fire of sedition, the malignant fever of treason and assassination.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

COVENTRY.—Mr. A—— S—— arrived in this borough on Sunday morning during the hours of divine service, and at once commenced an active canvass amongst those who, as he flatteringly told them, were not such hypocrites as to go to church. In the evening, he attempted to address a large loitering crowd, consisting of men and women—chiefly the latter, and all very attractively dressed—from the steps of the parish church, inside which the vicar was at that moment preaching. He was interrupted, however, by the police, and informed that he must postpone the public exposition of his principles till the following day. In no case could he be allowed to disturb the respectable portion of the community whilst engaged in their devotions. He protested that his “Songs”—copies of which he drew from his hat and flung amongst the crowd, the female portion of which eagerly scrambled for them—were quite as devotional as Bishop Ken’s hymns, and a great deal more calculated to excite a real “spiritual revival.” He concluded his discourse, in deference to compulsion, by pointing out to the crowd how intolerant Christianity and the English law were, since they allowed a minister of the former to preach inside a church, but would not allow him at the same time to harangue them even outside it. And yet this was said to be a free country! He was sure that this monstrous interference with the liberty of the subject would only endear him still more to the lovers of it, whom he had been attempting to address. To-morrow, however, he would have a full opportunity of expressing his opinions, and developing his principles. Meanwhile, he begged them to spend the remainder of the Sunday evening in reading his “Songs,” as they would thereby gain an introductory acquaintance with his general sentiments.

The next day, Monday, he was formally presented to the electors by Mr. R—— and Mr. Walt W——. The latter gentleman was in his shirt-sleeves, and seemed strongly disposed to get rid even of them, but it was suggested to him that some of the electors might perhaps not like it, and that he might injure Mr. S—— chances of success. Thus remonstrated with, he desisted from what he called his “peeling” purpose; but nothing could induce him to put on his coat.

Mr. S—— then addressed the electors. He said he had come to Coventry because the unanimous voice of the community outside it had sent him there. But there was yet another reason. He could not believe but that the town which had produced that grandest and most unrestrained character in English history, Peeping Tom, would at once perceive and acknowledge his own peculiar claim upon its suffrages. He had been grieved to hear that their industry had been sorely crippled by the French treaty, and that fashion had declared against ribbons. For his part, he did not see why ladies should wear anything else, particularly in a high wind, and he had already done his best in his poems to persuade them that their costume could not possibly be too light and airy. As for the French treaty, he was strongly against any foreign country competing with Coventry enterprise; but he knew France and French manufactures very intimately, and there were certain branches of it which he was sure they would agree with him ought not only to be admitted free of duty, but whose introduction and distribution ought to be encouraged by every enlightened Government. He was strongly in favour of the repeal of Lord Campbell’s Act, which was a puritanical and tyrannical measure. Indeed, he thought that he should make this the condition of his support being given to any Cabinet. To speak frankly, he did not care much either for Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone. Both of them were far too respectable for his taste, particularly Mr. Disraeli, who was ridiculously uxorious. Why the man positively absented himself from the House of Commons when his wife was ill. Any intelligent Frenchman could have told him that was the very moment when he could not possibly be wanted elsewhere. Of course, he was in favour of marriage with a deceased wife’s sister,—only he should prefer that it took place during the wife’s lifetime.

Here Mr. WALT W—— made some depreciatory remarks upon Lady Godiva, and said that he did not see that she had done so very much after all. Why, if it would afford anybody the smallest amusement, he would do all and more than ever she did in Coventry, without putting the electors to the trouble of shutting their windows and keeping indoors.

The proceedings had not terminated when our packet left.

ROYALTY IN SLIPPERS.

WE are at last beginning to know for a fact of our own personal knowledge that princes are but men; more even than this, that their Highnesses are sometimes the most common-place of individuals. We do not, for a moment, mean to imply that this has not been the case from time immemorial, but it is only of late years that the public have been granted the opportunity of forming their own opinion on the subject.

Until almost the other day the words, ideas, and actions of Royalty were not allowed to be food for the discussions of common people; a member of the Royal Family seldom opened his mouth to anyone but his own personal attendants, to whom it was more than their places were worth to repeat what they heard, or even thought, regarding the sayings and doings of their august masters. This state of things (the word “things” meaning flunkeyism) no doubt still exists, but now-a-days Royalty is wont to speak for itself, and princes are as ready to deliver speeches, chat with strangers, or make themselves generally agreeable as they were formerly taciturn, exclusive, or insolent.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief is certainly the most loquacious and hearty of his august family; not only is he in private the most cheerful and unreserved of pleasant gentlemen, but he even extends his easy manners and unstudied speeches to public and official occasions.

Not long ago, His Royal Highness went down to Aldershot to review the cavalry regiments then in camp, and the proceedings of the day concluded, as is usual on such occasions, with a march-past of the whole body of troops. The Duke was well pleased with what he saw, more particularly with the soldier-like appearance of the 4th Dragoon Guards, of whom His Royal Highness observed to the Staff around him, as the corps trotted by (we are quoting from the *Times*), “I say, look here, I never saw a smarter regiment in all my life.”

An opinion expressed in words so terse as the above must give the public a deeper insight into the personal character of the Duke of Cambridge than the study of the *Court Circular* for twenty years. Indeed, so excellent an impression has this little episode created amongst the rank and file of the army, that we have made it our business to collect a few of the speeches of the more important members of the Royal Family delivered on recent semi-official occasions, which, thanks to the faultless organisation of our reporting staff, we are glad to be in a position to make public.

Speech of the Queen on Her Majesty’s arrival at Lucerne, and the principal features of the surrounding panorama being pointed out to her:—“Yes, it is pretty. Which mountain is Mont Blanc?”

Speech of the Prince of Wales on presenting a cheque for a considerable amount to a charitable institution:—“Dear me, I must really find out how I stand at Coutts’s.”

Speech of the Duke of Edinburgh on being assured by the admiral that the Captain of H.M.S. *Galatea* was the ablest officer in the Royal Navy:—“Shiver my timbers, you old mother-in-law of a marlinspike; that’s what I call butter.”

We trust that the foregoing facts—which, however, we are constrained to publish under every reserve—will prove to more unenlightened people who do not believe it possible for Royal personages to express ordinary ideas in ordinary language, that “the Prince and the Peasant” have as much in common when called upon to be unreserved and genuine as the initial letters of their rank and calling.

NEW SONG BY MR. CHARLES READE.—“When Hollow Hearts do wear a Mask then they’ll Remember Me!”

IT’S AN ILL WIND, &c.—The fire at Northumberland House has been a perfect godsend to the penny-a-liners. The *Daily Telegraph* manages to get a column and-a-half out of it on the second day by dint of the old tall talk about the “princely Devereux,” and “Essex House,” the Duke of Buckingham, &c., introducing with great effect that eternal “Clevedon’s proud alcove.” But the finest touch is the periphrasis for the Lion, “The celebrated animal which surmounts the pediment continued to present by the accustomed rigidity of his caudal vertebræ,” &c., &c. This is “lashing the tail” with a vengeance!

DOING THE AMIABLE.

POOR Dr. Pusey is a very unhappy peace-maker. When he addressed his *Eirenicon* to the Church of Rome, his old friend, Dr. Newman, had to inform him that he "discharged his olive branch from a catapult." His efforts to get patronised by the *Record* and the Greek Church were respectively even less successful; and now, humiliation of humiliations, he has been thoroughly well snubbed by a "Wesleyan Conference." Unity-hunting is, therefore, evidently a very dangerous and disagreeable task, though it is greatly to be feared that the rather foggy genius of Dr. Pusey will be slow to take in the fact. Perhaps, however, he might be allowed to be a sort of hanger-on to the various communions he appears so anxious to embrace, would he only make a compromise here and there, for the sake of pacifying the asperity of his opponents and meeting their prejudices half way. At least the idea is worth consideration. Say, for instance, he were to go through the day somewhat in this fashion :-

- 3 A.M.—Rise in the dress of a Greek monk, say matins, and go to bed again.
- 8 A.M.—Imagine himself the President of the Wesleyan Conference for half-an-hour.
- 9 A.M.—Breakfast, and read family prayers in the character of an Evangelical clergyman of the Church of England.
- 10 A.M.—Walk about his garden in a cope and cardinal's hat.
- 11 A.M.—Preach a charity sermon at a Baptist Chapel.
- NOON.—Declare himself an Irvingite angel and then dine.
- 1 P.M.—Hear a confession as a High Churchman and burn a little incense.
- 2 P.M.—Take an hour with the spade in the character of a Trappist.
- 3 P.M.—Give a select Quaker tea-party and talk bad grammar.
- 4 P.M.—Call on a high and dry port wine Tory Churchman and pitch into advanced Ritualism.
- 5 P.M.—Write a leading article for the *Nonconformist*.
- 6 P.M.—Imagine himself a Jesuit and hide in the Underground Railway.
- 7 P.M.—Preach at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.
- 8 P.M.—Do a little more digging.
- 9 P.M.—Evening prayers, vespers, even song in various dresses and characters.
- 10 P.M.—Supper on crab and toast-and-water. Go to bed in a monk's cell, with frightful nightmare, fancying himself a popular Socinian preacher.
- 11 P.M.—Wait till nobody is looking, then come out.
- MIDNIGHT.—Go to sleep and dream sweetly that he is the Patriarch of Constantinople.

If this programme does not satisfy everybody, let Dr. Pusey be quite sure none will. Should he endeavour to carry it out and meet with but indifferent success, he will at least be able to congratulate himself on having spared no sort of compromise to carry out his darling principle. Unity is the trifle he so much wants, no matter how vague its terms, how fictitious its existence. Why does not Dr. Pusey try a winter at Bethnal Green, and then tell us if there is any spiritual work more urgent than writing begging letters to Dissenters, and hanging on to the cope fringes of Greek Archimandrites.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

POSITIVE Virtue is not easily found in these days of sempiternal beauty, but there is a negative Virtue which is quite as marketable, which might properly be called "Vice not found out," like fifteen carat gold with the Hall mark on it.

The War Office Patents seem to us much like the marriage correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*. Ideas are sent in by shoals: many of them well worthy of adoption and an honour to the inventor's genius. The pith is taken to make a sensation article or a rifled rocket, as the case may be; and the maximum of benefit is reaped by the writer or the colonel of experiments at a minimum of exertion and expense.

We met the head of a university at a party last week. Did you ever watch the little eddies on the surface of a river

which has already left its prattling streamhood to glide calmly towards the sea? How they jostle each other, as who would say, "Out of my way, I will be first wave in the ocean!" When they get there, to be lost even as eddies, and become salt into the bargain. Like heads of colleges who, disappearing into what calls itself the world of a great capital, find themselves no longer the gods they were, but something acting with the mass looked at through the small end of the *lorgnette*.

A regency cannot compare with a reigning monarch. Did Mr. Rearden ever observe when the sun quits his throne to visit his dominions on the other side of the world, leaving his viceroy, the moon, to exert a borrowed power over the night, how countless stars, content to dwell unnoticed while the true sovereign is present, now strive to show the earth they have light of their own?

We know a handsome widow in the market who habitually chastens her features with a subdued melancholy, not because she has any sorrow, but because she knows it becomes her style of beauty, like the willow called weeping, which every one knows is admiring itself in the stream flowing beneath its branches.

Now-a-days everybody writes. It is only charity and regard for friends who are authors that prevents everybody publishing. In a few years every one will be *homme de lettres*. It will really be a pity; for then no one will be left to read!

TAKING A BULLFINCH.

THE *Herald*, a paper by the way never at a loss when daring originality is in demand, has propounded a regular poser for those who are mad enough to object to the appointment of Lord Mayo. His Lordship is fit to govern India because "he is an ardent sportsman, and distinguished in the hunting-field even in Ireland." Let anybody reply to that if they can. Of course it is obvious that the thing is unanswerable, although the duties of a Governor-General of India would appear to be of a very extraordinary kind indeed. Time was, we all know it too well, when a thorough acquaintance with the use of the whip was considered a *sine quâ non* in the case of all the fine English gentlemen who aspired to rule the mistress of the East; that peculiar time, however, has now become part and parcel of the past, and nothing remains of this fine trait in the character of old John Company beyond the unchristian and bullying tone assumed by the worn-out and dyspeptic "servants" that one meets scattered here and there about the second-class watering-places of England.

Seeing that this is a fact, some people may object to the appointment of a man to such an important post on no better recommendation than that of his violent sporting tastes. Our Indian policy, it is true, has not earned us a reputation for sticking at much, and therefore, from this point of view at least, there may be something not inappropriate in entrusting its development to a gentleman who is said to be just a little too fond of steeplechasing.

Granted nevertheless that Mr. Disraeli for once knows what he is about, and that the chance of Her Majesty's representative wearing pink at a *darbar*, and greeting a nabob or two with a friendly shriek of "*Yoicks*," is consoling to those who are interested in supporting the dignity of our Eastern Empire, still there is one hole to be picked in the cloth after all. An ex-Irish Viceroy will find himself peculiarly out of place in India. How on earth will he be able to prevent disloyalty, disaffection, and rebellion without the blessed aid of an Established Church?

NEWS FOR BOUCICAULT.—We understand that Mr. Reade hatched the celebrated "*Fowl*" in his "new and original" novel, out of his well-known "*Ego*."

BOUGHT AND SOLD.—An advertisement states that the *Daily Telegraph* is sold at all the Kiosques on the Boulevards, &c. We wonder if it is bought at the Tuileries.

POLITICS AND PINAFORES.

THE dirty little bit of impertinence for which, even in the face of applauding schoolfellows, young Master Cavaignac ought the other day to have received a sound whipping, appears to have stirred up "political France," of a certain type, to the very dregs. The type, it must be confessed, is not an exalted one, although, with that blundering ignorance so characteristic of Englishmen, it boasts a great many sympathisers on this side of the Channel. Nasty unwashed *grisette*-hunting students, whose chief relaxation consists in talking rank blasphemy over cheap *absinthe*, and fifth-rate literary men who write filthy novels and spout Socialism at Geneva meetings,—these are the elements that go to make up a certain advanced Liberal party in France, and therefore at once command the respect and admiration of a large class of free and enlightened Britons. To these all-swallowing and imaginative specimens among our countrymen, who see in the early vulgarity of a French boy of fifteen an avalanche immediately overhanging the French Empire, we beg to submit the following domestic incidents, to which we have appended the only possible explanations:—

H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, after a fit of lengthy and boisterous insubordination, having been put into a corner by his nurse.	Growing insolence of the democracy under the new Reform Bill, and future perils for the English Crown.
---	--

Princess Beatrice having shown her precocity by threatening to upset the ink and box her governess's ears.	Terrible future for England to be expected from the overbearing spirit of the House of Guelf.
--	---

The Sultan beaten by his son at a game of Turkish skittles.	Probable abdication of the Sultan at any moment.
---	--

The Prince Imperial attending church twice on Sunday, and going to sleep over both the sermons.	Withdrawal of all French support from Rome.
---	---

The King of the Greek's baby refusing his bottle.	Fresh sneaking expeditions to Crete.
---	--------------------------------------

The heir to the Chinese Imperial throne swallowing a tin soldier.	Expulsion of the British from Canton.
---	---------------------------------------

The Infanta of Spain trying a mustard plaster for a cold.	Another revolution.
---	---------------------

A row in the Royal nursery at Marlborough House quitted by the production of sugar sticks.	Division of England into four separate monarchies, accomplished by gross bribery and corruption.
--	--

But we will not continue the list. However, we trust the few instances we have given will more than suffice to convince susceptible politicians of the immense weight to be attached to the bad manners of a naughty French schoolboy, to say nothing of the questionable taste evinced by his mamma.

HOPEFUL.

HAS anybody followed up step by step the dispute raging between the Bishop of Cape Town backed up by Convocation and the Bishop of Natal sustained by the law? Possibly not: for it must be allowed that a newspaper correspondence on the decay of sermons or the vegetation at the back of the moon is infinitely more interesting and intelligible. However, apparently in disgust at the little commotion it has made outside the circle of an insignificant set, the clerical row seems determined at last to force itself on to public attention. Its *modus operandi* may be stated thus: Bishop Colenso being perfectly secure of his position legally, and therefore as unharmed by the awful thunders of Convocation as a villain in a storm at the Victoria Theatre, his enemies have tried another means of what is technically called "getting at him." Hitherto they have only cursed at the law. It is said that now they mean to break it. So far so good. The idea is bold if not original, and certainly merits at this dull season of the year the most heartfelt thanks at the hands of the daily press. A thoroughly defiant violation of the law just now, from a

newspaper point of view of course, is worth a couple of murders or an explosion of a coal-mine. But the public can hardly be expected to look on the matter from this very pecuniary light, and may possibly be disposed to be rather indignant when they understand exactly what has happened, or at least what has been in contemplation. It is stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury has made formal application that a Royal mandate may be granted for the consecration of a new bishop for Natal, and that the Duke of Buckingham, the Colonial Minister, has given his consent to the issue of such a mandate. That is to say, it is stated that a Minister of the Crown has consented to place its authority at the mercy of an obscure colonial bishop, and endorsed, by a practical step, the mere opinion of a quantity of respectable old gentlemen gathered together in Jerusalem Chamber. In short, the *fiat* of an assembly, which legally has no more weight than the expressed view of the majority at "Codgers' Hall" is to become nothing more or less than law for Englishmen, and override the carefully weighed decision of the established law courts of the land. At this rate of course Mr. E. T. Smith would have a perfect right to appoint the judges, and a stray living or two might be gracefully thrown into the hands of Mr. Bradlaugh. Englishmen generally owe a great debt to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

THE CHATHAM OFFICIALS.

IN the interests of the officers of the Royal Engineers, including the princely subaltern who till lately has been doing duty at the head-quarters of that distinguished corps at Chatham, the following passage, quoted from the "Naval and Military Intelligence" of a morning paper, calls for explanation.

"Before leaving Brompton Barracks, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur presented Mr. Superintendent Strength, of the dockyard police force, with a massive gold pencil case, as an acknowledgment of the attention he had received at the hands of that officer during his residence in the dockyard."

What does this mean? Can it be that His Royal Highness, during his stay at Chatham, required such unremitting surveillance that he himself felt himself constrained to mark his appreciation of the strict sense of duty and disregard of persons by which the Inspector must have been inspired? If this is not the case, what can be the object of the gift? It would have been just as sensible for the Prince to offer a gold snuff-box to the town crier, or a diamond ring to the parish beadle. The fact must be either that Prince Arthur requires a deal of looking after, or that His Royal Highness possesses some very extraordinary tastes. Perhaps, on the whole, on completing the paragraph which announces the gift of the pencil case to the policeman, we should incline to the latter opinion, for the newspaper goes on to state that "Captain W. H. Stewart, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and Superintendent of the Dockyard, has been presented with a silver cup as a token of his kindness in placing his official residence at the service of the Queen for the accommodation of His Royal Highness, and that Prince Arthur has likewise presented Captain Stewart with his photograph."

This is indeed a novel method of paying house rent. What would an ordinary landlord say to a tenant who waited on him every quarter day with a Britannia metal spoon and fork and a *carte de visite* likeness instead of ready money? Were it not for Prince Arthur's well-known good qualities, such eccentricities might tend to render him unpopular with the British public, a result deeply to be deplored.

The fact is that, owing to the utter want of discretion on the part of those officers to whose care Prince Arthur was confided during his stay at Chatham, his Royal Highness's course of training at the Engineer head-quarters has proved a complete failure. He is now on a year's leave of absence, at the expiration of which time he will join the Royal Artillery. We trust that Woolwich may prove a better school than Chatham has shown itself.

HOW TO MANAGE BACHELORS.—To Miss-manage them.

MOTTO FOR TOURISTS.—Too many cooks spoil the accommodation.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE IV.

From Florence's Mother to Erica.

FLORENCE is busy with the milliner,
And will be all the morning ; so I take
My pen in hand to write to you for her.
You know how all-important is the make
Of ev'ry dress ; and so she cannot stir,
But begs you will excuse her for the sake
Of her new occupations, now so pressing—
The very first of which, of course, is dressing.

For when she came to town, she really hadn't
A single thing, Erica, fit to wear.
I do assure you, you'd have been quite saddened
To see her wardrobe. I was in despair.
But now my heart both lightened is and gladdened
To see the lovely things on couch and chair,
Piled in the room in which her maid sits stitching ;
And as for Florence, why, she looks bewitching.

The news your letter brought her is quite shocking.
(Those Companies I always had a dread of ;
I'd sooner put my money in a stocking,
Or in those secret drawers that one has read of,
That open with a spring without unlocking.)
And I can quite believe you're almost dead of
That dreadful place from which you write your letter.
Would not Boulogne or Calais have been better ?

I quite agree with you in all you say
To Florence about mountains being appalling ;
One's constantly afraid to lose one's way,
And even with a guide one's always falling.
I hate the Continent—at least to stay :
Life to me there appears so dull and drawling.
Nothing like London, if you want to heighten
Spirits depressed ; and after London, Brighton.

Now, if you'd been the other side the Straits,
You might awhile your exile have forsaken,
And tripped across for a few balls and *fêtes* ;
For though our house is small, we could have taken
You in somehow ; and though, of course, one hates
To have one's household all upset and shaken,
One needs must do one's best where space is precious.
And then your presence would so much refresh us.

Florence is broken-hearted at your losses,
And at your not being here in town to meet her.
She bids me say your absence quite a cross is,
And but for which her Season had been sweeter.
(You know how true and warm a being Floss is.)
Already scores of suitors at her feet are.
It's quite absurd to see the way she's fêted ;
Women and men alike are fascinated.

And, *entre nous*—for I suppose I must
Tell you in confidence the latest news
(I'm sure there's no one I can better trust)—
Some people of great wealth have certain views
Respecting her that soon must be discussed.
Their son's, perhaps, not quite what I should choose
From every point. But, then, a perfect man
Is, as you know, rare as a jet-black swan.

His father's fortune's something quite enormous,
And made exclusively from bricks and mortar.
He built half Croydon, so our friends inform us ;
And though mere *parvenus*, still they go to Court or
The noblest houses, and they come and storm us—
I wish they'd make their calls a little shorter—
Each day with opera-boxes, invitations ;
Indeed, they treat us almost like relations.

And that's precisely what they'd like to be.
They want their son to wed my darling child.
And though, from all that I can gather, he
Must be, to say the least, a little "wild,"
There's nothing in't, as far as I can see,
But may with marriage plans be reconciled ;
For ante-matrimonial carouses
Are, I imagine, common to all spouses.

And mothers can't afford now to be saucy,
For so few men worth marrying propose ;
Each of them seems to think himself a D'Orsay,
And gives his whole thoughts to himself and clothes.
And those who're not mere popinjays are horsey ;
And when that's so, lord ! how their money goes !
So what, you see, with turfites and with tailors,
Sweet marriageable girls are perfect failures.

Not that the sex superior, my dear,
Has ceased by lovely woman to be captured,
But that the present race, you'll grieve to hear,
By wicked wanton creatures are enraptured,
Who drag them into debt o'er head and ear ;
And when the fools have with them ev'ry nap. shared,
Leave these their beggared victims in the lurch,
Who're then too poor to take a girl to church.

The Bullions—for that's their name—desire
To snatch their son from such a dreadful fate.
He has, I hear, already in the fire
His fingers burnt ; but cure is not too late.
They think that they can drag him from the mire
If they can find him but a proper mate ;
And feel quite sure that Florrie's youth and beauty
A sense would give him of domestic duty.

And if a rich young fellow can be snatched
From spendthrift and disreputable ways,
And with a lovely pure young girl be matched,
The wilder he has been, the more the praise :
Nor should we, when his home is snugly thatched,
Enquire too much into his outdoor days.
I'm glad you gave such good advice to Florence
On want of means. I hold it in abhorrence.

As for the man's not being of noble birth,
Beggars—such, now, are parents—can't be choosers ;
Indeed, so great of husbands is the dearth,
Exactng ones invariably are losers.
A topic 'tis of universal mirth
That the old race of feminine refusers
Is dead, and now their hearts are soft as wax
To men on whom they once had turned their backs.

And men of noble lineage never dream
Of marrying a wife without a fortune ;
Or—and I'm sure you won't me partial deem—
They would for my child's favour soon importune.
So does it not, Erica, to you seem,
Flo' to this chance her inclination ought tune ?
The man can give her houses, horses, dresses,
Diamonds, and everything the world possesses.

Now, as I said, all this is *entre nous* ;
The thing, as yet, is only on the *tapis* ;
And you can understand 'twould never do
To make it public, lest by some mishap he
Should not come forward. Still, I felt that you
Would like to know what may make Florence happy ;
And as this island's not like that of Crusoe,
I see no reason why it should not do so.

Of course, a word of this you must not mention
To Florence in your letters, when you write ;
I should not think she guesses the intention
Of our new friends in being so polite,
And would, if told, pronounce it an invention.
Now of all this you must be wearied quite,
So I conclude. Write as you wrote us lately,
Good-bye, Erica. Yours affectionately.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



LONDON, AUGUST 29, 1868.

THE WEEK.

As one reads the manifestoes of certain would-be members of the next Parliament, in which they woo again the old love that they have somewhat sprighted during the last session, one cannot help thinking of the resemblance they bear to a husband who has offended his faithful helpmeet, and seeks to propitiate her with a-dress.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Hepworth Dixon, assuring us that the remarks which appeared in our pages a few weeks back about his proposed candidature for Marylebone were not only unfair, but mischievous. He denies that he has ever had "the benefit of personal relations with the body of honest and respectable citizens" composing the constituency of the borough in question. We gladly welcome this assurance, and, under the circumstances, feel real pleasure in tendering to him our best and sincerest apologies. Mr. Hepworth Dixon requires no certificate at our hands to establish his reputation as an accomplished *literateur* and man of honour. As haters of cant, we can say nothing more; as lovers of justice, we will write nothing less.

A CERTAIN gentleman who styles himself the great Mexican Tragedian boasts that he has received the highest testimonials from Senor Benito Juarez, the President of Mexico. This is an honour, one would have thought, that few men would have cared to parade. However, as the testimony of the great regenerator of Mexico only related to the character of Richard III., he was expressing an opinion on what he really understood. We can imagine that Juarez could sympathise with that enormous villain, though he might not be able fully to comprehend the delicate touches of dramatic art that Shakespeare has shown in this character, any more than the ranting "robustious periwig-pated fellow" who attempts to represent Richard at the St. James's.

SERMONS AND SERMONS!

or,

SWEET LIES FOR WEALTHY SINNERS.

[See CARTOON.]

PREACHING is a trade!

¶ Yes, let us hear no more nonsense about the matter. We are tired of "sentimentality," and are bored to death of "gush." A white tie means a fat living, and a square-cut coat a chance of a seat in the House of Lords. The time has gone by for poverty in the priesthood (save in a few starving curates—and some people *must* starve, you know!), and now the clergy wear

purple and fine linen—very fine linen. Why not? In Queen Anne's reign, the Parson ranked with the Flunkey, and married the Waiting-maid: in Queen Victoria's, he dines with Dives, and drives over Lazarus! Surely, it is better to bluster than to cringe, to ride than to crawl! Allow this, pray, and let's hear no more about it. The Prayer-book is all very well in its way—but is it so important as the Ledger? Scarcely. Way, then, for wealth—we all know that the path to Heaven is strewn with flowers, and abounds with jewels of silver and gold! Knowing this, we have only to enjoy the pleasures of this life and to prepare ourselves for the joys of the next by ordering for ourselves a nice roomy hearse and a most comfortable coffin! Come, that's sense—sense that can be appreciated with a banker's book, sense worthy of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century and the "spirit of the times."

And yet there are fools who would deny this! There are men who say it is wrong to paint vice as virtue, who declare that the woman of the world should never be depicted as a saint, when her heart is as black as coal, and her words are as worthless as ditchwater. They say this, forgetting that the woman of the world pays for her pew with a cheque, and has a right to expect very sweet words for far sweeter money! Poor fools! Poor deluded wretches! You mark the word *poor*!

But come, let us hear no more about it. Let the preacher tell of the *gold* harps of Heaven, and the *golden* crowns of the Saints; let the wealthy hear only of pleasant wines and fine dresses. Let him describe to ladies the Land beyond the Clouds as a place where one's rivals are for ever stumbling, and where the Paris Fashions are known just six weeks before they are even invented! Let him tell men of whist-clubs where *all* outside bets are successful, and where one can ride, (or rather fly) one's own races without being pestered by the attentions of pushing ring-men. Let him thus use the eloquence given to him by his Creator to lure away poor (or rather rich) wicked sinners from the Follies of Earth to the Glories of Heaven!

Let him enter his pulpit to utter sweet lies. Let him ignore the fires of Hell, and scent the sins of Earth until they begin to smell as sweet as flowers and as holy as incense. Let him help the halting to stumble, and the tottering to fall. Let him make the broad road to Destruction wider, and assist those who can scarcely see to grow *quite* blind.

And then having done all this, let him brush away the cobwebs from off the cover of the Bible. Let him open and read in God's Own Word that the wages of Sin are Death, and the fruits of Deceit—Damnation!

OH! BASE INGRATITUDE!

IF we want an instance of gross ingratitude, we cannot find a stronger one than the conduct of some of the theatrical managers towards the proprietors of music halls. A regular league was formed at one time, for the purpose of persecuting with prosecutions the unfortunate owners of music halls for infringing the privilege of theatres. Now, mark what has happened since. Many of these theatres have made their most successful hits with burlesques, the whole merit of which consists in the fidelity with which the dancing and comic songs of the music halls are copied. Really, we think the music hall proprietors ought to revenge themselves on the managers. They have indeed much to complain of. At a great personal loss in many cases, they have acted as pioneers to the theatres; they have gauged the depth of degradation and vulgarity to which the taste of the British public has sunk. When they had ascertained this, the managers of theatres instantly availed themselves of the experience thus gained, and produced all the vulgar sensations of the music halls, only with more complete and splendid appointments. And, cruellest cut of all, Dion Boucicault the great, the classical, the original—the pure Dion, who has reviled the music halls with his eloquent tongue, now puts on the stage, in his last original drama, the whole business of a music hall, with niggers and a comic song complete, so that the economical pleasure-seeker can have his theatre and music hall complete in one, for he can do the smoking and drinking at the nearest public-house during the intervals between the acts; the only thing wanting is the peculiarly refined society of a music hall, and doubtless they will be attracted to theatres when they see the superior advantages possessed by these places of intellectual recreation.



SERMONS AND SERMONS!

OR
SWEET LIES FOR WEALTHY SINNERS.

Digitized by Google

"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER VI.—Our last mutiny. Gunn once more. Desertion of Dubbs. Gunn goes off. The challenge. "We wear swords." The fight with the pistol. The miser duellists. The horrible proposition. The reconciliation. The conclusion, and the Editor's note.

YOU remember where we left off last week? After I had taken the trouble to secure the uniform of an officer, after I had used my utmost exertions to look like a warrior, Dubbs, our private, the very flower of our chivalry, objected to acknowledge me as his chief! The fact was too painful, and I watered my ink with bitter tears. But more was to follow. Scarcely had I recovered from the shock of Dubbs's cruelty and ingratitude ere Gunn sprang to his feet—sprang to his feet white with passion and unsteady on beer. He poured forth a flood of eloquence upon our devoted heads—eloquence forcible and unpublishable—eloquence which confounded Cockloft and filled my soul with horror and astonishment. Naturally you may ask, what was the purport of that eloquence? As naturally I may shrink from answering your question. Perhaps you may insist, and then (with my usual good nature) I may comply. Well, then, as it would be impossible to give the speech of the unworthy Gunn verbatim, I may provide you with a *précis*.

Our drill sergeant said that he supposed we considered ourselves gentlemen. That he had seen better gentlemen made of tea leaves. That he had been trodden under foot by us. That he objected to be trodden under foot by anyone, let alone by us. That he wanted to know who we supposed we were? Who Cockloft thought *he* was? Who I thought *I* was? Also wanted to know what we meant by coming down in uniform and trying to order *him* about? Did we call ourselves officers? If we did we were wrong. We were no more officers than he was the Emperor of China—not half so much. Where were our rank and file? Didn't we know that only a company fifty strong could have three officers? Were *we* a company fifty strong? Was Dubbs there a company of fifty strong? What did we all mean by it? He would tell us what *he* meant by it. He should go away and "cut the whole concern." Not only would he do this, but if Dubbs liked to come he would promise to pilot the private home. What did Dubbs say to the idea?

Dubbs had much to say to the idea, but what Dubbs had to say was not very intelligible. As far as I could make out Dubbs seemed to imagine that Gunn was a newly-found and dearly loved relation of his—a relation fit to be cherished and wept over. Accordingly Dubbs not only cherished the sergeant, but wept over him—copiously.

Soon, however, he became calmer, and the Regiment, attended by his drill sergeant, left the room.

A dead silence—Cockloft and I were alone!

"See what your tomfoolery has brought about," exclaimed my "captain" (captain indeed!) angrily.

I said nothing, but rose from my seat. I rose from my seat majestically and put on my shako. I left my seat and approached the door. Approached the door, and was on the point of quitting the place for ever, when Cockloft screamed after me.

"Coward! would you leave me to pay the bill?"

"Eh, and would I, John Cockloft, right merrily, for I hold you to be no better than a paltry poltroon." I said this with great haughtiness and in my best manner. (I have lately been writing an old English story for the *London Ledger*, and always fall into the language of Elizabeth's reign when I grow excited.) I continued: "Wert thou not a miserable knave, I would e'en crack thy goose's pate with a quarter-staff made of oak wood!"

"This is really too much," returned Cockloft furiously. "You must answer for this, Lieutenant Smythe, with your life! We both wear swords—you understand!"

"Don't play the fool," said I, with an uncomfortable smile. "You know I didn't mean anything."

"You must allow *me* to be the judge of what you meant. I repeat, we both wear swords. Be good enough to defend yourself!" With this the *idiot* actually made a lunge at me.

"Hold!" I exclaimed; "the duel is unequal. My sword is blunt!"

"So much the better for me!" replied Cockloft.

"Craven!" I cried, getting behind a table, "would'st murder me? Would'st have thy last moments on the scaffold reported

gushingly in the *Daily Telegraph*, and thy last expression reproduced in wax in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's?"

"Well, then, if you won't use your sword like a man, we must buy pistols," and Cockloft attempted to sheathe his sword with dignity.

Seeing that my "captain" (captain indeed! ha! ha! captain!) was not in a state to listen to *sober* (you mark the sarcasm *sober*) reason, I consented to his proposition.

We left the room together. I turned my back upon Cockloft as he slowly paid the bill. This ceremony completed to the landlord's grim satisfaction, and we left the "Princess Royal" for the High street.

Calmly and sternly we walked along side by side. Little thought the infant "roughs" who jeered at us that we were men marching towards death,—little imagined the one policeman of Burnham Scrubs that in us he saw two determined (*very* determined) duellists. At length I stopped short.

"Cockloft," said I, "where are we to get the pistols?"

"Well," replied my opponent, stroking his moustache, "well, I suppose we must buy them."

"Never!" I exclaimed. "I will never waste my money upon such an useless article of furniture as a duelling pistol!"

"No more will I!"

"Well, then?"

"Look here," said Cockloft. "I tell you how we might manage it. Suppose we pay for half a pistol each and only buy one. We might easily toss up who should use it!"

This was too much for my gravity, and I fairly burst into a roar of laughter. Merriment is contagious, and soon my captain was as merry as myself.

"Cockloft, my boy," I said, "we have been making fools of ourselves, and that's the truth of it. The only thing I regret is that I have bought my uniform."

"Well," said Cockloft, who had now quite recovered his good humour, "I will pay for that—on one condition."

"And that is?"

"You won't be offended?"

"No—of course not. What is it?"

"Well—"

"Go on: you talk like the conversation in Alexandre Dumas' novels."

"That you write an account of our nonsense in the TOMAHAWK."

"NEVER!"

"Well, then, you must pay for your uniform."

"NEVER!"

"Then you will write?"

"I will."

"To the TOMAHAWK?"

"To the TOMAHAWK."

"An account of our nonsense?"

"An account of our nonsense."

"Why?"

"Because I believe—"

"Yes?"

"That this account—"

"Yes, that this account— Proceed, your story interests me much."

"Will prove—"

"I am listening."

"An excellent substitute—"

"For what?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You must mean laudanum."

"Yes, an excellent substitute for laudanum."

"At breakfast?"

"At any time."

And so, gentle reader, my story is finished.

[So much the better, although there are harmless idiots, who seem from their letters to have enjoyed our contributor's "nonsense" quite amazingly. We pity them!—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—In the article entitled "Another Murder at the Haymarket," by a slip of the pen we were made to talk of Miss Frances Bouverie playing the character of "Cymbeline;" it should have been "Imogen."

A CARD!

LOOKING through the advertisements in one of Debrett's volumes we came on the following, which we venture to think quite unique :—

"THE ANGEL AND ROYAL HOTEL, GRANTHAM."

Patronised by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, February 23rd, 1866; by King John, 23rd February, 1213; and by King Richard, 19th October, 1483.

DOMESTIC COMFORTS AND BED-ROOM PURITY IN HOTEL,
and excellent Stabling for Hunters.

RICHARD JOHN BOYALL, Proprietor.

Surely such a dazzling combination of historical associations and perfect morality was never known. We suppose the purity is limited to the bed-rooms, and does not extend to the sitting rooms. We shall soon expect to see something like the following :—

"PORK PIE SHOP AND SAUSAGES."

Patronised by H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, 20th May, 1868; by Julius Cæsar, 1st April, B.C. 56; and by William the Conqueror, 2nd March, A.D. 1066.

THE LUXURIES OF HOME AND DRAWING-ROOM CHASTENESS IN
BACK PARLOUR.
Capital Retreat for Cats.

ON TRIAL.—CHARITY MONGERS.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours again this morning.

The first witness called was Mr. OCTAVIUS BUDGEN, M.T.S. He said :—He was the Secretary of a Charitable Institution. He would give its name. It was called the "Distressed and Bedridden Travelling Tinkers' Wives' Benevolent Society." The scope of the Society was conveyed in its title. He thought it a very beneficial and useful Association. He thought it did a great deal of good. Yes, as Secretary he was receiving a salary. He could state the amount. It was £450 a-year. He considered that a useful and beneficial payment. The funds of the Society were not very great, but still respectable. He meant by respectable, their capacity to pay a staff of officials decently and provide for a good annual dinner. The amount of the Society's income from endowment and subscription averaged about £2,673 14s. 11d. He was of opinion that the amount of benefit conferred on indigent travelling tinkers' wives was in all respects satisfactory when set off against the sum he had named. They had at the present moment one bedridden inmate on the books, while no less than five distressed applicants had been recipients of charity during the past six months. No, that was *not* all that they had effected in the last half-year. He was happy and proud to say they had discharged duties even more sacred and solemn. They had coffined *and* buried two bedridden dependants since the last meeting. Yes, that was the sum total of their labours over six months. It was not his business to analyse the accounts, but of course he could roughly state some of the principal items of expenditure. The one bedridden inmate cost, half-yearly, £9 14s. 2d. The two who had died, having done so early in the quarter, had not cost the Society more than £11 19s. 1d. This sum included their coffins. The five other "recipients of charity" had drawn on the funds of the Society to the extent of £7 11s. Yes, he was aware that this was an average outlay of not more than £60 a-year. The rest of the money went in fees, printing, salaries, and the expenses of the annual dinner. No, he was not ashamed of himself. He had heard it said that the Association did not do quite enough work for the money, and once a newspaper had talked of it as a "bad case." If it was a "bad case," there were many other cases very nearly as bad. He considered the accounts perfectly defensible. The object of all charitable societies might be briefly stated. Their first duty was to provide comfortable and well-paid berths for a large staff of highly respectable officials.

The witness, who gave his evidence throughout in a quiet though surprised manner, was here ordered to stand down.

The Lady HONORIA SHAMWAY was then called. Her Ladyship said :—She was a large contributor to respectable charities. Respectable charities of course meant those which advertised the donations in the *Times* and other papers people

saw. Yes, she considered the system of publishing the names of those who contributed to the maintenance of Charitable Institutions a great mistake. It absolutely obliged people of position to squander a quantity of money that they could ill afford for such trivialities. Last year she had absolutely to reduce the number of her new dresses from 13 to 11, and had to appear twice at the Duchess of Muckborough's *matinées* in the same colour. She could not help herself, however, as even Lady Pennypots and Mrs. Fatwynd figured for as much as she did in all the leading lists. She had spoken to Lord Shamway on the subject, and they had had quite a discussion on the advisability of giving up either the opera box or the charitable donations. The former, of course, was impossible, and the latter was certainly very nearly so. Indeed, she asked Lord Shamway whether he meant her to give up all her luxuries together, including hair powder. The real fault consisted in the publication of the names, for were that once stopped there would, naturally enough, be no subscribers. Her Ladyship had heard of Dives, but could never quite understand why he was—

At this point our parcel left.

THE MANIACS COLUMN;
or,
PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first destroyed a world, and yet
'Tis a preserver of our own;
My second is what tyrants do
When hurled by patriots from their throne,
From rivers rapid, vast and deep,
From mountains lofty, wild and steep;
For centuries untold, my whole
Has never ceased its mighty roll.

2.

My first is what both old and young
At times aspire to be,
Perfect in manners and in dress,
And winning gallantry;
Of marriage who go through the act,
My second are sure to contract;
My whole is a charm in God's plan,
Which belongs both to Nature and man.

3.

My first, a letter of the alphabet,
Without my second eggs you'd rarely get,
My third all music's instruments express,
In some a greater and in some a less;
The three together, properly combined,
My whole will furnish in one word defined.

4.

My first's a word that has convulsed the earth,
And to more wrong and bloodshed given birth
Than aught beside; a planet like our own,
Each lunar month my second will have grown;
My whole's a word 'tis odious not to be,
Though few but mourn o'er human treachery.

5.

When people are merry and lively, a word
That describes what they are in my first may be heard,
My second's a low vulgar brute whom all shun,
My third is a letter oft called number one,
My whole is a hero—we have not got many
Still living—but he is a nobler than any.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Canaletti. 2. Samson.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Three Stray Buzwings, Old John, Awful Duffer, La Bécassine de Brompton, Gulnare and Orpheus (Ramsgate), Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, C. E. Beale, Little Lily (Beckhampton), I. J. Fife.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 70.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

TOMAHAWK'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN,—Some hundreds of declarations of political faith are now being circulated throughout the country, by those anxious to represent various towns, or counties, in the next Parliament. The constituency to which TOMAHAWK appeals includes the whole of our country; no vestries, no revising barristers can decide who is to vote, or who is not to vote, amongst you; wherever the English language is spoken or read, there are those whose suffrages he solicits, whether here at home in our native land, or in the most distant colonies and offshoots of Great Britain, or in foreign countries where English men and women have found a resting-place. To all whom a common language, if not a common love, unites with us; to all who wish, and pray, and strive, for the good and happiness of their fellow-creatures,—yes, to all who love the truth, and hate falsehoods, shams, and pretences of all sort; who prize earnestness and sincerity above expediency and well-seeming; who detest hypocrisy and humbug, though they may be sanctioned by long custom, and cherished by the rich and influential; to all who seek the welfare of the many before the advantage of the few or the indulgence of self, TOMAHAWK appeals for support.

Wearing the badge of no party, pledged to follow no leader, saddled with no prejudices, hampered by no precedents, free to praise or blame as the conduct of persons deserves, not as personal likes or dislikes may dictate; free to fight on whichever side has the right, not the might; free to change opinions but not principles, ready to confess himself in the wrong if he is, but not because the world says he is,—on these conditions, and on these alone, TOMAHAWK seeks your votes.

With regard to the great question on which this election mainly turns, he has frequently expressed his opinion. Anxious to remedy injustice by whomsoever inflicted or suffered, he hopes to see the Protestant Church no longer trying to force itself on a reluctant majority of the people of Ireland. The great principle that everyone is free to choose their own religion, and to exercise it without let and hindrance, is a more powerful engine for conversion to Christianity, than all the Establishments that man can devise or money support. Since we cannot rob the mind of its freedom, let us not try to shackle the expression of its thoughts; in such free discussions more errors are destroyed than are created, and in eternity truth will prevail, though for a time the false may triumph.

The great Reform Bill of 1867 will soon be judged by its fruits. Let those who have received the suffrage show that they know how to use it, and by fighting manfully against all corruption, whatever form it may assume, teach a lesson to those whose privileges they now share, and prove that they are pure leaven which will leaven the whole lump. Those late members of Parliament who fought against purity of elections from their seats in the House of Commons will now give practical effect to their honourable opinions. Let the electors refuse to be made their tools, and by indignantly repudiating their bribes and their promises teach them the lesson in honesty and manly independence which they so much need. Such a lesson may console them for the loss of their seats.

We are told by some that the time has now really come when the Throne and the Constitution are in real danger. There are,

no doubt, some fighting in the ranks of the Liberals who would destroy them: for such, TOMAHAWK has shown, and will show, no mercy. It is not because he has dared to tell his Sovereign the truth, because he has refused to toady and flatter every member of the Royal Family, whether born so or made so, that he loves his Queen any the less, or is less loyal to her and to her Throne. Jealous of the honour of both, he will ever refuse to play the courtier; and not all the scurrilous taunts and malignant slanders of those whose own degraded natures teach them to flatter in public and snarl in private, whose loyalty is a thin and tinselled cloak meant to attract attention and not to stand wear; not all the buzz of this cloud of parasites, nor their paltry stings, shall turn TOMAHAWK from what he knows is his honest course.

There are questions, too, fully as grave as the Irish Church and Electoral Reform before the country now. England is backward in Education, her system is too narrow in every sense; ignorance is ill supplanted by knowledge only half or badly taught. Education is a duty which the State owes to its subjects, which parents owe to their children, which children owe to themselves; and the system of education should be as nearly free as is consistent with morality, and the funds to provide it should be raised from every man in the land according to his means. You may compel a man to send his child to school, you cannot compel that child to learn anything; but by punishing idleness and rewarding industry, you will establish, practically, compulsory education; for self-interest will teach people its value. Education cannot make people moral, but it makes them less immoral by giving them another appetite, that of the mind, to satisfy, in addition to those of the body. Drunkenness, one of the great curses of this country, will be thus, we trust, diminished, more than by any temperance laws. Much may be done to remedy the evils caused by drink, by purifying our national liquors, and training the people to the use of less fiery stimulants than vitriol gin and potato brandy. But drunkenness must be never held as an excuse for crime, and adulteration must be punished as the crime it really is, before any progress can be made towards reform in these matters.

It is to be hoped that the next Parliament will devote more of its time and attention to measures which shall have for their object the real benefit of the people, than to elaborate party manoeuvres and disgraceful personal squabbles. Whatever may be the result of these coming elections, it can scarcely be the return of a House of Commons as contemptible as the last, in which every good measure that was passed was stained by the most unscrupulous audacity of a political adventurer, or the self-interested professions of disinterestedness on the part of a restless ambitious genius, hungering after the power which his own ill-regulated caprice and temper had thrown away. We want men whose convictions are not the offsprings of altered fortunes or momentary impulse, convictions which are not ready to give way to the next crotchet which may attract their unstable fancies; we want men who, having made up their minds as to what is the right course, are determined to pursue that course with single-minded energy, turning neither to one side or the other, courting, not the applause of the mob, but the approval of their own consciences.

It is by the aid of such men that we may hope to gain those ends for which TOMAHAWK has ever striven; a Poor Law, which shall enable the recipient of its bounty to preserve his self-respect, and not feel that he is condemned, without any

trial, for a crime which justifies his gaolers in treating him with every species of indignity and torture, which, at the same time, shall sternly refuse to support in a life of useless indolence the professional vagrant; a supplement to Mr. Torrens's Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Bill, which shall make the packing of the poor into styes of filth and vice a crime as great as the crimes which such conduct produces; a thorough reform of the laws affecting the relations of the sexes, which now give every facility to a designing heartless coquette who is shameless enough to expose her petty affectations of modesty, love, &c., before an open court, in order that she may recover the price of her broken heart as assessed by an impressionable jury, while the same law renders it impossible to punish the man who deliberately seduces some really modest and trustful girl under a promise of marriage, provided he is sufficiently well off to pay the price which is set on such indulgences.

When the future Parliament meets, it is for reforms of this kind that TOMAHAWK will struggle with all his might and main; his weapon will still be raised against all fraud and dishonesty, whether in the petty tradesman or the great financier; against all humbug and pretence, whether in the Court or in the cottage; against all false morality; against all calling of right wrong and wrong right because it suits our convenience, whether in the saloons of the highest society or in the lowest public-houses of the poor. Confident in the honesty of his intention and in the justice of his cause, TOMAHAWK calls for support on you, his fellow countrymen and countrywomen, wherever and whosoever you be.

(Signed)

TOMAHAWK.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE V.

From Willie to Florence.

[Never received.]

O FLORENCE! Florence! if you knew the pain,
The heavy-hearted sense and loss of pride,
I carry with me since I broke the chain
Which long has bound me captive at your side,
I think that you mine speedily would gain,
And world and worldlings' frown be all defied.
Falsehood at best is but an inutility;
And I now lie too low to ape humility.

So why should I dissimulate, or strive
Either from you or self to hide the truth,
I have been in your heart as bee in hive,
And there have garnered up the sweets of youth;
Sweets which alone, as long as we're alive,
Can save from wintry Life's long wants and ruth?
Me from that hive you vainly will expel;
My impress will remain in ev'ry cell.

Oh yes! you love me, though you would not speak
The words I late besought with unlocked lips,
But still continued obdurately weak.
But there are truths which suffer not eclipse.
The mouth may close; but through the eye, the cheek,
The shrinking form, the silent passion slips.
I know that you do love me; and you know
You are Life's breath, Life's life to me below.

Why then not curst Convention's fetters break,
And be the God-created thing you are,
And the grand thirst of Nature's instincts slake,
Despite the arms that baulk, the laws that mar?
For none can ever of their rights partake
Who against wrong proclaim not open war.
And Fashion is a coward which will yield
Its vain pretensions if they take the field.

Oh! take it with me, Florence, as my wife.
I have not wealth, but I have competence;
Enough against all possible ills of life,
That thus wise can be fended, for defence.

To wish for more is but to covet strife

Among that vulgar struggling concourse whence
My aim 't has been to snatch you, and to bear you
Where Nature, Love, and I alone may share you.

I should not grudge you to the ambient air,
Or to the starlight, or to your own soul.
You to the Universe yourself should bare,
And commune with the everlasting Whole.
But I do fume to think that each foul lair,
Simply because 'tis gilded, should control
Your steps, and lure you through the painted portal,
'Neath which who pass soon cease to be immortal.

For heed me, Florence, when I say that we
Can kill the soul as well as kill the flesh.
It does not die so soon, so easily;
For, crushed, it long time springeth up afresh.
At last, all efforts maugre to be free,
The body doth the spirit fast enmesh,
And drags it to their common death and doom.
No angel's trump shall ever stir *their* tomb.

Let them not kill you, Florence, thus outright!
Why, look! they want to link you to the dead,
Whilst living—you, a thing of life and light!—
And then to tell you mockingly, "you're wed."
If conscience sleeps by day, in dead of night
Do you not start from dreams, and quake for dread?
Remember, Florence! Heav'n grants no divorce
From what you marry—no, not from a corse!

No superb palaces, no perfumed room,
No gold, no wealth, no splendour, no display,
Can more than but luxuriously inhume
Their tenant, when that tenant is but clay.
Even a temple is but as a tomb,
When the Divinity is scared away;
Whilst Heav'n can make its home within a hovel,
If souls be there which know not how to grovel.

Yes! I conjure you to confront them all,
Parents, and friends, and slaves, and sycophants,
Who would but make of you base Custom's thrall,
E'en whilst they fancy that they feed your wants.
Let no vain terrors your resolve appal!
What courage asks, a craven swiftly grants;
And though it tries to play the hector's part,
Society is craven in its heart.

Defy it—spurn it—leave it—be yourself!
Show how you scorn the things it hugs the most—
Its barren pleasures, still more barren pelf,
And fouler toys wherewith it lives engrossed.
And it will own at last that Love's the elf
Which can alone Contentment's secrets boast.
And we will lead the simplest, noblest life
That e'er became a husband and a wife.

EPISTLE VI.

From Florence's Father to Willie.

[Containing the above Epistle, returned.]

HEREWITH I send you back your foolish letter,
Than to write which, although I comprehend
Scarcely a word, you ought to have known better.
Your cousin can no longer be your friend.
As for still more than that—you'll *never* get her;
The thing's absurd; so let there be an end.
Of this be sure: whatever she may do,
And come what will, she'll never marry *you*.

THE GAS IS ESCAPING FROM SCOTLAND YARD!—Turn off
the Mayne.

MOTTO FOR THE SELFISH SNOBS OF FOLKESTONE.—*Sick
nos non nobis.*

A POWER THAT WANTS CURTAILING.

"BRITONS never, never"—every Englishman knows the rest; but by this time every Englishman must be aware that whatever his rights once were, he is now the abject plaything of a puny dictator. There is absolutely a man in London, the capital of Great Britain, the metropolis of liberty (whatever that may mean), who, when his Queen is absent, and the Ministers knocking up the grouse, issues edicts and publishes decrees which begin in the first person, and continue in the most arrogant tone it is possible for such a person to assume. The Englishman abroad, or the intelligent foreigner, will probably be under the impression that this individual is a Prince of blood Royal, or a Commander-in-Chief, or at least a Colonel of Volunteers. Not a bit of it; the self-created Prefect of London is a Policeman. His inexperience and youth have probably turned his head, and led him to imagine that his powers are greater than they really are. Still less near the truth. Our offensive Policeman is an old gentleman of seventy-three years of age, having come into the world he was to adorn under the auspices of Sirius, in the year 1796. Son of an Irish Justice, and brought up at Trinity College, Dublin, Sir Richard Mayne seems to think that, like other Irishmen, he need not apply for permission to promulgate Acts, but simply issues his Bull and looks down from his pedestal on the poor forlorn Britons who have accepted his authority.

If this new Dictator has autocratic powers, where will he stop? We shall not be astonished to see a proclamation tomorrow to the effect that Inspector Wiggins of the A force is to be made Censor of the Press, and by next week we shall probably receive an intimation informing us that the TOMAHAWK has been suspended, or at least we shall be favoured with a long *communiqué*, to be published at our own expense on our first page, under a penalty of six months' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds.

Joking apart, an edict has been issued muzzling our dogs for any time that the Dictator shall settle at his good will and pleasure. It is not a question of dogs' comfort or discomfort now. Youatt, the best authority, will tell you how muzzling affects dogs. But such treatment gives great annoyance to owners of dogs; and even those who do not possess the faithful animals, and even fear them, must have seen the continual nuisance to owner and passer-by caused by the necessity of holding a dog in leash.

If this aged Dogberry has power to issue such edicts, he may improve each shining hour, the slavery of the subject, and the tyranny of the police. Neither Sir Richard nor his myrmidons are popular, and they know, to their cost, that the people is the stronger when it likes. To the people then we simply say, Don't muzzle your dogs until you are perfectly sure that this Policeman has power of himself to command. If he has, counteract such power at the next elections, and if we are to be slaves, at least let someone else but an Irishman of seventy-three years of age be the man to hold the whip.

We subjoin a copy of a proclamation which it is understood will shortly appear on the walls of this good city of London:—



WE, RICHARD, by the grace of God, Emperor of all the Crushers, King of Scotland Yard, Protector of the Bobbies, Knight Companion of the Bath, and Daily Receiver of the Public Chaff, do hereby will and decree that any person or persons possessing a dog, cat, or other wild animal of domestic tendencies, shall be under the strict surveillance of the Police. Also, that Members of the Force shall be encouraged to enter forcibly, if necessary, all domiciles of such person or persons in order to ascertain whether such dog, cat, or other wild animal be muzzled and otherwise maltreated, according to our last edict (Ric. Mayne 2). Also, that any canary bird discovered without its beak filed and its wings cut, shall be seized and committed to prison during such time as we shall think fit and proper.

Witness our hand and seal,

RICHARD.

Given at Scotland Yard, this September 1st, 1868.

SELF-SACRIFICE!—A "waggish Cockney" informs us that Mr. Du Cane is about to cut his stick!

LOW—TO A DEGREE.

AN age that has produced the girl of the period, endorsed the *morale* of the *Grand Duchess*, and put up with Mr. Disraeli's Government may be excused many foibles on the score of eccentricity.

When virtues that the mothers of another day held sacred are set down as abominable prudery, and parties turn political somersaults rather than let go their hold of the country's purse strings, it may be fairly taken for granted that the day has peculiar tastes of its own. What wonder, then, that when all things are righting themselves upside down, Oxford should suddenly declare itself Radical, and offer the advantages of a University degree to bakers, butchers, and candlestick-makers for a small payment, comprising an entrance fee of £5 5s., and three annual subscriptions of £3 10s.

When pearls of this kind are thrown broadcast, if not to swine, at least to the British public, it is more than probable that a fine crop of genuine snobs will answer the welcome challenge. The superabundant halo investing college life will, it may be imagined, overflow on to the surrounding outsiders, and many a lawyer's clerk or second-class tradesman, who ought to be beating his eldest son into shape by courses of book-keeping by double entry and ledger-balancing, will be sending him up to the University to waste three precious years of his life in unfitting himself for any possible useful purpose now or hereafter.

That nothing could possibly be more disastrous than this, everyone interested in the welfare of England's youth must readily admit, and no body of men ought to be more alive to the dangers it must inevitably involve than the University authorities themselves. Under these circumstances, it is tolerably certain that Oxford, always up to time and equal to any emergency, will meet the crisis by the bold expedient of making her degree dependent on the attainment of useful and practical knowledge. She will, as a matter of course, appoint a whole batch of new professors, and plunge *con amore* into the sweeping torrent of the times. It is useless to offer white kid gloves to a costermonger, for that respectable but roguish member of society would set far more value on a new girth for his donkey or a cup of train oil for his trap-wheels. Bearing this in mind, and with a laudable determination to meet the requirements of the age, let Oxford set to work and forthwith take the matter boldly in hand. When the new race of undergraduates takes the old place by siege, the "*University Intelligence*" must occasionally give the world some such information as follows:—

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—September 1.

At a congregation to be held on Friday next, the 4th inst., a new statute, establishing a new Final Honour School—the subject-matter to be Boot-cleaning—will be promulgated.

The Sydenham Professors of Trousering, Messrs. Samuel, will give a course of twelve lectures on "The Double-breasted Waistcoat, and its Influences on the Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century." These lectures will be delivered at the *Taylor Institute*, every Wednesday and Friday, till the course is completed.

The Regius Professor of Dyeing and Scouring, S. Wilberforce, will continue his series of lectures on "Soap" in the ensuing term.

The Fortnum Mason Prize for the best essay on "Tea Leaves" has been awarded to Mr. Dipworth, of Jericho Hall.

The subject for the competition for the Fitzgibbon Historical Prize for 1869 is "The Rise and Fall of the Price of Butchers' Meat under the Stuarts."

Ambitious Englishmen who think they can turn their sons into fine gentlemen by sending them up to Oxford for the purpose of hanging about college gates are invited to peruse the above intelligence over and over again. When Oxford suits *their* requirements, it will, oddly enough, cease to be Oxford.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A FEW days since the French police made a raid upon a jeweller's shop in Paris to discover, and appropriate when found, miniature lanterns. We can quite understand the Emperor's objection to M. Rochefort's publication—Napoleon and his doings cannot bear even the smallest light!

IN spite of Mr. Charles Reade's remarks about the "Mock Sample Swindle," which lately were published in *Once a Week*, we cannot call the plot of *Foul Play* original. We know perfectly well that the talented author of *Hard Cash* has great confidence in his own abilities, but imagine that he must have put his trust in another "reed" when he commenced a novel with the aid of a partner. We all know what comes of leaning on "reeds"—don't we, Mr. Boucicault?

THE Great Reformer and Modern Brutus who sacrificed his children to the good of his country (we don't care to print the fellow's name, but it appeared recently in the Police Reports) has forwarded to us a "Defence" in which he admits the soft impeachment made in the House of Commons of having taken part in the proceedings of a disreputable mock-law "Society" flourishing (or rather, let us hope, languishing) in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. He attributes his dismissal by the proprietor of said "Society" to the persecution of the Police. As lovers of Justice, we trust that the "myrmidons" of Sir Richard Mayne will some day be able to make him reparation. Nothing would please us better than to see the worthy Chartist appearing once more before a Judge and Jury!

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours at ten o'clock this morning. As might be expected from the great interest already manifested in the proceedings connected with the present investigation, the room was again densely crowded.

The examination of Mrs. Fitz-topham was continued. She said she certainly considered that the Grawleys were people to be cultivated. Her reasons for this opinion were many and various. She could give some if required. In the first place Mrs.

Grawley was of an excellent family. She was second cousin to Lord Stuffington. Her set too was unimpeachable. One met everybody at her "at homes." By "everybody" she meant everybody worth knowing. Yes, she could give names. The Cabways, Larksbys, Lady Pumbleston, Mrs. Washborough, Sir Harry Grubbs, Colonel Mattigan, and the Bilchers—in fact, *everybody*. No, she had no special regard for Mrs. Grawley personally. On the contrary, she considered her to be a stuck-up, impertinent, and scandal-talking old woman. She did not mean to signify by that that she had no virtues. She certainly dressed well, and had shown considerable skill in marrying her two eldest girls, the one to a retired but extremely successful soap factory, the other to an aged baronetcy and ten thousand a year. No, she did not *enjoy* the evenings at the Grawleys', but she considered it a solemn duty to be seen there. The amusement was of a rather sombre character. She generally arrived at about eleven o'clock, stood either on the stairs or on the landing for one hour and three-quarters, with the thermometer at 86, had a glass of sherry and pink wafer, and then went home. She did not mind spending an evening in this fashion, as she often derived considerable satisfaction from the proceeding. Yes, she was on the whole satisfied with her last evening at the Grawleys'. On that occasion she caught a glimpse of the back of young Sir Charles Foodle's head, received a gracious nod from Lady Bankey, *when* Mrs. Macstinger was looking, and noticed that Young Brodfinch (£2,000 a year and three uncles) took no notice of Flora Stooper (the banker's daughter), but chatted half-an-hour on the nursery stairs with her own dear Letitia. This was not all her recreation on the evening in question. She had later the gratification of treading on Mrs. Macstinger's yellow train (by mistake) and hearing it crack where it joins the waistband. Yes, she would call *this* a pleasant evening. Season after season she was in the habit of indulging in the same round of gaiety. She used that term advisedly. She could not exactly say what good she hoped to get from it. Of course she received herself, and gave dinners. Her dinners were highly sociable entertainments, and as dinners were great successes. Eighteen people, not well acquainted with each other, sat down in evening dress to a repast, provided at so much a head by the pastrycook (wine included), and served up by the greengrocer and his assistant, in white neckcloths. This took place at her house six times in the season. No, she did not consider that life would be worth living unrelieved by bright spots of this kind. Could not say that her dinners secured her any real friends. Fitz-topham had made some remark to the effect that their expenditure was too high, and that they were exceeding their income. Of course they could not help it, as it was indispensable they should know the Grawleys. She supposed if worst came to worst, they should travel for a couple of years or so. By travelling, she meant putting up in cheap apartments in an obscure Belgian town, and living on £220 a-year. There was nothing odd or humiliating in this. Lady Tuffins, it is true, gave out that she was going to Rome, but she appeared not to have succeeded in getting farther than Boulogne. She had been seen lately in a back street of that fashionable place, bargaining for two pounds of pork sausages.

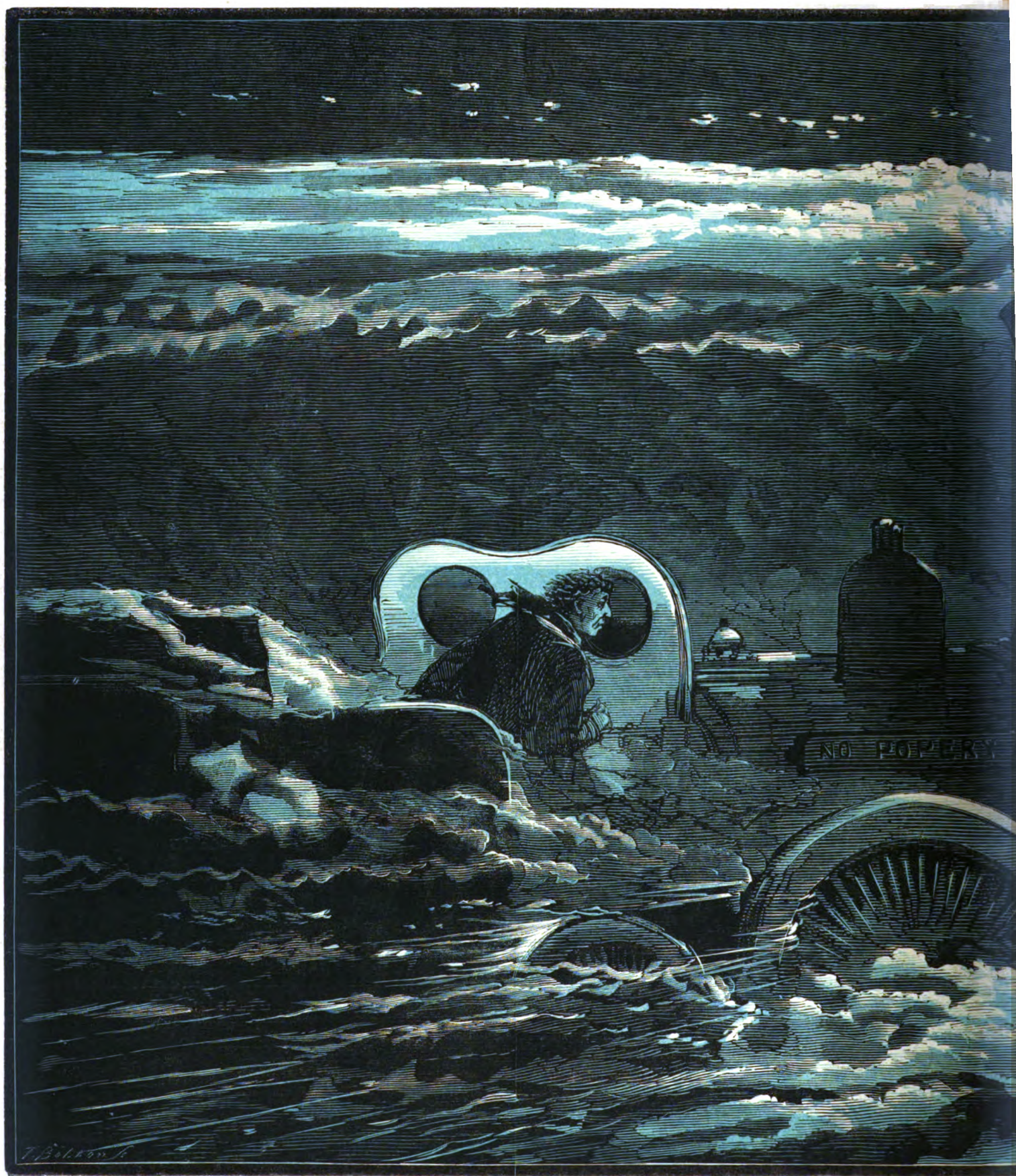
The witness was here requested to stand down.

THIEVES, THIEVES!

WE are glad to see that at last somebody is in earnest, and means to cut down the present over-stocked establishments of our Government offices. The newspapers announce that a prize of one hundred guineas is offered for an essay on Kleptomania, "with a view to determine whether kleptomaniacs should be held disqualified for employments of trust and authority under the Crown: also to inquire under what circumstances this mischievous propensity becomes criminal."

Fortunately, the inquiry can have but one result; and the public may confidently expect to find a substantial reduction in the Civil Service Estimates of next year, caused by the dismissal of about two-thirds of the present officials.

To characterise persons receiving large salaries for neglecting their duties or doing absolutely nothing as being under the influence of kleptomania, shows a spirit of gentle forbearance, blended with a strict sense of justice, which, to say the least of it, is uncommon in the present generation.



RUNNING IN



TO DANGER !

(DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI.)

1888] **ELECTIO.**
 —Mr. Antl
 at the same time as
 was the earliest
 of all right work
 those did not ap
 present a little post
 but is abominably
 and that he h
 of the time. Wh
 is accountable
 which c
 which had gone t
 like the female
 and he was rath
 and him som
 when pulled o
 and to commenc
 straight off to t
 strong, and that
 Well they soo
 get there. An
 have ahead
 crowd I want.
 was known at t
 the enthusiast
 such as to beg
 of the candida
 was a good man
 and like a le
 to address th
 at they desert
 he the musicia
 place and left
 then scow
 the most colle
 to tell them fr
 for one
 Here s
 "Three cl
 lives!" H
 many winters,
 some l
 however, w
 had been har
 he had don
 But it a
 somebody o
 strong and
 that was "Po
 a nation of t
 in trust, and
 many ladies
 all down
 that ladies a
 recorded. A
 been put
 continua who
 and screa
 expressions
 sex—3
 express an
 He
 their hav
 he q
 he had late
 strong p
 to make
 he had l
 his mag
 such wor
 most
 front
 in orde
 the return
 gallery
 the men
 the men

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. Anthony Trollope arrived here yesterday about the same time as the mid-day post, having started from London by the earliest possible train in the morning, and having sat up all night working at a love-story in order to catch it. Mr. Trollope did not appear at all tired by his journey; only he seemed a little put out at express trains being, as he complained, so abominably slow. The carriages likewise shook so, he said, that he had been able to write only during two-thirds of the time. When it was suggested that the *excessive* pace was accountable for that, he answered "Stuff and nonsense;" a reply which caused one or two members of the deputation which had gone to meet him to remark that he talked uncommonly like the female characters in his own books, and that they feared he was rather illogical and hated contradiction. When they offered him some lunch, he answered them in much the same fashion, pulled out his watch impetuously, declared that he wished to commence the campaign at once, and proposed going straight off to the Spa. It was objected that the band was playing, and that the young ladies had not quite done bathing. "Well, they soon will be," he said; "probably by the time we get there. And as for the band, that's the very thing. It will have already collected a crowd for us, and the very sort of crowd I want."

When it was known at the Spa that Mr. Anthony Trollope had arrived, the enthusiasm and curiosity of the ladies on the ground were such as to beggar all description. The bluff, honest appearance of the candidate seemed rather to disappoint them, and there were a good many whispers to the effect that he certainly did not *look* like a ladies' man. But when they heard that he was about to address them, all their interest revived; and so completely did they desert that portion of the Spa dedicated to the band, that the musicians folded up their quadrille books and their galops, and left in high dudgeon.

Mr. Trollope then scowled upon his audience and commenced speaking in the most colloquial but fluent manner imaginable. He wished to tell them frankly that there had been some talk of his standing for one of the divisions of Essex, in which county he lived. (Here some ladies waved their handkerchiefs and cried out "Three cheers for Essex, the county in which Mr. Trollope lives!") He had, he continued, hunted in Essex for a good many winters, thereby losing an awful lot of valuable time, and written some letters on the subject in a twopenny paper, which, however, were not altogether thrown away, inasmuch as he had been handsomely paid for them. These things, he confessed, he had done in order to win the suffrages of the Essex farmers. But it appeared that they preferred a lord, or a colonel, or a somebody or other, and the days he had spent in wooing, in chasing and pursuing, had been wholly wasted, the moral of which was "Put not your faith in fox-hunters." But there was a section of the community in which a man might safely put his trust, and that was the ladies. (Tremendous cheering; young ladies running in from the beach to the Spa with their hair all down their backs to join in it.) But he should be asked, Had ladies a vote? That was a question which appeared undecided. All he could say was that a number of them had been put on the register, and Mr. Disraeli—a wretched charlatan who had also written novels, but far inferior to his own—(loud screams of applause from the young ladies, with some expressions of disapproval among a few of the so-called superior sex)—Mr. Disraeli had refused, through his Secretary, to express an opinion one way or the other. Let the question be tried. He need scarcely say that he was strongly in favour of their having votes; for, without their influence, direct or indirect, he quite despaired of ever getting into Parliament. He had lately started a magazine in which political articles of a strong party character regularly appeared. He begged them to make allowances for these articles, which were inserted when he had hoped to get in for Essex. But he would take care that his magazine should never be spoiled, much less swamped, by such worthless padding. He should always remember the great motto, "The novel's the thing." (Here the audience became frantic with enthusiasm.) He wanted to go into the House in order to obtain fresh materials with which to amuse them. If returned, his very first proposition would be that the ladies' gallery should be carried all round the House; and if more room still was wanted for them, he should be delighted to see them made comfortable in the body of it. He

should consider himself bound, if they returned him to Parliament, to devote himself exclusively to their interests, and therefore to spend the hours lost by other members in listening to wretched debates, almost entirely in the library; and he need scarcely add, in manufacturing an unfailing supply of novels for their delectation. (Enthusiastic screams, and cries of "That's something like a member!") There were, however, two or three measures for their benefit which he should have to advocate in the body of the House. The chief of these was gratuitous and compulsory education. He should certainly press upon the Government the necessity of founding free libraries, of filling them with novels—especially his own—and compelling everybody to read them; inasmuch as he had good reason to think that there was a certain class of people who would never do so, save under compulsion. (Cries of "Oh! oh!" and "Incredible!") Yes, he feared such was the case, incredible as it might seem. Only let them send him to Parliament, and he thought he could remedy so melancholy a state of things.

A committee was at once appointed for securing the return of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and its first meeting was arranged to be held on the following morning in the water, in front of where the ladies' bathing-machines ply. (Members of the male sex rigorously excluded from the committee.) We understand that Mr. Trollope has pledged himself, in case he is returned for the borough of Scarborough, to pay unremitting attention to its local wants and interests, and undertakes to bring out a fresh novel for his fair constituents at the commencement of every sea-side season.

THE PAST OPERATIC SEASON.

THE operatic season, which came to an ineffective conclusion some weeks since, calls for but few remarks, and such attention as it deserves might have been accorded to it in an earlier impression, but, in truth, there is so little to chronicle in a season which has been almost entirely destitute of novelty, that the history of the operatic campaign of 1868 has, up to the present time, given place to matters more worthy of notice in these columns.

With regard to Mr. Mapleson, it must be owned that under the circumstances against which he had to contend, it was very clever of him to be able to get up any opera at all, inasmuch as he had to procure a new theatre, to provide new dresses, and scenery, to obtain fresh scores, and, in general terms, to make up, so far as possible, for the serious damage caused by the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Having regard, therefore, to the difficulties which he encountered in mounting every one of the operas which were played at his theatre, we must not blame him too much on account of the non-production of any work new to this country. He was wrong, however, to adorn his prospectus with the names of Auber's *Gustave*, of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and of other novelties, as it can have needed but a slender amount of prescience to foresee that, after re-forming his *répertoire* of standard works there would be left to him scarcely any time for mounting new operas. With regard to *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, was put into rehearsal before the close of the season, we may observe that we have some doubt as to the policy of having selected this work for Herr Wagner's *début* before the English public. That the opera possesses great beauties and a certain amount of poetical feeling few musicians will dispute; but the absence of sustained melody is singularly noticeable, even for a work of Herr Wagner, who, as a composer, is unquestionably deficient in melodic fancy. We are inclined to think that *Tannhäuser*, which, despite all that has been said and written against it, is the best of its composer's efforts, or the *Flying Dutchman*, the story of which is known in England, would, either of them, have been better cards to play than *Lohengrin*. We need not go into this question, however, because none or other of them has been produced here as yet.

With regard to Mr. Mapleson's singers, it may be mentioned that they were much the same as they have been before. The principal ladies were Mdles. Tietjens, Nilsson, and Kellogg, and Madame Trebelli; amongst the gentlemen, the principal names were Signori Mongini, Gassier, Bossi, Foli, Herr Rokitsanski and Mr. Santley. We have real pleasure in stating that Mdle. Nilsson has made unquestionable progress since last

year. Her singing and acting in *Lucia* were, alike, admirable, and she deserved the triumphant success which she achieved; she appeared, also, in the *Flauto Magico*, in *Faust*, in *Don Juan*, in the *Nosse di Figaro*, and in *Marta*. She was completely successful in all she undertook, but her best performances were in *Lucia* and *Marta*. Of Mdle. Tietjens it may fairly be said that, in *Fidelio* and in *Medea*, it would be hard to find her equal; with regard to Madame Trebelli there can be no two opinions as to her being the best contralto now before the public. Mdle. Kellogg improves and ought to have a good career before her. Concerning the male singers, there is not much to be said; everybody knows what an excellent singer Mr. Santley is, and what a bad singer Signor Mongini is. In one respect, they meet on common ground, namely, in the possession of fine voices—but here ceases all resemblance, for whereas the Englishman makes steady progress, the Italian stays where he has always been; he has never advanced beyond the threshold of his art. He possesses earnestness, however, and declamatory power, and in the present dearth of tenors, it is small wonder that he should have received a cordial welcome at the hands of the patrons of Her Majesty's Opera. From the list of singers whose names appear above, we have omitted the name of Signor Fraschini. This tenor, who sang in England about twenty years ago, has at no time obtained any success in this country. In Spain and in Paris and elsewhere he has been triumphantly received; but we incline to think that the verdict of our countrymen is just, for Signor Fraschini is not, and never has been an accomplished artist. He has (or rather had) a coarse and powerful organ, which, when it possessed the bloom of youth, was doubtless rather a fine voice, but although he has now partially learnt his work as an operatic singer, he has almost entirely lost his vocal means, and with a new public, ignorant of what he may have been in days gone by, Signor Fraschini must not hope for success.

There was also another tenor, one Signor Ferensi, or Ferenesi—we don't know which is his right name, but it does not much signify, as he will probably not sing here again. He sang in the *Huguenots*, and, although he was not utterly bad, he did not contrive to "hit it off" with either the press or the public. Mr. Mapleson brought out some more tenors towards the close of his season, but we did not hear them.

In conclusion, we may congratulate Mr. Mapleson upon an excellent chorus of fresh and resonant voices, upon a capital orchestra, and upon a conductor who, for operatic purposes, is second to none.

We will now turn to Covent Garden, where aught in the nature of novelty was again conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Mapleson, at the rival theatre, opened the ball with *Lucresia Borgia*, and Mr. Gye, who was determined not to be outdone, mounted *Norma* for the edification of his subscribers, allotting the part of the *Druid Priestess* to Madame Fricci, who, possessing, as she does, certain good qualities, is decidedly a hard and unsympathetic singer. The *Pollio* of the evening was Signor Naudin, the most threadbare of tenor singers; we have, before now, intimated our views as to this gentleman's pretensions, and we can only record our opinion that the position which he is permitted to hold at Covent Garden—the most renowned Opera house in the world—is one of those mysteries which must be left to the wisdom of future ages to unravel. The other tenors at Mr. Gye's establishment were Signori Mario, Baraldi, Fancelli, and M. Lefranc; the last-named singer appeared twice only, in *Guillaume Tell*, and made a *fiasco*. He is not without promise, however, and will probably be heard again; when he sang here he was frightened out of his wits, forgot his music, sang flat, and richly deserved the adverse verdict which he obtained; still he possesses some natural advantages, and will do well, if he chooses to take pains. Signor Fancelli did not sing often, and when he did sing he produced little or no effect. The tenor of the season was (as he has often been before) Signor Mario, and, in the wreck of his once peerless voice, and the possession of ever-improving histrionic means, there is no doubt that his place cannot as yet be filled. Amongst the baritones were Signor Cotogni, a useful and pains-taking singer, Signor Graziani, whose voice is as mellifluous, whose phrasing is as meaningless, and whose acting is as graceless as ever, and M. Petit. The latter is in some respects a good artist, but he has a tendency to exaggeration, and his voice is tremulous to an extent which passes permission; he is in no way comparable to M. Faure. Amongst the basses must

be mentioned Signor Baggagiolo, whose admirable voice promises a good career for its owner, for he is young and likely to improve; M. Coulon (we forget his Italian name—perhaps Signor Coloni) came over here for Meyerbeer's music, and made his first appearance in that most tedious of operas *Robert le Diable*; he is intelligent both as actor and singer, but he made no great effect here.

The list of *prime donne* was not very strong, but the presence of two names—those of Mdle. Patti and Mdle. Lucca—was practically sufficient for all purposes. As to Mdle. Patti, it is a pleasure to write about her, as she has taken public favour in the right way; her first appearance in the *Sonnambula* some years back was a triumphant success, but she has still gone on studying, and improving, until she has now ripened into a brilliant and accomplished artist, richly deserving the good opinion which she has earned in England.

Mdle. Lucca has a beautiful voice, and an immense amount of talent; she is as earnest as she can be, and, with good advice, her claims should be second to none; her phrasing, however, is faulty, and her execution cannot always be trusted. Still she is a most interesting artist, and evinces, now and then, an aptitude for the lyric stage of the very highest order. A third soprano, Mdle. Vanzini, was engaged; she has a voice of pleasant tone, and sings reasonably well. We must not forget our countrywoman, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; her claims are too well known to render it necessary that they should be canvassed here; she is, in point of fact, one of the very best singers before the public in this or in any other country. The principal contralto was Mdle. Grossi, who can boast of a good voice, but not much else.

It will be seen that the list of tenors was extremely weak, and this is more reprehensible inasmuch as the finest dramatic tenor in the world could have been engaged. We allude to Signor Tamberlik, who, in operas such as the *Prophète*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Pollinto*, and so forth, has not his equal. Whilst every real lover of operatic music, in London, was deploring the absence of fine tenors, Signor Tamberlik was sending all Madrid wild by his singing in the works which we have mentioned above. We sincerely trust that Mr. Gye will let us hear this really great artist next year; and, if he will mount *Pollinto* with Mdle. Lucca and Signor Tamberlik in the principal parts, we can almost venture to predict a great success. The opera, one of the finest which Donizetti ever composed, was performed at Covent Garden about fifteen years ago. It ought not to have been shelved up to the present time.

The production of Auber's delightful *Domino Noir* (one of the promised novelties) was delayed until the last few days of the season; it was then performed with singers other than those which were promised. The general execution was not satisfactory, and it would have been better to put off the production of this charming work until next year.

What may have been the pecuniary result of the season to Messrs. Gye and Mapleson we know not, but the result, so far as concerns the production of novelty or the advancement of music, may be said to be absolutely nothing whatever. Let us hope for better times next year.

CHURCH SNOBBERY.

CAN any possible explanation be given of the appearance in the leader-page of the *Times* of the following paragraph, which we will take the liberty of subdividing?

"ST. MARY-THE-LESS, LAMBETH.—Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone, of Christ Church, Oxford, a son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., will be ordained at the next ordination of the Bishop of Winchester, and will serve as curate of one of the most densely-populated districts in the neighbourhood of London."

If this means anything at all, it is this: Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone, who might, from his exalted connection, have revelled in perpetual purple and fine linen, has determined upon a tremendous sacrifice. He is going, like an ordinary clergyman, to visit the poor.

"His 'title to orders' will be given by the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, who, curiously enough, was the Chairman of Mr. Gathorne Hardy's London Committee, on the occasion of the contest which deprived Mr. Gladstone of his seat for the University of Oxford."

Wonderful coincidence, and smacking of brotherly love and

Christian charity! Crying out "hooray" for the Rev. Robert Gregory, M.A., let us proceed:—

"St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, lies to the south of the Thames, by Vauxhall bridge, and embraces a district called 'Salamanca,' a bone-boiling locality, which few who have ever gone by the boat between Lambeth and Nine Elms piers, when the wind blows from that direction over the Thames, will easily forget."

Terrible news this, and sends a thrill of horror through us as we picture the youthful martyr holding his pocket-handkerchief well over his nose. An ill wind that blows nobody any good must be this "Salamanca" wind. But courage; let us take in the last line:—

"In this place Mr. Stephen Gladstone will commence his clerical career."

In *this* place? No; unsay those awful words! The son of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in the neighbourhood of bone-boiling! The thing is too terrible—it cannot be!

Soberly, Mr. Stephen E. Gladstone is, doubtless, an excellent young man; but why on earth are these purely private and domestic details thrust into print as matters of public interest? That the future curate of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, will end life as a bishop, possibly an Irish one, is more than probable; but for all that, we do not want ecstasies about a man's doing his obvious duty even in "Salamanca."

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

A STANDING army as a proclamation of peace: a sitting parliament when a general election is demanded: look both like lying attempts to deceive some one or other.

I noticed a young lady condemned by the wind to the ignominy of having her chignon blown away. She could not but look foolish under the trying circumstances. This invention of vanity appears to add brains to some heads on which it is raised; but young ladies would do well to remember that all the vicious bumps are at the back.

Members of clubs are often to be noticed airing themselves on the steps of their co-operative palaces. Were clubs beehives, we might almost take these specimens for drones.

Love certainly ought to be deaf as well as blind, for when he awakes to the reality of his idol, he could then be spared the disparaging remarks made by his friends on the worth of the worshipped and the weakness of the worshipper.

Hansom cabs and express trains are now an absolute necessity for the support of the drama. The stage has now so long been running on Legs, that it is time to try wheels as a mode of progression. When will the turn come for brains to be the motive power?

The police are the servants of the public. I fear we shall have to give them warning before long.

Justice in a free country and law in a despotic land look very much alike. So do smoke and steam, but one descends in blacks which soil all they touch, while the other falls in a gentle rain of mercy.

If hearts are ever broken, the pieces are generally worth mending, and the cement of second love will often make the whole as strong as ever.

THE HOTEL QUESTION.

SINCE London has been on its holiday we have been overwhelmed with correspondence regarding the extortionate demands of the hotel keepers, both at home and abroad. It is not generally our custom to insert such communications, but the following letters so thoroughly expose the imposition to

which travellers on the Continent are subjected, that we have for once departed from the usual course:—

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

— Hotel, Jersey.

SIR,—Pray give your aid in putting a stop to the extortionate charges of the hotel keepers. I have been staying for some time in this lovely island at one of the principal establishments, and on asking for my bill I find to my horror that the charge for my bed-room, breakfast, dinner, and coffee averages nearly five shillings a day. I must admit that the prices of the wines and spirits are moderate, but this fact does not nullify the gross over-charge for board and lodging, which is scarcely superior to that in the hotels I have been at in Brighton, Dover, and other English sea-side places.

I am, &c., &c.,

A RETIRED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

Pension —, Vevey, Switzerland.

MR. TOMAHAWK,—The Lake of Geneva is a lovely spot, and Vevey and Montreux are delightful places, but although they both abound in *pensions*, you cannot get taken in at any comfortable house under three francs a-day, while the best hotels charge five or even six francs; and for this they only give you four meals and a bed-room. I can't imagine why the places are so full. I suppose it is because the travelling expenses from London are now pretty reasonable: you can get a return ticket, first class, about £6, and second class about £4; children half-price. If the people about here were not particularly civil and attentive, and the fresh mountain air did not agree with my family, I would not submit to such abominable cheating for another day.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Hôtel de —, Burger-on-the-Rhine.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—I am now enjoying my annual holiday. I made up my mind to spend my two months on the Rhine, as I heard that hotels were cheap, but, instead of this, I find that my hotel expenses, staying a week at each of the usual halting-places, have been about two thalers a-day, which, you know, is six shillings in English money. This, of course, includes the wine of the country. But is it not monstrous? I was tempted to come here because the travelling expenses were so ridiculously insignificant; but I need not say that this is no compensation for the extortion of which I have been the victim.

Believe me, &c.,

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

Dinan, Côtes du Nord, France.

MY DEAR TOMMY,—People who complain of the extortion of the Irish and Scotch hotels have evidently never travelled in Brittany. Here I am at Dinan, attracted by the beauty of the neighbourhood which surrounds it (which they say is the most healthy in France), and my expenses at one of the boarding-houses (an English one, and therefore the best and dearest) have been, for myself, wife, six children, a governess, and two servants, as follows:—

	Francs.
For one month's pension for Monsieur and	
Madame, 150 francs each	300
Ditto, for six children	350
Ditto, for governess and two maids, 75 francs a-	
month each	225
Wine, beer, &c., &c., about	75
	950

Now, 950 francs is close on £40—£38 is the exact figure. Who can afford such expenses? No wonder people stay at home and draw down their blinds when the London season is over.

Your devoted admirer,

AN IRISH PEER.

Perhaps it would be an advantage to those persons who have been writing to our contemporaries regarding the extravagant prices of the hotels in our own country, to study carefully the facts given by our correspondents, all of whom, with a single exception, it will be observed, date their letters from the Continent. If English holiday-makers would compare their experiences and profit by them, the solution of the great Hotel Question would be a matter of little difficulty.

LADIES MILES.

THE Lords of the Creation will soon have no speciality left to them. At the Isle of Man Regatta the other day a novelty was introduced in the shape of a boat race open to lady competitors only. The prizes consisted of two lockets, as the boats were pair-oared, and a couple of young ladies belonging to the island carried them off. There can be no doubt but that the females are running the males a close race for proficiency in what once upon a time used to be called the manly sports. There are now numbers of ladies who are as much at home in their saddles when following the hounds as their lords and masters, while there are hundreds of fair creatures who can fish, skate, swim, smoke (we almost added drink and swear), as well or better than many of the nobler sex. In fact, there are few feats or accomplishments which of late years the ladies have not attempted, and with them to attempt generally means to succeed. Now that two of their number have managed to overcome the difficulties of pulling a pair-oar, they may fairly consider themselves capable of acquiring the remaining masculine exercises. It is rather late in the season now for an athletic sport meeting, but if next year Lord Ranelagh would lend the grounds of Beaufort House for the occasion (which no doubt his lordship would, for he is a polite nobleman, devoted to the softer sex), some such programme as the following might easily be arranged:—

FEMALE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Meeting to be held at Beaufort House in the Spring of 1869.

EVENTS.

- 1.—Quarter of a mile Flat Race. Open to ladies of all ages. First prize, an emerald ring; second prize, a bonnet.
- 2.—Running High Jump. Open to ladies of the age of forty years and upwards. Prize, a patent sans fectum crinoline.
- 3.—Steeplechase, over twenty flights of hurdles, four feet high, placed twenty yards apart. Open to ladies of all ages. First prize, a gold hunting watch; second prize, a work-box.
- 4.—Boxing Match. Open to ladies of a certain age only. Entries to be made on the ground. No scratching allowed. Three blows out of five to decide the heat. Prize, a dozen pairs of white kid gloves.
- 5.—Four-miles Walking Race. Open to young ladies who have not passed their third season. The boots worn must be of the ordinary description, viz., with heels not more than an inch in diameter and not less than an inch and a half in height. First prize, some diamonds; second prize, a sewing machine; third prize, a copy of Mr. Lawrence's works, neatly bound.
- 6.—Consolation Race, one hundred yards flat. Prize, a plain gold ring.

Admission to the ground five shillings.

N.B.—No gentlemen allowed in the enclosure.

Such a programme as the above would prove attractive, and the ladies might count on a large attendance of the harder sex before whom to exhibit their strength, endurance, and prowess. In truth, the public have had rather too many of the athletic sport meetings latterly, and a novelty would prove acceptable.

A DIRGE.

THE days of the existence of the Colosseum in Regent's Park are numbered, although its walls will not be allowed to crumble and decay into ruin (a fate which lately has threatened them) like its great Italian namesake. Its stones are on the point of being whitewashed into lots, to fall beneath the hammer of the remorseless auctioneer; the bird's-eye view of Paris by Night will be rolled up and disposed of at an immense sacrifice; and neat villas will shortly occupy the spot where Lisbon has been so frequently engulfed in the most terrible of earthquakes. It is a melancholy fact that the Colosseum has long since lost its attraction. The Swiss mountain with the artificial lake are not what they used to be. The mountain, now-a-days, suggests the idea of a weather-beaten canvas screen; while the lake is evidently nothing better than a muddy tank. The

waterfall—there used to be a waterfall once—has dried up altogether; and the very eagle, although, poor bird, he held bravely to his work, is no longer to be seen on his own particular rock. The grotto once celebrated is now but a bad imitation of something of the same kind at Margate; while the dark mystery of the ascending room has long since faded before the numberless "lifts" which are now in ordinary use in all modern buildings that pretend to be tall. The public will no doubt regret the loss of the Colosseum, but there appears to be no help for it; and if blame attaches itself to anyone it is to Londoners themselves, for the want of whose countenance and patronage the poor old Colosseum has been permitted to languish and die.

THE MANIACS COLUMN; or, PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

What is my first? A merry little devil
Who likes a bit of humour in his evil.
What serial means you all know, I suppose;
Remove the *r* my second will disclose.
The two together name a rank which boy
As well as man in this strange world enjoy.

2.

My first all carpet factories contain,
You'll know my second by his early strain,
My whole's a toy with which our children play,
And warm themselves upon a chilly day.

3.

My first is a popular engine of death,
One kind of my second is taxed by the state,
My whole is sufficient to take away breath,
And in army and navy its service is great.

4.

My first is a word which is friendly though low,
My second's a card in a game which is high,
My whole is a place to which great people go,
And a word which you'll easily guess if you try.

5.

A fruit of native and of foreign growth,
Though not of equal excellence in both;
Its hue's like that of gold and cheese and flame,
Princes are still distinguished by its name,
And of confections which shopkeepers sell
Those with it made do all the rest excel.

6.

My first is a drink, my second's a tax,
My whole may be taken in stone, paint, or wax.

7.

My first is a river, my second is known
As a passage of iron, of wood, or of stone,
My whole is a town in that part of our land
Where the buildings are most of them spacious and grand.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Waterfall. 2. Beauty. 3. Limestone. 4. Faithful. 6. Garibaldi. ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Three Stray Buzwings, Old John, Awful Duffer, La Bécassine de Brompton, Gulnare and Orpheus (Ramsgate), Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, Annie (Tooting), John S. F., Washperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Alte Volare, Four Hastings Scalps, T. H. N., Our Charlie, A Staunch Jacobite, W. McD., Mabel May, Grannie-pilgrimlardidida, W. B. W., Burley, Owl with Toothache, and Baker's Bills.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 71.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO I.—CONCERNING "THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE."

EVERYBODY remembers with delight the humorous pictures in which John Leech satirized the affectations of "servant-galism." Everbody who has had to employ "servant gals" remembers, with anything but delight, what sad truth lay behind that humour. It is much to be doubted whether Leech's satire ever did anything towards abolishing abuses. One very requisite element of satire, particularly in this age of rhinoceros-hidden morality, perseverance he certainly possessed. But geniality was in him so irrepressible a quality, that it threw a sunshine over the darkest pictures of human folly and wickedness which he drew; in fact, the satire was so charming, one scarcely wished to abolish the abuse that provoked it.

This by the way; but certain it is that servant girls are none the better for all John Leech's powerful sketches of their vulgarity, insolence, and dishonesty.

This question is one of the most important social questions of the day. It is not limited to such narrow interests as the comfort of householders and heads of families—we may add, of lodgers and bachelors. It is a most serious question for those who profess to be so violently concerned for the physical, and social, welfare of women. Domestic service is the one great branch of industry which lies open, without any restrictions, to women; whether in the higher grades of house-keeper, nurse, confidential adviser of the toilet chamber, &c., or in the lowest grades of kitchen-maid, and drudge-of-all-work. Those philanthropists, whose hearts are wrung by the hideous sorrow that their eyes and ears daily encounter, know that from girls in service the ranks of the vicious and the miserable, who infest our streets, are hourly recruited. How to raise the moral status of this large class of our fellow-creatures is a very difficult problem, but one which everyone, who has any humanity, must yearn to solve.

The ordinary servant girl is not a very elevated creature. The education she possesses is just enough to enable her to read the very vilest trash, and to write as great, if not as vile, trash to her young man, or men, as the case may be. Her moral education has been worse than her intellectual, the ten commandments are summed up for her in the capacious formula—*Always tell a lie and stick to it.* To be found out and punished is the only crime she knows; to be found out and forgiven is to her no encouragement to amend, but to offend again with more cunning. The chief attributes of her character are vulgar vanity, gluttony of admiration, and a dread of ghosts.

She breaks any one of the commandments as easily as she does the china, and with as little remorse, or intention of paying for the damage; but she would not go under a ladder, or into a churchyard after dark, to save her life. If the Protestant religion simply consisted in protesting, she would be a bright light in the Reformed Church, for if you accuse her of a fault, the vigour and apparent solemnity of her protestations are only equalled by their futility and real blasphemy. The fate of Ananias and Sapphira she invokes with frantic readiness; no oath is so sacred, but she can clench a lie with it. Yet she has one redeeming point—she is very fond of dogs and babies; and she shows her fondness by cramming both with the un-

wholesomest stuff she can, her notion of kindness being to poison them.

Her great ambition is, when she goes out of a Sunday, to be mistaken for a lady; to effect which end she ought first to make herself dumb, and then invisible. No man can look at her but she immediately begins to giggle, if, indeed, she waits to be looked at, and does not take the initiative by sniggering, which she takes for an expression of modesty, whereas it is the sort of blind that modesty pulls down to show she is not at home. If she is ugly, she buys her young man, probably a worthless soldier, who trades upon the only soldier-like thing about him, his uniform; or, if she is pretty, perhaps her young man buys her with gaudy bonnets, and sham jewellery. The more ambitious are sensible enough to know the difference between real and sham millinery, and insist upon having everything just like their mistress, real lace, real kid-gloves, &c. How they obtain them with wages of twelve or fourteen pounds a-year, is best known to themselves. Few of this latter kind stay in service long; or rather, they give a month's warning on the slightest provocation, and take a long engagement with —, the gentleman in black.

This may seem a hard and cruel picture; we wish it were not a true one. It is a fearful thing to see the sewer of vice fed from streams that should be pure as crystal. It is not enough to shake our heads at the picture, what can we do to mend it? What can all, whether heads of families or simple individuals, do to rescue the wretched silly creatures who are drifting to the dark ocean where so many of their sisters have been drowned, and, alas! drowned in vain; for though their whitened bones lie on the shore, yet no one heeds their warning.

It is at their home, when they have one in the fullest sense of the word, that the foundation of all girls' moral characters—girls, more than boys,—must be laid. Much of this affectation and vanity is the result of the injudicious encouragement, which well meaning parents give their daughters, to despise their station in life. Go into any farmer's house in the country; there are the old couple bright and clean, but plain and homely as their own kitchen; the father is to bed early and up early, and always working; the mother watchfully superintending everything herself—cooking the dinner, attending to the dairy, cleaning, scrubbing everywhere, never above any labour; surely such parents must have frugal, industrious children. Ask them about their children—their faces glow with honest pride; that portrait of a young man, dressed just like a gentleman, is John, "He is up in Lunnon, ay! he's doing very well, and has a deal of learning,—and that's Jane, that fine young lady, would you like to see Jane's room? Oh! don't be afraid, *she* won't mind." So you go and see Jane's room. And instead of the neat unpretending cleanness of the old folks' room, with its common cheap ornaments, not pretending to be anything but common and cheap, you find tawdry curtains, Brummagem toilet fittings, trashy pictures, false jewellery, everything pretending to be something grander and costlier than it is, aiming at magnificence, and reaching nothing further than vulgar ostentation. Poor old people! it is hard to check the honest smile of admiration that lights up their good faces; they think these trinkets so beautiful; they don't wish to be proud themselves, God help them! but to see their child like any lady of the land—can you bear to change that smile into a blank and hopeless despair? can you bear to break those loving, honest hearts by telling them to what, in nine cases out of ten, this sort

of finery brings its votary? Let us not be misunderstood; the ambition to rise above your station, to make yourself something greater than your father and mother before you is a noble ambition; but none needs greater self-control, and sterner moral courage, to prevent it degenerating into a greedy vanity, and reckless self-indulgence. No doubt, the education which their parents are so proud of being able to give their children, in the case of the girls especially, does them more harm than good; it only teaches them to despise those of their own station, without making them fit to associate with those in a station above theirs. It may seem harsh and stingy in parents to save up their money, and deny to the children, who will ultimately inherit it, the luxuries which they will then be able to afford; but it is the wiser course to teach them first habits of frugality and self-denial, to make certain they are not idle and vicious, before you give them the means of gratifying idle and vicious tastes. A farmer's son, who has received a first-rate education, is none the less superior to his father in knowledge because he does not affect to be superior to him in his dress.

The girls who go into service (from the class of which we have been speaking) would, for the most part, fill the superior places in the household; but as their masters and mistresses have great influence over them, so they have great influence over those below them; and indeed, it is from above, not from below, that the reform of our servants must begin. If a servant sees her mistress care for nothing but dress; if she sees that all the lady seems to live for is for adorning her person in the latest fashion, and that she sets much more value on her new gown than on her baby; that how she looks, not how she acts, is the great question of her life; we cannot expect the servant to make either an honest wife, or a good mother.

In the further remarks, which we propose to make on this subject, we shall consider how the condition of the humbler class of servants can be improved by their masters and mistresses, and by themselves.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE VII.

From Florence to Erica.

IT seems to me that I am always busy,
Or, Rica, I had written you ere now.
Besides, I've not been well. My head's quite dizzy
At times, and there's a constant tension on my brow.
I have to take some medicine, tart and fizzy,
Which makes me feel I cannot tell you how.
Moreover, I am almost tired to death;
And all seems Vanity, as the preacher saith.

Of course, you know, I have had lots of fun,
And all of us have been immensely gay;
Still when each bit of gaiety is done,
No pleasant souvenir of't appears to stay.
And then one's kept for ever on the run,
So that 'tis more like business than play;
And though one ever dreads it should be o'er,
Rather a want 'tis, than a wish, for more.

A quiet evening now appears so dull,
'Tis really quite a problem what to do.
Home pastimes used to be so plentiful,
But now, I own, they scarcely help one through.
And when one knows there pleasures are to cull
In the next square, one longs to be there too;
E'en though one oft has culled, and after culling,
Has really found them hardly worth the pulling.

The things I cared for most are now denied.
My poor, bright, bonnie Sunshine has gone lame;
And I confess I *did* enjoy my ride,
Though riding in the Row is rather tame.
To send him home, I hear, they now decide.
I sometimes wish, with me they'd do the same.
I scarcely think his ailments mine surpass,
We might be turned together out to grass.

But he will go, and I must linger here,
And I can't tell you how I miss my canter
I looked for when the Park was getting clear,
And the sunset's rays each moment growing slanter.
I had it ev'ry day with Willie dear,
Who then would halt to sermonize and banter—
Justly, I fear—about my wordly ways.
But there's an end now of those cherished days.

For Willie too has gone. I cannot bear,
Erica love, to think, much less to write, of it.
Oh! it has been a terrible affair,
Although I hardly know the wrong or right of it.
Against him all the family declare;
But I shall always care for him in spite of it.
He is to most as china is to delf:
He's nothing less than nobleness itself.

But nobleness, they say, is oftentimes folly;
And I am young, and they perhaps know best.
'Tis true, it makes one rather melancholy,
And with a sense of hopelessness oppressed.
So, I dare-say, 'tis wiser to be jolly—
At least to seem so, when you're out and dressed.
And why be loftier than other people?
It is not ev'ry church that has a steeple.

Now I must tell you of a certain person,
Whom all the world is plaguing me to—marry.
There! it is out, after a great exertion.
I knew I could not long your questions parry,
And fencing with them is my pet aversion.
His surname's Bullion, and his christian, Harry.
Now you know all about it. Shall I do it?
And, if I don't, d'ye think that I shall rue it?

They tell me that I shall; but that's above
My comprehension. If I really thought
He with me was spontaneously in love,
I should not need by any to be taught.
But him on me, as me on him, they shove,
As though they feared lest neither should be caught.
And so a suit, I otherwise should hate,
Will, I suppose, be solved by them and Fate.

There—quite enough of that. I often long,
For all you say against the hills and streams,
To break away from the gregarious throng
Which in an unjust grip to hold me seems,
And lead, such solitary scenes among,
A life of simple days and tranquil dreams.
Oh! I would barter all my gauds and dresses,
To feel a mountain zephyr's soft caresses.

But I am as a unit in a crowd
And seem to move only by other's will,
And by their brutal strength am crushed and cowed.
Moreover, I'm less hurt by keeping still.
And e'en when hurt, their voices are so loud,
My poor weak screams appear to pierce and fill
No other ears than mine. So 'mid the riot,
I hold my breath, and suffer, and am quiet.

And now I must go driving in the park;
And later, we attend a splendid soiree
Given by the Duke of Alderney and Sark,
Where all the town, like vultures to a quarry,
Will troop in crowds, as soon as it is dark.
Adieu, Erica. Sometimes think of Florrie,
Who, though so changed in most things, loves you dearly,
And signs herself as ever yours sincerely.

P.S.—(Written the following day.)

I open this to tell you that my fate
No longer is in wearisome suspense.
I am engaged, and as they calculate,
Shall be a married woman three months' hence.
We are to have a house at Prince's Gate,
And one place in the country, to commence.
They all seem half delirious with delight;
So I suppose I must have done what's right.

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

In the *Times* of August 26 we read among the Police Reports that—

At Worship street, James Cain, sausage-manufacturer, of 21 Duke street, Bethnal Green, appeared before Mr. Ellison in answer to a summons which charged him with having in his possession a quantity of putrid and unwholesome German sausages and saveloys. The summons further charged him with intending to trade on them. This is the second time within the last three weeks that the defendant has been summoned for having on his premises putrid meat for the purpose of manufacture into sausages. On the former occasion he had been convicted in a penalty and costs which amounted to 18s. Five days afterwards, the inspector "found about half a hundredweight of rotten saveloys and German sausages." The inspector showed by an experiment that the meat from these rotten sausages could be mixed with good meat and re-made into sausages which would appear good for a short time, but that in 24 hours they would become mouldy from the bad meat in them. Mr. Ellison said "it was necessary that the public should be protected from practices of this description. He convicted the defendant in a penalty and costs which amounted together to 29s. 6d. *The defendant left the Court laughing.*

Well might Cain laugh: if he had any sense of the humorous, he must have laughed at the piece of superb bathos with which the magistrate's speech ended, "The public must be protected from such practices." By imprisoning or flogging the scoundrel who had been trying to poison, he knew not or cared not, how many of his poor fellow-creatures, of course; by inflicting on him the disgrace and ruin he deserves—shame he is not likely to be able to feel, but his hide and his pocket can feel. No. There will be a fine, but a substantial one, of course; so Cain hears the terrible sentence that he is condemned in fine and costs amounting to 29s. 6d. Well might he laugh, we repeat, for such is but a very small percentage on the profits he has made by his mean villainy—he can afford to pay the Law that. The publican, the cabman, have to pay for their licenses; why should not the manufacturer of poisonous food for the poor pay for the glorious privilege?

When will the Law cease to play these hideous practical jokes in the name of Justice? When will our sense of what is right cease to be outraged by such glaring inconsistencies, as our miserable penal code daily flings in our face? When shall we be able to take up an English newspaper without finding some case, in which the bestial obstinacy, and callous ignorance, of some unpaid magistrate has condemned a child to a week's association with felons in a gaol for the crime of sleeping under a hedge, or picking up some stray fruit or corn; while on another page we find a heartless scoundrel, like this Cain, allowed to practice what is little better than wholesale murder, with no more punishment to dread than the payment of a very small portion of his gains as a penalty! If the Law is not soon reorganised on some firmer foundation of morality, if the intrinsic villainy of a crime, in its direct and practical effects, is not taken into consideration in the punishment adjudged to it, rather than the mere name or class under which it has been catalogued, all respect for the Law will become impossible; at least, on the part of those who cannot afford to reap the benefit of its blind leniency. Here are we, in the nineteenth century, when civilization boasts that it is in its very zenith, practically little wiser or juster in our system of punishing crime than the savage ancestors for whom we affect such contempt, who priced a man's limbs and his life according to his rank. Had this Cain been branded as he deserved, had he been flogged at the tail of a cart and then consigned to the common gaol, Justice and Humanity would not have been mocked by a laugh, that might well find an echo in the place where fiends do dwell.

EX OFFICIO.

It is announced that Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., is to have a testimonial for his successful efforts to gain for the members of the Civil Service the elective franchise. It is but just that this gentleman should receive some acknowledgement of the trouble to which he has put himself on behalf of the civil servants of the Crown, and we are glad to hear that a committee has been got together to collect subscriptions, the more so as it is stated that the first act of that body has been to stipulate that the amount raised shall not exceed one hundred guineas. The Civil Service electors may be divided into four classes.

- 1.—Officials who as householders have always had a vote and used it. (A small class.)
- 2.—Officials who as householders have always had a vote and have not used it. (A large class.)
- 3.—Officials who never had a vote and never wanted one. (An immense class.)
- 4.—Officials who never had a vote and did want one. (A small but not select class.)

As these last government employées, who are by no means the richest of their tribe, are the only people interested, and, therefore, the only people who can be expected to subscribe to the Monk Testimonial Fund, the wisdom shown by the promoters of the scheme in refusing to receive anything over one hundred guineas is round and farsighted. No failure is more dreary than the failure of a testimonial fund to which subscribers cannot be found. In this instance, the sum required is certainly moderate enough, but nevertheless, it is not unlikely that it will take some time and trouble to get together.

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE proceedings were resumed this morning before a crowded audience.

The Honourable Burt Lollpop was the next witness. On being summoned, he requested that he might be accommodated with a chair, and explained to the Commissioners that he did not think he was equal to the effort of standing up.

On this request being complied with, he said: He was a member of good society. He thought he knew everybody. He went out a good deal. He could not say why. Supposed it was because it was the correct thing. Yes, he could say how he spent his day. His fellow called him at one. (The witness here protested that the examination "bored" him extremely, and wanted to know how long it was going to last. Being, however, rebuked by the Chairman, and pressed upon the point, he said :) He took his breakfast attired in a dressing-gown and smoking-cap. Had the *Post* and *Times* to read, but was not in the habit of looking at them. They bored him very much, especially the telegrams. He dressed before three, and then strolled into the club. This was the worst part of the day, and sometimes it bored him dreadfully. When it was very insupportable he went into Truefitt's and had his hair brushed. Later he did the park. He flattered himself his turn-out was correct. Driving it bored him awfully too. Drove it because it was the thing. Dined somewhere or other at eight. Yes, he often dined at the Club. Dinner cost him about £1 15s. Thought it was dear, but supposed it was the thing. After that, dressed for the evening. Went to several houses where he had invites. Did not know why he went. Hated girls awfully. Thought evening parties the worst bores he knew of. Liked Lady Yamflash's "at-homes" best. They were so crammed that he never was bored by having to go up stairs. Stood on the first flight for five-and-twenty minutes, and then left. Went to Lady Yamflash's because it was the thing. Did about five hours each night in this way. Was free at about half-past two. Looked in at the Blackington and played a little. Once lost £1,280 at *humbug*. That bored him slightly. No, it did not bore him so much, because the Champseys always had their claret too cold, and asked one at seven o'clock. His usual hour of going to bed was four. Considered that his day was well spent. Would like to know how the Commissioners proposed to improve upon it. He had no ambition. Believed he was intended to take the family seat some day. Confessed he did not see it. Thought the House of Commons a vulgar place. Had no predilection for any profession. If he had to choose he could not fix upon anything. He thought he would rather drive a Hansom. Chose that because there seemed less bore about it than about anything else. One would not have to get down, and if one wanted to talk, one had only to open the hole. The witness here refused to proceed with his evidence, and retired apparently much exhausted.

IMPERIAL VULGARITY.—It is rumoured in official circles that the Emperor Napoleon recently observed, *apropos* of "*La Lanterne*," "This is a pitiful affair—there is nothing *miley* about it. No, *this* Rochefort is not the cheese!"

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

I NEVER dine with that old millionaire, Nummus, but he tells me what he has saved on his fish bill during the week. This looks like robbing the shrine of Neptune to gild the statue of Vanity.

The question to aeronauts, "Can you guide an air-ship?" never meets with a positive affirmative. That is probably why the proprietors of the *Ballon Captif* can only give a partial ascent.

A medical man at a dinner party never acts up to his prescriptions, and yet he shakes his head most solemnly if he meets the Reverend Michael Macsmallbones driving out on a Sunday.

Did you ever see subalterns at an officer's funeral? You imagine, very likely, they are absorbed in the *Book of Common Prayer*. Not at all: they have got their eye on the next edition of the Army List.

Poor Jack! how readily he falls into the hands of the crimps! The jolly British Tar, whose *terra firma* is the deck of his own ship! Indeed, Jack is only at sea when he is on shore.

How like that lithe plant, the *wistaria*, is to woman! Basking in the sun, creeping round its support with close tendrils, gushing into cascades of blossom, and even showing a second bloom like the later beauty which comes to some, and is hoped for by all between thirty and forty, in spring and summer. Then, you can train it how you will—no! I'm hanged if the simile will go as far as that!

A foreigner of distinction, who wished to see the commandant at Shoeburyness, was discovered attempting to break one of the missiles lying about the ground. He had been told that he must crack the shell to get at the colonel.

I was brought up patriotic. So my bosom swells when I return from abroad and see the white cliffs at Dover. But the sea's bosom does the same, and that does not always agree with my way of bringing up.

A man who objects to wine is not in the habit of continually pouring vinegar into his friends' glasses; yet an atheist is always broaching his blasphemies in public without asking with or by your leave.

Miss Becker looks with hope to the time when fathers will be blessed with the pains as well as the cares of maternity.

The eagerness to father the sources of a success is only to be equalled by the reluctance to husband your resources in a failure.

MOSES IN THE RANKS.

WE are sorry to observe that the mischievous purchase system, which all enlightened military reformers are working so persistently to abolish in the regular army, is on the point of being introduced into the Volunteers. At least from the following advertisement which appears in the *Daily Telegraph*, a modified form of selling out is already in vogue.

"To be disposed of. A Bargain. A Private Uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, consisting of two tunics, two undress jackets, five pairs of trowsers, one great coat, one bearskin, sword and belts, and two undress caps. Apply, &c. &c."

It is difficult to decide if this advertisement augurs well or ill for the prosperity of the volunteer movement. It is certainly satisfactory to observe that an humble member of the ranks should be possessed of such an exuberant wardrobe as detailed above; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that it looks

bad that the owner should appear in such urgent need of ready money, as it does not at all follow that the aspiring volunteers who will doubtless tender for so dashing an outfit will be of the same stature as the ex-private, whose length and breadth are not stated in the advertisement. Perhaps on the whole it would have been better for all parties, including the Honourable Artillery Company, if the sale had been conducted by private contract.

A NOTE BY THE WAY.

THE publication of new music by an unknown composer at this time of the year is not usually considered to be a promising speculation, but from the following advertisement it would appear that the country possesses one musical genius at least, sufficiently strong of heart to set the counsels of discretion at defiance. We quote from the columns of a contemporary:—

"*The Abyssinian March*.—Dedicated to Lord Napier of Magdala. By Robert Sloman, Mus. Doc. Oxon. Single copies post free for thirteen stamps. This particular march has received complimentary notice from Lord and Lady Napier, and by their special request ten copies have been forwarded to them."

As we have never heard the composition, we are not going to criticise it; but we notice the advertisement, as we are at a loss to guess the meaning and objects of the last sentence. Is it to be understood that the hero of Magdala was so struck with the beauty of Dr. Sloman's march, that being unfortunately unable to afford to buy it in the usual manner, his lordship resorted to the desperate device of begging for ten copies as a gift. Or is it that his lordship's name having been dragged into the title-page, the good-natured hero thought he could not do less than order half a sovereign's worth in acknowledgment of the compliment.

However, whether the work relies for success on Lord Napier's approbation of its musical beauties, or on the happy thought of Dr. Sloman, matters very little, for such clap-trap advertising can have but one effect—to deter the musical public from investing even thirteen postage stamps in a composition which has, on the bare-faced admission of its own author, nothing beyond a popular name to recommend it.

A FORTUNE FOR THE ASKING.

THE military profession is at last becoming quite remunerative. The Bar, the Church, and Medicine have long had their prizes to bestow; but until lately a soldier has had nothing to look forward to but an insufficient income for the best years of his life, with the remote though possible contingency of a regimental colonelcy (worth a thousand a-year) in his extreme old age. Now, however, this is all to be changed. The Duke of Cambridge has announced, in a special general order, that the post of Instructor in Military History, at Sandhurst, having become vacant, officers commanding regiments and corps may send in the names of any officers under their command who may think themselves qualified for the appointment, the salary of which will be £400 a-year, inclusive of all military pay and allowances.

Here is a chance for the twenty thousand or so young men who hold commissions in Her Majesty's army. It is not yet stated what the qualifications for the Professorship of Military History at Sandhurst may be; but whatever they are, we should think that the applications will be pretty numerous. If the army does not become popular as a lucrative profession when an appointment worth £400 a-year is given away without purchase, we can only deplore that we live in an unreasonable age. Unfortunately, there are people who think that the chance of a place worth £400 a-year (the chance, by-the-way, being about 15,000 to 1 against getting it) is an insufficient inducement to warrant them putting their children into a profession which is generally voted as dull as it is expensive, and as prejudicial to morality as it is hopelessly uninteresting. However, we must do the Horse Guards the justice to admit that they have made the most of the little plum which they have been able to rescue from the vortex of patronage.

NEWS FROM THE WEST.—Very like a Wale(s). Coroner Pierce's ability!

A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE IN.

PARIS, *au Poste*, Sept. 7.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—My contribution comes late, but if you will look at the head of this letter you will observe that I address you from the police-station. Yes, it has come to this: I am simply locked up. But that is not the worst of it, for I am boiling with rage; not so much at the ignominy which waits on me in this position, but more at the shame which awaits me when I get out—I repeat, when I get out.

I will tell you all about it. The fact is, I have no less than seven duels on my hands, or, as the Parisians would say, on my arms; and, indeed, the successful issue of any one of the seven depends much on the arms, for I have not the practice with the *fleuret* which I should like to have. Seven duels!

Just this way it happened. I naturally, on arriving at Paris, felt a just desire to make the acquaintance of some of the leading French journalists, and as I had the extreme happiness to possess a letter of introduction to that well-known correspondent, Mr. Multumin Parveau, of the *Detonator*, I soon found myself, by his kindness, at the Café Niche and fully introduced to the best Government organists.

I happened to make a remark which might be called facetious, comparing the Organist party and the Orleanist, when M. Paul de Casscognac felt sure that I meant an insult, and disappeared in great anger with the intention of sending two of his friends to me. I took this pretty coolly, as I scarcely believed the man meant what he said, when, turning round rather hurriedly, to call the *garçon*, I touched M. Emile de Girruette on the coat. “A blow!” he cried, starting up, “*And on the boulevard?*” I explained in vain and bad French to no purpose; this was to bring duel No. 2. Parveau suggested it would be better to retire to the Grand Hotel, where we probably should meet his friends, the Prince of Castlespanish and the Duke Humphrey.

We paid for our absinthe and absented ourselves accordingly. We were joined by Cramoisie, whose little work, the *Fusée*, has been so run after. He was very satirical; but as I happened to bow to a gentleman connected with the Tuileries who was passing, Cramoisie declared I must have known, how they stood together, and after one or two words No. 3 duel stared me in the face.

Parveau, of course, undertook to find at least a dozen Counts who made it the pleasure of their lives to go out as principals or seconds to the Bois de Boulogne. Only wait till we got to the Grand Hotel.

We stopped this side to look at the photographs at Scabreux's, and an individual, who had the air of a Commander-in-Chief doing amateur detective business, was engaged in examining the photos, too. The heavy brute must needs step backwards on to my toe, and as I unwittingly made use of a forcible expression, informed me he knew quite enough English to understand my meaning, and must beg my card. I had only one left, which he was welcome to. That made the fourth. At the Grand Hotel, as I preferred pistols to swords, and was informed by the small crowd of “friends” (my adversaries' friends), that I was not the party offended, and consequently, had no choice in the matter, my apparent obstinacy on this point brought three more duels from the friends, all journalists, bless you, and ready to write columns about their own bravery after the little affairs were over.

I was going out of the Grand Hotel to choose my arms, when I had them pinioned behind me and found myself shunted into a *fiacre*. It seems that an agent of the police had heard me use the word *Lantern*. (It is true I had said to Parveau that I felt like Guido Fawkes when he was taken with the dark lantern in his hand), and as it was supposed that I was otherwise seditious, having purchased a bunch of iris-blossoms (*Fleur-de-lis*) at the Madeleine flower-market, I was to come along.

I came along and here I am with seven bloodthirsty journalists waiting for me in various parts of the Bois de Boulogne.

It has cost me a bribe of a couple of naps to get this posted.

Yours, till the seventh duel,

• • • • •

P.S.—You will see all about it in the *Detonator*—probably before it happens.

THE PERSECUTED JEWESS!

WE see with surprise that the name of Madame Rachel has been omitted in a biographical dictionary of living celebrities. As admirers of real merit we beg to supply the slighting omission. MRS. LEVISON (better known as “Madame Rachel”), kept a fried fish shop in Clare market, and in the year 1852 was an intimate friend and near neighbour of a certain David Belasco, who kept a brothel at 31 Hart street, Covent garden, where an ugly “accident” occurred one Sunday morning about two o'clock, which resulted in the same Belasco being placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, on Friday, May 14th, 1852, before Mr. Baron Platt, and convicted by a jury of manslaughter, for which he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Upon that occasion Madame Rachel then, as now, Sarah Levison, was called as a witness to exculpate the accused man. At that time she described herself as the wife of a commercial traveller, in the employ of a Mr. White, of Houndsditch, and as residing at 10 Russell place, not three minutes' walk from Mr. Belasco's. She made a great deal of her respectability, which, if Mr. Huddleston will condescend to remember that he ever practised at the Central Criminal Court, he may recollect as having been utterly and entirely broken down by his cross-examination. At any rate the learned judge entertained such a strong opinion with respect to her evidence, and that of a man named Turner, who was called to corroborate her, that at the close of the case he ordered them both into custody for contempt of court, and they were consigned to a cell in Newgate for reflection. No ulterior proceedings took place beyond a severe caution being administered to them by the judge in discharging them the following morning.

For further particulars see page 72 of the 36th volume of the Central Criminal Court authorised *Minutes of Evidence*.

ALL ABOUT IT.

ALTHOUGH the immense majority of the people who know everything, insist that the Emperor's annoyance at the Queen's omission to leave a card at the Tuileries, means nothing more or less than the immediate avenging of “le Vaterloo,” it would scarcely be worth while to examine the social relationship of the European princes, and try from a few stray straws of this kind, to gather which way the evil winds are setting. The little actions of great men we know, often have terrible significance in the eyes of outsiders, and so it is as well at least to be on the look out. When Count Bismarck fell off his horse the other day, confidence in the stability of German unity was shaken, and perhaps not unreasonably through the length and breadth of Europe. However, that wily diplomatist knows even how to fall with his horse on the top of him, and consequently, beyond a good shake, suffered no inconvenience from the feat. German unity, barring of course, any little accident with France, is therefore as secure as ever. The death of a great man who represents a gigantic idea, and is himself the life and soul of the movement he has set on foot, is obviously a very different thing from the private bickerings of sovereigns. The way in which the slightest hospitality, on the contrary, on the part of crowned heads is seized on by the crowd, and straightway conjured into a matter of the gravest moment speaks volumes for the snobbery as well as the credulity of the age. If the Pope looks to the right or to the left, takes a walk, or gets caught in a shower, the press is busy at the Roman question forthwith. The Queen of Spain too is a favourite in her way. She has supplied more general leading articles, especially in the green gooseberry season, than all other European potentates together. We are as well acquainted with her private life and all its terrific political consequences, as we are with the last state of the money market or yesterday's police reports. If the Emperor is at last getting angry with this Government, it is not because the Empress kindly dispensed the Countess of Kent from the obligation of returning her call, but for a very different reason indeed. There is some unpleasant talk of an Anglo-Prusso-Russian alliance, which doubtless would suggest anything but agreeable contingencies to the Emperor of the French. To hold her Majesty responsible for a possible war, and point to her neglect at Paris as its cause, is as stupid as it is unjust. It would be as reasonable to accuse Prince Christian of daring designs upon the English crown, because he thanked the country for their “generous welcome”—over his wine—at the Academy Dinner.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heath) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE see that a Miss MINNIE HAWK, from New York, has been singing with success in America, and is engaged to appear in Europe. We are delighted to acknowledge our charming sister. If she has as great a success over here as her brother, TOMMY HAWK, she will have nothing to complain of.

A RUMOUR is "going the round of the papers" to the effect that a certain well-known *litterateur* is shortly to appear as "Falstaff." If this report proves no *canard* we may expect to find other men of talent following in the wake of so illustrious an author as the one to whom we have referred. Always anxious to provide our readers with the earliest information, we beg to give a list of "appearances" likely to come off:—

Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE as "Comus."

DEAN STANLEY as "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant."

Mr. CHARLES READE as the "Fool" (*King Lear*).

and

Mr. DION BOUCICAULT as "Jeremy Diddler."

THE *Times* is determined to atone for the want of loyalty, of which it was accused on account of its articles on the QUEEN's retirement. The other day our facile contemporary published a puff of that mystic obstruction, known as the Prince Consort Memorial, which might have been penned by an ecstatic Court jobber whose head had been slightly turned by an invitation to join the Royal dinner-party. The *Times* is always right; a more valuable or high-principled journal does not exist; for every day's *Times* faithfully reflects what the common people thought the day before; therefore it is gratifying to know not only that the "Prince Consort Memorial" is the most beautiful work of modern art in the world, but that the whole expense (which is pretty considerable) was defrayed from voluntary subscription, and from the QUEEN's private savings—savings out of the income given her by the Nation to support her Royal state. Both these pieces of information are very gratifying; but we must be allowed to live in the hope of seeing, some day or other, a nobler work of modern art even than the Prince Consort Memorial, as we certainly hope we shall not see the account of certain votes, passed by the late Parliament towards the expense of that great work of art, which the Crown has generously, we doubt not, refused to accept.

TOO KEEN BY HALF.

WHO is the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., the rector of Whitby? Has anybody out of Whitby heard of him before? Possibly not. However, having addressed a political pastoral to his flock, and flung himself into notoriety by hanging as it were on to the coat-tails of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, who happens to be canvassing the borough in the Liberal interest, the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., is somebody, at all events, for half-an-hour. Of course he bursts forth in opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and, like most supporters of that beneficent institution, is a little foggy. With true clerical logic he declares that in his spiritual capacity he has no wish to make his parishioners Whig or Tory, though he, at the same time, announces that complicity with the scheme of Messrs. Gladstone and Bright is "a great moral crime, a sin, and sacrilege." If this is the rector of Whitby's view of the matter, why on earth does he not abandon half-measures at once, and excommunicate his Liberal parishioners *en masse*. "Great moral crimes, sins, and sacrilege," need, if not book, bell, and candle, at least some sort of curse; and so, according to Mr. Keene's own showing, he ought to refuse something—say burial—to a Liberal elector. To dispose of the rest of this reverend gentleman's political manifesto would be a mere waste of time; but it is certainly well up to the mark in point of reason, moderation, and ability. Dr. McNeile's *Times* agitation got him a place. Will not Mr. Disraeli look kindly on this tea-cup stir at Whitby? Soberly, we, in common, doubtless with a respectable majority of mankind, know nothing of the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., but we would strongly advise him to study a certain precept of that gospel of which he is a professed minister.

MUSICAL PATCHWORK.

THE novelty for next season at the Grand Opera in Paris has just been announced. *Faust*, which has hitherto been played at the Théâtre Lyrique, is to be produced, and Gounod has undertaken to add for the occasion a new romance for Madlle. Nilsson, a song for Fame, and a ballet to be introduced into the *Walpurgis Night* scene. It cannot be expected, however, that this one "novelty" will be sufficient to carry the management on to the close of the Season, and it is therefore very probable that the following operas, carefully added to and improved upon, will be given during the winter.

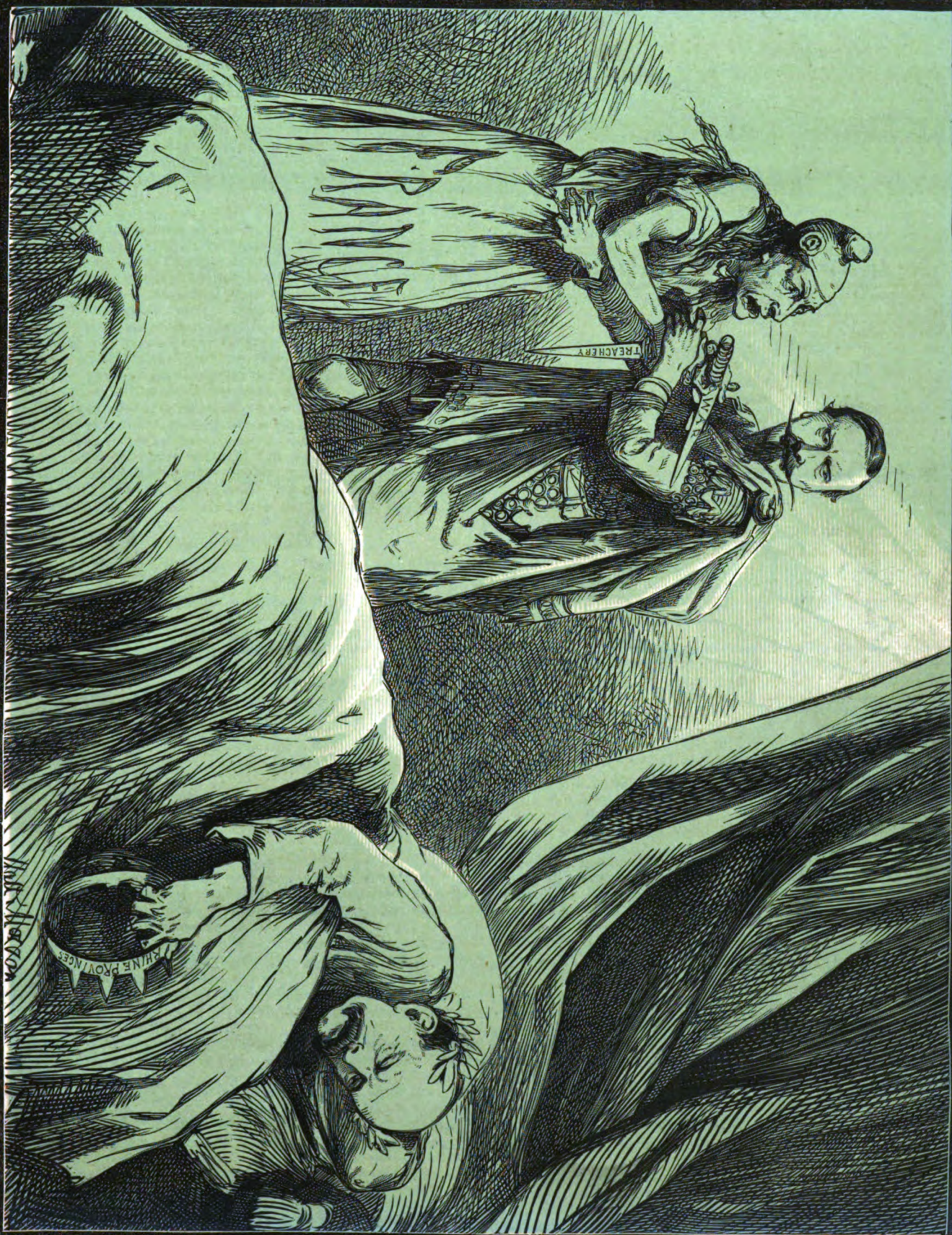
La Sonnambula.—A ballet of chamber-maids will be introduced into the bed-room scene, and half-a-dozen *encore* verses will be added to "Ah non giunge."

William Tell.—A storm with real rain will form the commencement of the second act, and Matilda will sing "Sombres Forêts" under an umbrella.

Martha.—Dogs, horses, and a stag will appear on the stage in the hunting scene, and the chorus, mounted on steeple-chasers, will take the five-barred gate of the beer shop on the left during the finale. M. Flotow has kindly introduced three new songs for the soprano—namely, "Scots wha hae," "Slumber my darling," and "The Death of Nelson."

Il Trovatore.—A new act will be added. It will commence with the marriage of the Count de Luna with Inez, Leonora's waiting-maid, and the only female character living at the conclusion of the opera in its present form. The wedding feast will, however, be interrupted by the arrival of Leonora, Manrico and his mother in a spectre balloon (patented), who will carry off the Count to a grand march, with an entirely new accompaniment of twenty-one aerial maroons from the Crystal Palace, and Inez will be condemned to become a "dama d'onore" in all Signor Verdi's operas for all eternity.

It is quite refreshing to get the promise of anything new at the opera either in Paris or in London, where the stock *repertoires* have of late years been completely used up. Next to something entirely new, the above works, with the proposed touches, may prove acceptable; but it would certainly be more in keeping with the dignity of a vast establishment like the Paris Grand Opera, to provide an opera so veritably new and original for its first campaign.



ON THE VERGE!

LADY MACBETH (FRANCE).
Give me the Daggers.

* Infirm of purpose!
* * *

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

[A RECENT article in the *Patrie*, commenting on "The Splashing Houses of London," contains the following startling description:—

"These curious establishments are provided with muds of different counties, but principally of those counties where the hunting is best. They are moreover furnished by way of ornament with a wooden horse and a mirror. The sale of the mud is conducted in the most serious manner imaginable. On the exquisite presenting himself the groom inquires: 'From what county, sir, do you wish it to be supposed you have just returned—from Staffordshire, from Derbyshire?' 'No, from the county of Kent.' 'All right. Take your seat.'

"On this, the pretended sportsman bestrides a wooden automaton pony, which begins to raise his front and hind legs, to trot, to prance, throwing the mud over his rider with the same irregularity as a real horse would do across country. After having been well splashed, the man of fashion pays the account, casts an eye of approbation towards the mirror, and then, with a whip in his hand, goes and exhibits his bespattered costume in Bond street, Piccadilly, or Pall mall, in order that it may be supposed that he has just returned from a grand hunt."

Convinced by the above extract that the French Correspondents in the Great Metropolis are more industrious in picking up facts than the writers of "London Letters" to the Provincial Press, we have secured the services of an eminent Parisian author to contribute a *fac simile* of the article he weekly despatches to the Editor of his own paper—*Le Gamin de Paris*, for our own publication. Without further preface, we allow the new addition to our talented Staff of contributors to introduce himself to the millions who are good enough to peruse these pages.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

To the Editor of the "*Gamin de Paris*."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester Square.
Saturday, 5th Sept., 1868.

MY MUCH-RESPECTED AND WELL-BELOVED REDACTEUR,

See, here I have arrived. Albion the Perfidious, the White-cliffed, has taken me to her bosom, and I rest *au cinquième* in the hotel of a compatriot. Oh, my friend, what have I not undergone for thy sake! I will not speak of the ill of the sea, of the brutal "*stewar*" with his cry of "*Tic-Étes*," of the savage "*captan*" and his "*bol-mutton*." No, I will draw the curtain over my misery—my despair! I will only tell you what befel me at "Folk-es-tone."

The steam-boat arrived, and I walked up the ladder.

"Have you anything to declare?" shouted a *douanier*. "Have you cigars, rum, rosbif, wives!"

"Wives!" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes; wives to sell in Smithfield. Have you of them? You must pay the duty. Now appear you sharp witted."

I declared I had no wives for sale (oh, the barbarians!), and was allowed to pass. I then found confronting me a crowd carrying knives and torches, and screaming for my blood.

"See," cried a young "mees," with very large teeth, and two long blonde curls. "See! let us attack him—he has poor feet—he cannot defend himself!"

Some "riflemans" stepped forward and made a way for me.

"Leave him alone," they said; "he is a foreigner, he must see the custom—he must be crossed with a line."

Upon this the blonde "mees" laughed and permitted me to pass. "Ah!" she cried, "his mother knows not that he is abroad, let us murder him!"

I walked along between two rows of rabble, who brandished their swords and torches, and screamed for my blood. "He's pale," they said. "He is a puppy of a '*boule dogue*,' let him be be 'muzzled' to death!" Still the "Riflemans" cried out, with brutal laughter, "He is stranger. We go to show him the 'customs'—to cross him with a line!" And then the crowd howled with horrid merriment, and followed me.

After five minutes I came upon a long building without windows. The roof was surmounted with several flagstuffs, upon which had been spiked the heads of Fenians, "*pic-pockets*," and Directors of railway trains.

"See there the 'Custom'—it is the Hotel of the 'Beadle' of Folk-es-tone! Enter you, and appear sharp-witted. We must cross you with a line. Come now;" and I was hustled in.

* Evidently the "riflemans" were alluding to that curious custom known by sailors passing the Equator as "Crossing the Line."—[ED. TOM.]

It was very dark—this "Custom." Sombre as destiny—gloomy as the grave. A long vault appeared before me as I entered. I was hungry, and could see nothing. I felt with my hand for the wall, and touched something which seemed like wood.

I cried out "What is this?—oh, tell me! I faint with terror! I am stranger!"

A fiendish laugh echoed through the vault, and then a gruff voice replied, "You have touched the head of a compatriot who died from fright at being crossed with a line! Now it is your turn! Ha, ha, Frenchman, we will now avenge the victory you won at Waterloo!"

I then felt myself bound hand and foot, and saw a light approaching at the other end of the passage. Soon the light grew stronger, and then a procession entered in the following order:

"Polis-mans"	"Polis-mans"
to	to
Clear the way.	Clear the way.

Eight "Beef-eaters" (two and two)

devouring

A LIVE BULLOCK!

The Chaplain of the "Maire of Folk-es-tone"
drinking Rum.

Eight Cock-fighters (two and two)

drawing a cart of

"PLUM PUDDING."

English "Nobleman's"

Singing "O-dam!"

Sixteen "Riflemans" (two and two)

dancing the

"I-LAN FLING."

"THE MAIRE OF FOLK-ES-TONE"
(dressed as Neptune.)

Eight Prize-fighters (two and two)

fighting for

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE "LIGHT-SCULL."

Eight "Doctors of Divinity" (for the wounded.)

Two Hearses (for the dead.)

Eight "Beef-eaters" (two and two)

devouring

ANOTHER LIVE BULLOCK!

"Polis-mans"

"Polis-mans"

to

to

Clear the way.

Clear the way.

When this procession had arrived within ten paces of the spot upon which I was standing, the "Maire of Folk-es-tone," dressed as Neptune, cried out "Stop! Bring forward the stranger, we must cross him with a line!"

Two "polis-mans" rushed forward and seized me. I protested, but resistance was useless, and I soon found myself facing the terrible Maire in his marine costume.

"Stranger," said the municipal Neptune, "you have never been in Albion before?"

"Never. I am stranger. I am Frenchman."

"Very well, then. I must cross you with the line. It is an old custom of the 'Magna Carta.' You must submit!"

"I am prisoner. I am a minority. What would you with me?"

"You must be washed!" screamed the Maire savagely, and the crowd roared with delight.

The blood rushed to my face, and I felt as if some one had struck me, so great was the affront!

"Coward! you insult me!" I cried. "Know then that a Frenchman dies, but never washes!"

"Aha! we shall see—we shall see," howled the Maire.

"Here, polis-mans, bring the soap."

"What is this 'soap'?" I asked.

They brought a lump of a sort of yellow tallow and thrust in my face. I had never seen it before.

"Now then for the tub!" and they actually produced a huge bath. It was when I saw the bath that the tears began to run down my cheeks. I thought "I am a minority. I will appeal to the better feeling of these savages. My sobs will move them."

"I am prisoner," I said, with a voice broken with emotion, "be magnanimous and do not insult me!"

"It is the custom of 'Magna Carta,'" replied the Maire.

"I have no power. The 'Habe-as Corp-ūs' would behead me if you were allowed to depart unwashed."

"Washing is not the habit of my country," I urged.

"Enough!" cried the Maire. "Polismans, do your duties!"

In a moment I was seized and hurried to the horrid "tub." I saw the "soap" before my eyes. I offered up a prayer, when a loud, commanding voice exclaimed "Stay!"

The next minute and Maire, Cock-fighters, Beef-eaters, Polismans, Prize-fighters, and Chaplain, were all on their bended knees, bowing down to an officer clothed in a magnificent uniform.

It was the Beadle of Folk-es-tone!

The rest of my adventures shall be sent next week.

Receive, my Dear Redacteur,

My most distinguished considerations,

JULES CANARD.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

WITH this number of the TOMAHAWK ceases the "Maniac's Column." Next week we shall commence a series of Acrostics, contributed by a gentleman who, for many years, has given his undivided attention to the "Merry Science." He assures us that they will be "difficult without flippancy, patriotic without sentimentality, joyous without mistakes in grammar." When our readers learn that our talented contributor is well-known in Hanwell as the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green," they will readily anticipate a great and genuine intellectual treat.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

Or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first's a disjunctive, my second a place
Where high and low trees in dense masses you trace,
My whole is a town of which every knower
Likes the one that is neither the Upper or Lower.

2.

My first to evince their applause people do,
My second in cookshops you frequently view,
My whole is a town, with a common close by,
Where the houses and rents are both equally high.

3.

My first's an affair on which anything's hung,
My second a depth down which buckets are slung,
My third is a word for an inlet of sea
Where ships often rest out of danger to be,
My whole is the name of a place on our coast
Which of shrimps in perfection makes annual boast.

4.

My first is a diphthong; my second a word
That tells to whom marvels like these have occurred—
A draught of rank poison, a trip to the moon,
A skate upon ice-ponds in middle of June,
A dinner off crocodile, breakfast off snake,
Hippopotamus cutlets in lieu of beefsteak,
A leap from the summit of Westminster Hall,
And a bound at one spring to the top of St. Paul,
A swim to America, leap to Japan,—
In short, all that cannot be done, by this can;
My whole is a wife whose affectionate arms
Were left by her spouse for superior charms.

5.

The work of senates—female's name
(A queen of England bore it),
Will make a town in Switzerland,
With Alpine heights before it.

6.

Without my first the miller's trade were nought,
My second is what brigands are when caught,
My whole is that which mariners at sea
Are often doomed but never wish to be.

7.

My first is a beast that is very nice eating,
My second a place where the horse wets his feet in,
My whole is a town where our learned folk meet in.

8.

My first's a vermin oft crushed by our feet,
Nasty to look at, nastier still to eat;
Yet of it once a diet was ordained,
Of which great men partook and ne'er complained;
So well indeed they relished the repast,
For many days they strove to make it last.

9.

A blessing of Nature to man and to beast,
Though oft is the want of it felt in the east;
Its might is tremendous and oft 'tis the grave
Of the infant and adult, the timid and brave;
Yet for the most part it is gentle and calm,
And the sick have found in it a medical balm;
'Tis the foe of the pestilence, life of the might
That gives railway cars and steam-vessels their flight.

10.

My first precedes an army, and my second
In towns besieged a useful thing is reckoned;
My whole's expressive of a painter's name,
Than whom are few of more distinguished fame.

11.

Nought heavier the earth can bear,
Nothing so light floats through the air,
Paler than death itself to view,
No swan can boast its stainless hue,
Many have perished in its arms,
Yet it less terrifies than charms,
Guilt has been often by it traced,
And rocks and rivulets displaced;
'Tis colourless, yet has been known
To make the gazer blind as stone;
The summer kills it, and a day
Will sometimes drive it all away;
It has its seasons and its times,
But is eternal in some climes;
'Tis Nature's gift, but not its best,—
And now my riddle may be guessed.

12.

My first is a root that we often devour,
My second a letter without any power,
My third helps to form many nice things we buy,
And my whole is a name which in music stands high.

13.

My first is the name of a street,
My second is never cold,
My third as the world is old,
My whole is a name soon told,
And that of a well-known isle
That's distant many a mile.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Imperial. 2. Shuttlecock. 3. Gunpowder. 4. Palace. 5. Orange. 6. Portrait. 7. Cambridge.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Wushperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Samuel E. Thomas, A Staunch Jacobite, W. McD., Three Stray Buzwings, Annie (Tooting), Gulnare and Orpheus, Mabel May, Our Charlie, Slodger and Tiney, Skin and Bone-Hag, Granniepilgrimlardidida, Greenover, Flounchy and Turco, The Savage, Molly, The Wendover Wonders, Missing Letter, W. B. W. and W. W., Arthur's Pet, Four Hastings Scalps, Derfla Relluf, Real Annie (Tooting), Edenkyle, Annie of Tooting's Lover (W.I.C.R.), The Glorious Company of Lunatics (Limited), Little Daddy's "Eva" by Yank out of Mischief, Old John, Choque, Sauerkraut, A True Conservative, Kate A. Thomas and J. Franklin, Mad Whilk, Walter Logan, Typholus, Kleinigkeit, Brandon, Dublin, Burley, Number Nip, Theonesidedheelweardowner, G. M. S., John Moore, Ulmus, E. W. B. S. (Bayswater), An Escaped Partridge, A. L. D'A. C., Old Brum, Hugo von Bomsen, Palmetto, Two Black Diamonds, Sweet Lad, John S. F., E. L. Orton, A Party Called Johnson, Chum, The Prince's Dock and the Painted Ball, Awful Duffer, Renyarf, I. A. T. (Eastbourne), One Black Diamond (Guy's), North, Samohlt Llatse.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 72.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. 2.—"OUR ACTING DEPUTY MOTHERS."

THERE is one strong incitement to do all that we can to improve the condition of servant girls, which ought to make all, women especially, most energetic in this good work, and that is the fact that the physical and moral health of our children are so much in the hands of their nurses. We fear that the offices of maternity are not fashionable amongst the higher classes; after the labour of producing children, the delicate natures of the mothers of the period demand a long rest, before they are again capable of the heavy responsibilities and onerous duties of a mother. Most children are reared by deputy, and they run the gauntlet of nurses, nursemaids, and governesses, till, if girls, the mystic ceremony of "coming out," or if boys, the "going to school," releases them from the thralldom of the nursery and the schoolroom. Up to this period girls see but little of their fond parents; if they are pretty children they are occasionally paraded before friends and acquaintances, or taken some stray expedition of amusement, when they won't be in the way; but mothers who watch their daughters, from the first budding of the cradle to the full blossoming of "the first ball," are few and far between in Society. This being so, and presuming that maternal love is the strongest passion in the female breast, and one which it is not indecorous to indulge, we can only conclude that all mothers in Society must be anxious that the persons, to whose care their dear children are necessarily entrusted, should be, as far as possible, worthy of so great a trust.

To begin with the earliest stage of deputy motherhood, the office of wet nurse (an office which, by the way, is threatened by that great enemy of human nature, the bottle), who are the women who fulfil the duties of this most important vicarship? We will be very careful in touching on this delicate subject, but it behoves us not to shrink in pointing out the great evils which affect the condition of wet nurses in the present day. That a mother should, if possible, perform the duties which nature has attached to the joys of maternity, no one will deny; but supposing it impossible, to whom is she to look to supply her place? Is she to rob another child of its natural nutriment in order to feed her own? is she to repair the robbery of death by giving the bereaved mother another's child to nestle to the aching breast? or is she to turn the error of the vicious, or of the betrayed, to a good account? The choice is difficult; no married woman can really separate herself from the ties of her home for long. The absent husband, or still more the child left to some stranger's care, always fills her thoughts; in fact, those who are mothers know well the difficulties which encompass the question. So marked is the preference for single women as wet nurses, that it is a well-known fact, at the lying-in hospitals, that poor women who are really married, but whose husbands are away, or too poor to support their wife or child, will sometimes say *they are single*, in order to obtain a situation more easily. The matrons of these excellent institutions do not, as a rule, receive the same girl twice, so as not to encourage profligacy, and they are always most kind in giving them good advice; but no one, who has not gone into this subject, can tell the amount of misery and crime that is often compressed into the small waiting-room at one of our large lying-in hospitals.

Supposing, then, that a wet nurse has been selected from

among the single women, how serious is the responsibility which her mistress has undertaken! Do ladies who employ wet nurses think sufficiently of this? Do they reflect what a golden opportunity is now opened of reclaiming the erring girl? Do they try to make her avail herself of it to the utmost, and themselves aid her in the hard task? It appears to us that, supposing the system of vicarious nursing to be spreading, there lies in it one of the most glorious chances of rescuing from a life of vice and misery the victims of others' deceit or of their own folly. But we must content ourselves with urging most earnestly on all those, who may find themselves the employers of such girls, to leave no effort untried to save them from themselves; and not, when their duties are fulfilled, cast them forth on the streets without a hand to hold them back from slipping down the hill, but give them a chance of redeeming their fault in an honest and upright life. It may be a hopeless task; the mistresses may find their patience sore tried by sullen apathy or cunning deceit; but we entreat them not to fear failure, but at least to try; and thus diminish one fruitful source whence the miseries of our streets are fed.

When we are impatient and cross at the crying of a child, it would be well to reflect that crying is the sole way in which the infant can express its suffering, or relate its wrongs. And no one, who has not studied the habits of nurses and nursemaids, can possibly imagine the amount of torture that deliberate cruelty sometimes, but far oftener ignorant stupidity or careless neglect, inflicts upon babies. No one would suppose that the nurse who before the ladies and gentlemen is all loving smiles for "dear, darling baby," was not devoted, heart and soul, to her charge. Let them watch that nurse when nobody is looking, when she is waiting near the beloved barracks, and her gallant warrior is not to be seen, not even to be grinned and sniggered at: if baby is troublesome then, woe betide him! Down he goes on the damp grass or the cold stones, and there he may sit and cry till he is tired. What does it matter if a string is cutting him, or a pin pricking him? She sits with supreme indifference, and goes on with her work, or her penny "Screamer." The foundation of much nervous suffering, and sometimes of fits, is laid in infancy by the thoughtless cruelty of nurses. Mothers wonder why dear baby is always crying; fathers say with some asperity, "Bother that child! it's never quiet." But they don't suspect that the nurse has upset the child's food, and is too lazy to get it any more; or has drank its milk, and so the poor little thing is obliged to be content with water. Yet these things happen, and not rarely, in families where only one nursemaid is kept; where there is an upper nurse, with attendants under her, matters are generally better; but no money can secure kindness and intelligence, so let not the rich flatter themselves that with what we say they can have no concern.

We must pause here in order to add the moral to which our remarks point.

The true province of woman lies in those duties which man cannot, even if he would, perform.

The true heroine is the mother who brings up her sons and daughters so that they are the strength, the pride, the glory of their country. They need not reach the highest honours, they need not win the wealthiest prizes of the world to be all this. The real strength of a state is in the courage of her sons, her noblest pride in the virtues of her daughters, her brightest glory in their unspotted lives, in their unassuming obedience to

the calls of duty and honour. What but the ever-watchful love of a mother can hope to build up the intricate framework of such characters? But how can any mother hope to reap honour and praise in the person of her children, if she leaves them from their earliest years to the care of mercenary attendants, who have little love for their charge and less pride in their duties?

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE VIII.

To Willie from his Friend.

My dear old Willie, though you gave me strict
Orders on certain topics not to write,
And though I would not wantonly inflict
Fresh pain, when pain you seek to ease by flight,
Still now I irresistibly feel pricked
To seize my pen and an account indite
To you of something that has just occurred,
Of which it is not likely you have heard.

It is not pretty news I have to tell,
Though I, for one, can't look on it as bad,
And everyone must think 'tis just as well.
At first 'twill make you desperately mad;
But, once subsided anger's natural swell,
I'm much mistaken if you won't be glad;
So glad indeed, I'm sure that I had better
At once approach the subject of my letter.

The plain truth is, that Bullion has bolted,
Not with your cox, old fellow, but without her;
His fat old governor after him has jolted,
And they are all in such a state about her.
No one knows when he started. But the dolt did—
As though he positively wished to flout her—
Not say a word to her before, though she
Would but too willingly have set him free.

But such a wretched creature is this boor,
This beast, this ass, this moneyed miscreant,
That he had no design, you may be sure,
To outrage or insult her. His whole want
Was to elude an atmosphere too pure
For him to breathe. It made his coarse lungs pant.
He felt that it would kill him. So, in fright,
This clumsy son of Dives took to flight.

What by pursuit his father thinks to gain,
I can't imagine, now the thing is ended.
Henceforth she will inflexible remain,
And that's why I rejoice he has offended.
So if you only can yourself contain,
Fate and this fool have notably befriended
You and your hopes. For she is free once more,
And will not be their plaything as before.

You must not judge her harshly for the past.
What can a poor girl do by self-assertion,
When the whole world conspires to bind her fast,
To baulk her will and baffle her assertion?
For all the choice she had from first to last,
She might as well have been a Turk or Persian.
You'd be a fool to lay the slightest stress on
What must have taught them all a right good lesson.

They do not know the worst though; and I trust
That they will never know it, but the truth
Is elsewhere freely mentioned and discussed,
Therefore in spite of your impetuous youth,
And my own sense of loathing and disgust,
I now must tell you what will whet your tooth
For vengeance on this despicable cur,
Who on fair things has cast so foul a slur.

He did not go alone, but with him went
A certain creature, very much the fashion,
With sots like him. Now give your feelings vent;
And if you long his back to lay the lash on,
I neither will dissuade you nor prevent,
But gladly aid your meritorious passion.
Speak but the word, old boy, and I'm your man;
And we will catch this caitiff if we can.

Moreover I would bet that we shall find him
A vast deal sooner than his gouty sire.
And once, I think, you fairly get behind him,
You will, inspired by fine poetic fire,
Strike some sharp notes, for ever to remind him
That grubs, though gilt, should never quit the mire.
Now you know all, my conscience is quite clear.
Good-bye, old boy. You'll always find me here.

A LITTLE IRRITATING.

WHO is Mr. Seton Karr? Telegrams from India are full of his name. It would appear that this person has been appointed Foreign Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and as the post is worth something handsome, his friends are pleased, and his enemies—*i.e.*, other people's friends—are sorry. Beyond this little difference of opinion, which does not appear to have had the least effect on anybody, Mr. Seton Karr appears to be an ordinary and unimportant member of the Bengal Civil Service who has just managed to obtain for himself a good place. We here in England take a proper interest in everything of moment that really concerns the welfare and prosperity of our Indian empire, but we do not want to be worried by the squabbles and jealousies of the little great men of a Calcutta coterie.

When a telegram comes from a great distance, newspapers as a matter of course print it in conspicuous type, and the public as a matter of duty read it. Mr. Seton Karr appears to be aware of this, and has taken advantage of the knowledge, together with a probable control over the Calcutta telegraph clerk, to force his name into this country. He cannot really think that people in England have the slightest interest either in himself or his office.

"QUI SEXCUSE —."

WHY is it that English people of degree when they travel in foreign lands deem it necessary to offer to the public some excuse for doing so? The Archbishop of Canterbury, like many others of his countrymen, has been spending the dull season abroad, and the papers announcing his return insist on informing us that "His Grace has received much benefit from his sojourn on the continent." It has never been stated, at least not to our knowledge, that the Archbishop was ailing. And although we must admit we have no special correspondent at Lambeth Palace, the illness of so great a functionary, if anything was seriously the matter with him, could not have been kept a secret.

We are very much inclined to believe that the little sentence above quoted is one more instance of that bad habit of excuse-making which is neither necessary nor honest,—a bad habit, too, which is now-a-days indulged in even by greater folks than archbishops. If people are ill and change of air is necessary for them, let them take it; and even, if they like, they may call on us to congratulate them when they get better; but if nothing is the matter with them beyond a desire to see the world (a very laudable and proper wish)—if they consider it necessary to speak at all, let them frankly give an honest reason for their holiday-making, and not stoop to excuse themselves to the general public, who have neither the right nor the inclination to criticise their movements.

GOING FOR THE COST OF AN OLD SONG!—So "Paris by Moonlight" was bought for £30, and yet this city by day has cost the French nation—who will say how many millions? If Napoleon changes not his policy, we may perhaps find this same metropolis once more going for the price of an old song—the price of the "*Marseillaise*!"

BLOW FOR BLOW; or, MILK AND HONEY.*(A Comic Musical Mélange, produced at the Viaduct Saloon, High Holborn.)***1ST BLOW: THE BLOW-UP!**—Enter CHARLEY SPRAGGS as "The Comic Clerk."

Song.—O! what a lark!
 I'm a comic clerk!
 My name is Charlie Spraggs!
 'Tis so, of course,
 'Cos I loves a horse;
 Which it rhymes as well with "Nags."

[Comic business with pens and ledgers *ad lib.*]

"Mr. Spraggs will appear again, gentlemen." While he is changing his costume some people get on to the stage and become more or less excited, until eventually one of them, whose appearance might lead one to suppose that he drove a Hansom cab with maritime tendencies, gives a sound caning to another gentleman, who looks like a pew-opener, after which a virtuous old gentleman is handcuffed, and removed to make room for

2ND BLOW: THE BLOW-OUT!—Mr. C. SPRAGGS as "The Comic Speculator," in which character he will be assisted by Miss KITTY WEATHERSBY.

Song.—O, I loves a cup of good tea!
 When it comes from the strong Bohea,
 With lots of bread and butter!
 I've a lottery-ticket bought,
 Which to turn a prize certainly ought,
 And raise me sky high from the gutter.

[Comic business *ad lib.* with teacups, &c., finishing with a breakdown.]

That extremely sympathetic young actress, Miss Lydia Foote, appeared on the stage for a few moments, but was obliged to withdraw, for "Mr. Spraggs will oblige you with another song."

3RD BLOW: THE BLOATER.—Sir CHARLES SPRAGGS as "The Comic Foxhunter," dressed in the costume of *Corinthian Tom*. Scene: A drawing-room. Sir C. S. keeps his hat on his head all through the song.

Song.—O! I've been on the turf all my days;
 But I ain't a bit up to its ways.
 I'm all in the mud
 As to what is a stud;
 All I know is that ignorance pays.

[Comic business *ad lib.* with whip, sits down on his spurs, &c.] *[Exit to change for next turn.]*

An interesting case of identity was witnessed unintentionally by the public at this juncture, but there was no time to understand it, as "Mr. Spraggs will respond once more, ladies and gentlemen."

4TH BLOW: BLOW FOR JOE.—Enter SPRAGGS as "The Comic Flute-player."

Song.—O! reduced by a swindling brute
 To resort to the Germinating flute,—
 It's a hinstument I despise!
 The cornet is nobler far!
 The harp or the light guitar!—
 I'll blow it no more. Blow my eyes!

[Comic business with a comic serving-maid, who is attached to a beer-jug and door-key. The scene takes place in the middle of George street, Westminster, but owing to the cab strike they are allowed to run on without being run over.]

5TH BLOW: HEADS B'LO-O-O-OW.—Mr. SPRAGGS is much flattered by the recall, and will reappear as soon as he has changed. In the meanwhile Miss LYDIA FOOTE and Miss RIGNOLD give a great deal of unexpected pleasure to a fatigued audience. Miss FOOTE is in danger of a sudden attack of JOHN DRUMMOND, when her convict PAPA, who has been listening outside in Botany Bay, returns, and by way of meriting a ticket-of-leave commits deliberate homicide, by pitching Mr. JOHN

DRUMMOND over the balcony of a three-pair back on to the pavement.

[Enter CHARLIE SPRAGGS as the Comic Aider and Abettor Man.]

Song.—O! ain't this here a Christian treat?
 We've pitched a chap over into the street,
 Where he lies with his collar-bone broke.
 To make it more pleasant,
 Two Peelers are present,
 Who regard the whole thing as a joke.

[Comic business *ad lib.* over the balcony. Dance by the characters.]

CURTAIN.

We had an idea there might have been some good acting by Doctor Parselle, who had stepped out of Savile row; Mr. J. Cowper, whose *Task* was by no means easy; and Miss Foote, who is every inch charming; but the comic entertainment given by Mr. Honey (written expressly for him by H. J. Byron, Esq.) precluded all possibility of criticism.

THE BRILLIANT COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

THE late reception of the Prince and Princess Girgenti at Paris, is said to be due to *pique* at the neglect of Prince Humbert and his bride in not paying a visit to the French Court, while they honoured several German princes with their company. We certainly are surprised at Prince Humbert's turning his back on Paris, for when there before, as a bachelor, even after his visit to our splendid Court, the brilliancy and heartiness of his reception stood the comparison very favourably. But we are more surprised, considering the great sympathy that has always been shown by England for the Italian cause, that the son of Victor Emmanuel did not bring his bride to receive the hospitality of the Court of St. James's. Perhaps some reminiscences of his former visit yet survived in his mind. It will scarcely be believed that, when this prince came to England after the Italian campaign, he was "put up" at his ambassador's, that he was never once entertained at Court, that when he went to see Windsor Castle he was shown over the place like any common visitor, that he was obliged to go to the inn to get any refreshment—in fact, that he was made to feel in every way that he was in the land of the free, where princes were not honoured more than any other men. It is such delicate courtesies as these, on the part of our Court, that make the name of England so deeply respected and beloved throughout the Continent.

A BOARD OF OGRES.

THE London General Omnibus Company pays its shareholders a wretched little dividend of 2½ per cent. per annum, and its directors a salary of £3,000 a-year all told. When the company was formed a few years ago something was said about the salaries of the directors being reducible by 50 per cent., should the profits of the concern at any time sink below an annual shilling in the pound on the paid-up capital; but at the half-yearly meeting the other day, although the shareholders appear to have been dissatisfied, nothing came of their growls and grumbles. How true must be the maxim that a demand always commands a supply! If such were not the case, the London General Omnibus Company would think seriously of winding itself up. True it is that our public conveyances are the worst of any capital city in Europe. But, *faut de mieux*, such as they are, we cannot do without them, and the directors of the Omnibus Company appear to be aware of the fact. Does it require ten millions of money and an Act of Parliament to start a new line, or is it that the spirit of opposition has died of exhaustion? At any rate, under the present monopoly, both the public and the shareholders are in an equally sorry plight.

A GRAVE JOKE!—Undertakers are proverbially jolly. So are all box-keepers who are not prohibited accepting fees.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gill Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MADAME ALEXANDRINE BRIS passed her examination as Bachelor of Science at the Faculty of Sciences of Paris a few days ago. Ah! if all ladies who usurp the Rights of Man would only remain "bachelors," we would not grudge them their dignity! It is only when she marries that the Rights of Woman become wrong!

MR. LEIGH PEMBERTON has reduced the argument of *tu quoque* to a system of moral philosophy. He sees no harm in issuing a spurious address signed with another man's name, because, he says, "The Liberals have done many dirty things before at elections in Kent." A study of the Parliamentary contests since 1832 will not show much to choose between the two parties. But this argument, that one dirty trick justifies another, is unlimited in its scope; and Mr. Leigh Pemberton's gentlemanly and refined "squib" may furnish the justification of some Liberal forgery on a future occasion. Mr. Leigh Pemberton has yet to learn that most essential of all Conservative principles—to conserve his honour.

THE correspondent of the *Pall Mall* in Paris is responsible for the following anecdote:—Among the excuses put forward lately by the Imperialist writers for the massacres of December, during the *coup d'état*, one is that "it was all a mistake." General St. Arnaud had a very bad cold at the time, and when the aide-de-camp dashed up to him for instructions, "the Boulevards were up;" St. Arnaud, who could not speak for coughing, exclaimed, "Ma sacrée toux!" which the aide-de-camp interpreted, "Massacrez tous." Hence the blood which stains the Imperial purple. This is rather too much. We knew that the sycophants of the present dynasty always made light of those terrible massacres, but we did not know that there were men brutes enough to make a vulgar jest on them.

So we are to have another cable laid down between Europe and America. This is most gratifying intelligence. Two have already been constructed between Great Britain and the United States—we beg pardon, *three*. We must not forget the third; that living cable between the two countries, Mr. Charles

Dickens. We had to pay for the first two,—the Yankees had to "stump up" (to quote from their refined vocabulary) for the remaining one. Our readers will remember that the farewell dinner of Charles Dickens was worthy of finding a record in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. The English author provided a sumptuous repast of "butter" for his admirers, while they watched him gleefully as he proceeded to *eat his own words*! We trust Charles Dickens found his dish of humble pie agreeable to his palate—the pill he swallowed was *gilded*!

"THE MIGHTY VOICE!"

THE smell now localised in all warm weather between the Alexandra Hotel, Knightsbridge, and Park Lane, is as decided as ever. It has, however, been a popular abuse for seasons.

The Serpentine is a beautiful but putrid green. It has been frequently cursed without avail.

Four-wheel cabs are still a necessary abomination. Where is the new company?

Park lane is still a good joke!

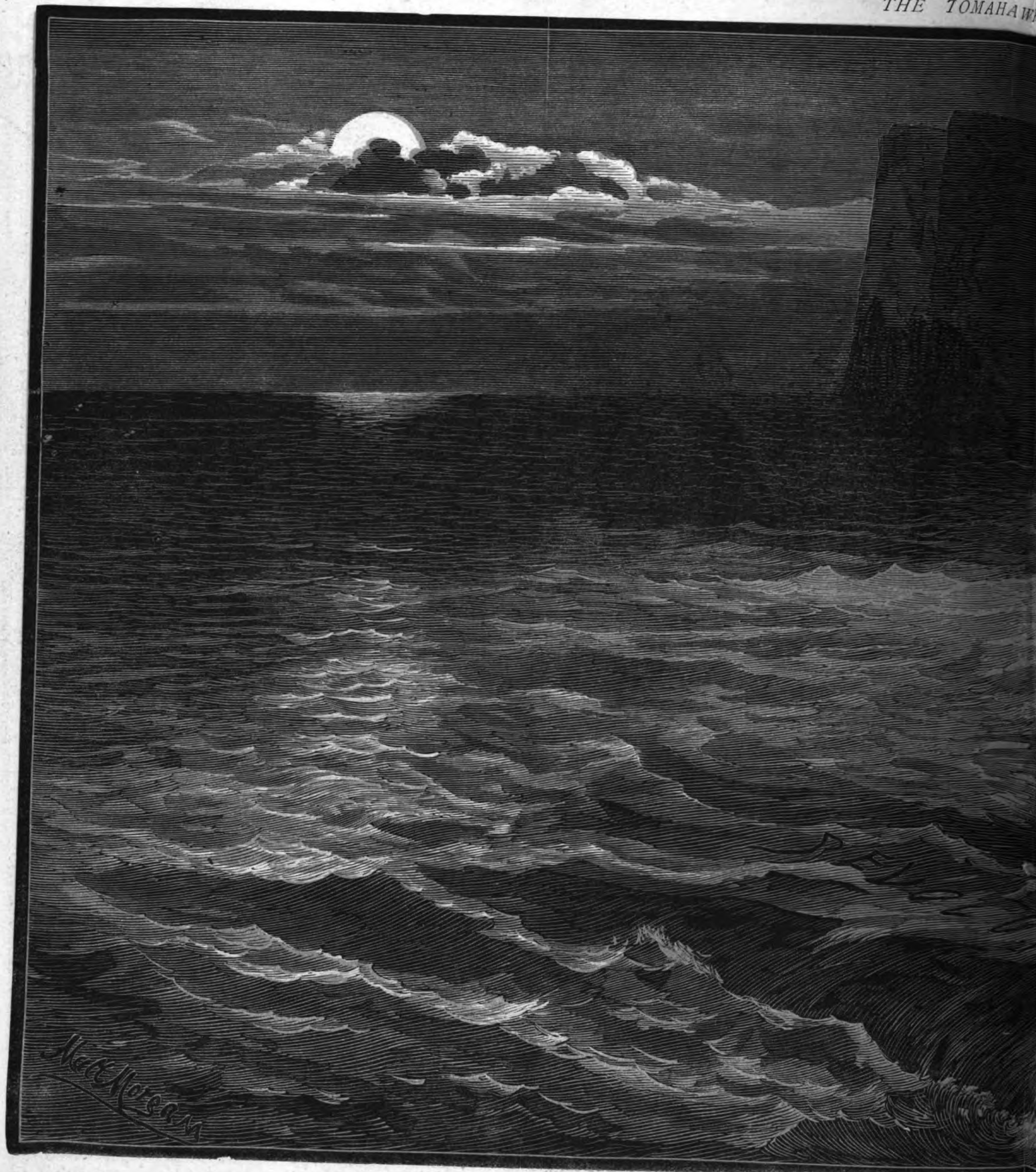
The "Palace of Justice" has been handed about from site to site. Who will bet that it is not at this hour about to be commenced on the *wrong* one?

The only *really* useful thing now near completion in the metropolis is the Albert Memorial! And yet people say that the voice of Public Opinion is not a mighty one! Mighty? It *howls* splendidly in penny newspapers, but it *does*—next to nothing!

NOT A DOUBT OF IT!

POSSIBLY the dull season, but more likely the everlasting tittle-tattle of scandal-mongers, may be responsible for the fact; but fact it is, that we have been treated to a tremendous amount of political small talk of late. Under such circumstances it would be unreasonable to suppose that Her Majesty's passage through Paris, on her way home from Switzerland, could escape comment. French papers have already warned us of the tremendous significance to be attached to such usually harmless and ordinary events as a drive through Lucerne, a tour round its lake, or an ascent of the Rigi. Our senses, therefore, have been pretty well sharpened; and if hidden meanings escape us, we must be very dull indeed. A sort of reconciliation, so it is said, was to have taken place between the French Emperor and the Queen of England. More,—exchanges of the most friendly compliments were to have been followed by acts of the most startling generosity. The Isles of *Yer-see* and *Gurn-c-see* were to have been given up to France, together with two dozen of the dirtiest patriots, picked by the French police where they liked, out of Leicester square. Waterloo bridge was to have changed its name to "*Le Pont Prince Impérial*," and Nelson was to have been quietly removed from his column at Charing cross to make way for an allegorical statue of "*L'Alliance*," standing on one leg, and holding a bottle of *Palale* in one hand, and a case of sardines in the other. France was not on her part to have been backward in substantial concessions. A new Boulevard was to have been named after *Mees Bull*, and a site selected in the new *quartier* near the *Invalides* to be known hereafter as "*O-yes-dam-Squarr*." The French army was to have been fed on *rosbif-tripe*, and India was to have been left in our hands for six months longer, at least. Indeed, the *entente cordiale* was to have been perfect.

Unfortunately for the peace party through Europe, nothing in this programme was settled after all, for we now know what good reason we have to feel disappointed with the result of the promised meeting, and how terribly the funds have gone down in consequence. As we had occasion to observe some weeks ago—if a trip taken by the "Countess of Kent" means all this, what pregnant results must there not spring from the movements of a *real* Prince! Let the world look out, for we see that our most well-beloved and trusty Christian has just come over in the Dover packet!



September 19, 1868.



HE TIDE !

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER II.—*The Secret Society—The Famille Dinnare—The Departure for London—The Deserted Train—A View in "holland"—A Frugal Feast—A Custom of the Country.*

To the Editor of the "*Gamin de Paris*."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
12th Sept., 1868.

MY HONOURED AND WELL-BELOVED REDACTEUR,

You may possibly remember that when I last wrote to you I furnished you with an account of my adventures from the moment of my arriving on English ground to the second in which I found a rescuer from the persecutions of the Maire and Corporation of "Folk-es-tone" in the person of the Beadle. I beg to make a continuation.

"Release the prisoner," cried my friend to the Beef-eaters, who had been forcing me towards the hateful "tub" with the intention of washing me—of making me undergo the custom of "Crossing the Line." "Release him!"

The Maire and Corporation of "Folk-es-tone" looked undecided. They had been awed on the appearance of the Beadle by his magnificent uniform, but by this time they had become accustomed to his cocked-hat and richly-laced frock-coat. So (as I have observed before) they looked undecided.

"Slaves!" roared the Beadle, "Disobey my orders, and you shall have the Income Tax!"

At this dreadful threat the Maire and Corporation rushed away, shrieking wildly, to the Vestry Hall, and I was left alone with my protector. I fell upon one knee, and tried to kiss his hand.

"Nay brother, do not that," said he gently, raising me up from the ground. "I saw that you belonged to a Secret Society."

"How?"

"Did you not give me the sign, showing me that you were a Patriot—a Son of Freedom?"

"What sign?"

"What sign! why the sign of all Foreign lovers of liberty and their countries' good—the noble scorn of water, the honest hate of soap! When I saw you refuse to wash, I knew you were one of us. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said I, unwilling to lose his protection. "Yes, you are right."

"Come, then, my friend," cried out the Beadle heartily, "you must dine with me."

We left the "Custom," and walked through the streets of Folk-es-tone until we came to a magnificent church with three spires and two domes. The Beadle took out an immense key from his pocket, and opened the door. We entered the holy building, and passed by some places looking like the waiting-rooms of a French Railway Station.

"What are these?" I asked.

"They are 'pews,'" replied the Beadle. "You see they contain cushioned seats—the seats are for the congregation to sleep upon when the sermon of the curate commences."

"What, they sleep at the sermon! Ah! these people are not such barbarians, after all," I thought; and from that moment felt a greater respect for the English.

We now entered a small building attached to the church, called the Vestry, which proved to be the beadle's house. Waiting in a magnificent hall, made of marble, were several retainers, clothed in black, wearing long coats, and with black silk scarves wound round their hats.

"Fetch up the banquet," said the beadle to these men (who, I afterwards heard, were called "Mutes"), and, bowing me to a seat, my friend removed his cocked hat and prepared for the dinner.

As I have promised to give your readers a faithful account of England as I found it in the year of grace 1868, I can scarcely do better than furnish you with the *menu* of our meal. Millions in England eat the same food day after day, and year after year. It was what is called "The Famille Dinnare."

After waiting for about five minutes we heard a great beating on the gong, and loud noises from the "Mutes." Evidently a

frightful combat was going on. At length the uproar ceased, and a "Mute," pale and panting, threw open the door and cried:

"Milor! milor!"

"Speak, slave," bellowed the Beadle. "What would you with me?"

"We have served the Famille Dinnare."

And here is the *menu* :—

MENU OF THE FAMILLE DINNARE.

(For Two Persons.)

1ST COURSE.

Portar-bierre.	Plum-pudding (hot).	
	Shrimps.	
	Crumpets (souche).	Gin.
	Pea-soup.	
	Marmalade.	

2ND COURSE.

Ginger-bierre.	Plum-pudding (cold).	
	Roast-beef.	
	Pork-chop.	
	"Cat-is-meat."	Ginger-bierre.
	"Peppermintdrops."	
	Le Mince Pie.	

DESERT.

Tea.	"Gingerbreadnuts."	
	"Toffee."	
	"Turkis-sherbert."	
	Eggs.	Cocoa.
	"Little glass" of "Stout."	

And this is the dinner that millions of Englishmen eat every day of their lives!

After dinner the Beadle escorted me to the Railway Station, and I took my ticket (third-class—it is the most aristocratic) for London. As I did not leave Folk-es-tone until half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, I was very fatigued, and wished to go to sleep. Fortunately for me, there was no one in my carriage, so I lay at full length on the seat and slumbered.

I dreamed of the happiness of beautiful Paris, of the stability of the throne of my gallant Emperor, of the bravery of his noble cousin Prince Napoleon; I dreamed of the enormous circulation of the "*Gamin*," and the money I knew would reward my exertions on the behalf of its proprietors. At last I woke with a start, and found the things that I had been thinking about were indeed a dream!

The train had stopped, and the daylight was streaming through some brown holland covering the windows. I shook myself together, and pulled out my watch—half-past eight. By the Railway Guide I should have reached London hours before. I opened the window, but couldn't see through the brown holland. I shouted, but all was as silent as the grave.

Getting alarmed, I opened my pen-knife and cut a hole through the covering, and put my head out. What a sight met my view!

As far as I could see there was nothing but brown holland! The trees were encased in this material, and all the hedges were covered over. The cows were standing in attitudes under glass cases, and the birds were confined in small cages. All the flowers were clothed in cotton wool, and the grass itself was strewn with strips of old floor-cloth. The train I had been travelling in had stopped on the slant of an incline, and engine, tender, vans, and carriages were one and all swathed in brown holland cases!

I shouted, but no one came near me. I couldn't get out of the carriage because the doors were locked, and I found that there were bars to the window.

I sat down and thought until I gradually dropped asleep. When I woke, I found that it was five in the afternoon, and that I was very hungry. I bellowed once again, but with no better success. There were the trees, and the animals, and the grass in covers as before—the place was still as silent as the grave.

I grew hungrier, and hungrier, and hungrier, and at last

thought of eating the seat of the carriage. I found it made of deal, and not unpalatable—something like a cake I had once tasted in Scotland. Then I grew thirsty, and again rushed to the window and shouted. I bellowed and screamed like a mad bull.

At last my efforts were crowned with success. An old man in tattered clothes reeled up to the carriage window. I looked out in my English dictionary for the words I wanted, and then asked—

"Who are you?"

"Who'm I?" he replied thickly, and swaying from side to side, "I'm farm lab'rer."

"Can you tell me, please, why all the trees are in brown holland covers, why the birds are in cages, and the oxen under glass cases?"

"Course I can—'cos it's Sunday!"

"And you won't feel offended if I put to you another question?"

"Can't 'fend me, master, as long as yer gives me the price of a pint o' beer."

I threw him out half a franc, and then, looking him steadily in the face, said, "Why, friend, why are you drunk?"

"'Cos it's Sunday!" replied the fellow picking up the money.

"In England drinking's the only pleasure the rich allow the poor on a Sunday, and a werry nice pleasure it is!"

I was about to reply when I heard a loud whistle; I looked up the line, and to my fright found an engine on our rails approaching us at a fearful speed! I—but you shall hear more from me next week.

Receive, my dear Rédacteur,

The distinguished consideration of

JULES CANARD.

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the condition of this important institution concluded their labours this morning. The room was densely crowded.

The last witness summoned was Miss Beatrice Playfire. She said she had met the last witness, Mr. Lollipop, on several occasions. She considered him a fool, and never would allow her mamma to ask him. Yes, her objection to him was a rational one. He had only £450 a year, and no expectations. If the Commissioners liked they might regard her as a "girl of the period," but she considered the term stupid, and the subject used up. As to her evening dress, she did not see what business it was of theirs. It was entirely her own affair, and she might as well say at once that if it were the fashion to dress like an Indian nautch girl, she certainly should follow the fashion. Modesty was not innate. She considered it sometimes an accomplishment, sometimes the reverse. Marriage—that is to say, at least £3,000 a year—was the great end of girlhood, and if maidenly reserve led to that, no one would be mad enough to object to it. The worst of marrying for £3,000 a year was that it obliged the recipient to take the husband into the bargain. (*The witness here gave a great deal of her evidence in the most flippant and objectionable tone. On being called to order by the Chairman she proceeded.*) Yes, she did know somebody she rather liked. He was an officer in a line regiment, whom she met at Lady Trickjaw's croquet parties. She supposed he was what the world would call "honourable, good, and true," and she believed he was desperately in love with her. Very foolish of him of course, for he had nothing but his pay and two hundred pounds a year to add to it. She was obliged, therefore, to cut him for young Lord Turfington. Yes, he drank, and was certainly very ugly, and people told dreadful things about him, but her mamma said that one must not mind a few scratches on a coronet, for it looked just as well at a distance. They would meet young Turfington at Dieppe, for he was there with his yacht. Dieppe was an expensive place—rather too expensive for her mamma; but everybody went there, so it could not be helped. Their apartments there would be £46 a week. She had seventeen new costumes ready, and one sweet one now making. Its chief beauties consisted of the hat and petticoat to be worn with it. The former was three-cornered, with a bunch of different coloured feathers at each angle, and the latter was of a bright

yellow satin, and showed the leg nearly to the knee. Yes, she thought the whole a "charming quiet dress for a young English maiden." Did not quite see what the Commissioners were driving at, but begged to inform them that last year *Madame Fanchette* and *La Misette*, both of the Grand Opera, wore the same. Her mamma pointed them out to her. Surely the Commissioners did not expect her to be less conspicuous than the celebrities of the *demi-monde*!

The witness was here sternly requested to stand down, and the Chairman declared the proceedings at an end.

"WHEN A BODY MEET A BODY."

A GREAT deal has been said lately about the growing spirit of extravagance amongst the younger members of English society. Time was when drags, yachts, moors, and such like luxuries were only indulged in by persons of ample means and matured experience, but now-a-days any ensign and lieutenant in the Guards or younger son with a £500 allowance considers himself morally justified in setting up a team, ordering a brand new schooner, or leasing a tract of country for one-and-twenty years, just as whim or fancy may suggest. Any of the above imbecilities may be condemned as ruinous and unsatisfactory enough, but none of them can vie with the last new extravagance, indulged in principally, but not always, by young men of Scottish extraction, of setting up a clan in the Highlands.

In the account of the Braemar gathering, which was held a short time ago (of course in the pelting rain), there was a graphic description of the arrival of the various clans officered by Lord This or Mr. That, of somewhere-or-other, and the whole tone of the report was calculated to make us believe that the fine old system of the young laird surrounded by his trusty retainers was just as green and vigorous as in the days of the Wallace or the Bruce. People who know anything of Scotland, or even those who do not, but take the trouble to think the matter over, may see at once that at the very most the clansman stands in the same position towards his chief as a tenant to his landlord, and that if the small farmers and their ploughboys are content to don the kilt, it is not at their own expense, and that they would not be likely to give their services at Highland gatherings for nothing. The fact is that, at the present day, the clan is usually a body of men clothed at the cost and paid from the purse of their officer, who, as a rule, is more at home in St. James's street than on his native heather, and the secret of whose exuberant nationality most often lies in the possession of a presentable pair of legs.

If young men with Scottish blood in their veins want to muster their clans around them and play the chieftain, it need not be so expensive an amusement as it is at present. A monopoly is always a mistake, and moreover it is not fair that the natives of the north country should have the whole clan business to themselves. Let us advise the lairds who want to take their men to the next Braemar gathering to enter into an arrangement with some transpontine theatrical manager, who would be happy to contract for the supply of any number of faithful adherents willing to recognise the rightful, or on liberal terms the wrongful, heir—for a moderate weekly salary for the dead months of the London season, and moreover would bring their own dresses. A return ticket by sea to Edinburgh costs next to nothing, and as the clansmen, from their previous training, would be well up to their duties, the gatherings would go off with greater *éclat*, and cost much less than it does at present.

A GLEAM OF CONSCIENCE.

WHEN Murphy, "the defender of the Irish Church," as his supporters style him, was released on bail the other day, the newspapers stated that his sureties were an Irish clergyman, named Burke, and a Manchester gentleman, who declined to let the reporters know his name, much to the disgust of those myrmidons of the Press. Let us be just. The public are wrong in implying any censure either on Murphy or his friend for the latter's desire to veil his name in obscurity. Both persons have a good deal to answer for, and if the "Manchester gentleman" who has lent a hand in once more letting Mr. Murphy loose on society is ashamed of his share in the transaction, so much the better. It is a point in his favour rather than otherwise.

LIBERALISM RUN MAD!

NOTHING illustrates better the constitutional dishonesty of some politicians, than the arguments brought forward against the "Representation of Minorities." Mr. Bright is hopeless; misrepresentation has ever been his only argument against schemes which did not suit his fancy, or come within the scope of his comprehension. Nothing can be falser than to say, because Birmingham is to have three members—one of whom may be returned by the minority, if they can number a third of the votes—that, therefore, Birmingham is reduced to the level of a town with one vote. Mr. Bright has an innate partiality for bellicose illustrations: supposing he were a general commanding an army, if one division of that army were employed to hold in check, and so neutralise the power of a division of the enemy's army, would he consider that division of his army as of no use, or not existing at all? If representation means anything but the unlimited tyranny of the party which happens to number most votes, surely nothing can be more just than that all shades of opinion should be represented as much as possible. A Parliament would be a curious body which consisted solely of one party. It is bad enough when there are two recognised parties, but Heaven help the Government in a House of Commons consisting solely of members of its own party! Mr. Bright will of course say that it is unfair that "three-cornered constituencies" should be limited to a few of the great towns; but this limitation was a concession made to the opponents of the bill; and it is highly desirable, in the interests of justice, that the system of the representation of minorities should be extended throughout counties and boroughs alike. As for the address of the four members for the City of London, it proceeds on the assumption that there are only four men fit to represent that constituency. With regard to the present *square* of great men, on whom that honour has devolved, we may quote the words of Hamlet slightly altered:—

"A *square* which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
'And ever three parts'—not wisdom."

The calm, self-satisfied tone of the united address is so beautiful as to induce us to believe that, for this time at least, it was Mr. Goschen's turn to speak.

THE BATTLE OF THE VESTRIES.

HO guardians! sound the cornet,
Ho beadle! clear the way,
The parish pride to-day hath bled
To see the mud-pumps play.
The legates of the Vestries
Have gained the river boat.
The legates of the Vestries
Are all in state afloat.
The legates of the Vestries
Defying aqueous ills,
Have reached the land by Stratford's strand,
Where stand the Abbey Mills.

Fair are the bowers of Stratford,
Its coppices and clumps,
And fair the Pumping Station
Which Tamesian sewage pumps,
And fairer yet by long chalks
That cold collation is,
Which Vestrymen have brought in train,
Of ham and beef and fowl amain,
And ale and stout and cheap champagne:
The Vestries term it "fiz."

They saw the Abbey Mill Pumps
Work grandly up and down,
Which save the mud and garbage
Infecting London town;
And when they had inspected,
With noses satisfied,
Down sat they to a banquet sprent
O'er a white table in the tent
Pitched over Stratford side.

But ere they sat to dine there
On fowl and beef and tongue,
They, on the steamboat fore and aft,
The wine and bitter beer had quaffed,
Till, in the language of their craft,
Each Vestryman was "sprung."

Now dinner barely over,
With more drink doled to each,
Higgins the noble shopkeeper,
Arose to make a speech—
Higgins who all the noblemen
Of Clerkenwell supplies;
And near him sat brave Podger, who
The letter H defies,
But Higgins when in liquor
Of speech is somewhat thick,
Yet dealeth he in chaff which is
Extremely apt to stick.
At Higgin's blurred periods
Stout Podger hurled a sneer,
And Higgins answered with an oath
Meet for a Vestry's ear.

Now by the crest of Mary,
Mary surnamed Le Bone,
The ire of Podger swiftly rose
To hear the scoffer's tone.
An empty bottle wielding
He aimed it at his crown,
And with unerring fleetness
Tumbled his foeman down.
Then flamed the wrath of Vestries,
And blows and curses sped,
And fowl-bones flew and H's dropped,
But still undaunted Podger whopped,
With champagne bottles that had popped,
Prone Higgin's bare head.

The battle now grew general:
Boggle at Hunks let fly;
Hunks aimed a blow at Boggle
That caught him in the eye;
While Grigg and Globb and Blenkinsop
Around dealt broken pates;
Still Podger's stick smote many a blow,
Till mastered by the numerous foe
That hurled him far and laid him low
Among the knives and plates.

The Ilford beaks look sternly
Upon a Guardian's fault;
The Ilford beaks fined Podger
Five pounds for each assault,
Still let us sing in triumph
With all a minstrel's power,
How Vestrymen behave themselves
In the brave days of ours.

LAW AND LAW.

A CONTEMPORARY, in commenting on a case recently disposed of by the presiding magistrate at the Southwark Police Court, has called attention to the very shameful shortcomings of English law, in its method of dealing with and punishing a certain class of offences. *Exempli gratia*, in the case in question a secretary of a poor man's provident society, who had embezzled about £87 from the funds under his control, was simply required to refund the amount, pay a fine of £20, and defray the lawyer's costs of twenty shillings. Were a common thief to take £87 out of a gentleman's pocket-book, and not out of a charitable society's drawer, there would be no doubt about his fate. The offence against a society is therefore a civil, that against an individual is a criminal, one. The injustice of this distinction is obviously monstrous. It, however, boasts an excellent parentage, and as long as England is, as indeed it is, and that *par excellence*, a rich man's country, there is not the remotest probability that it will disappear.

A state of things which admits of the gigantic swindling daily at work in our midst, is not likely to be too hard on a borrowing secretary. Were the thieving of thousands sterling to be as bad a business in the eye of the law as the thieving of halfpence, there would be a sudden halt in the commercial world, and a flight of some of the finest-feathered birds in the City. Good honest old John Bull, precious old humbug that he is, is a bit of a Spartan as well as a bit of a snob. He says to everyone: "Rig as you like, job as you like, beg, borrow, steal, swindle—to any extent; but by Jove, sir, do it handsomely—and take care you are never found out." To this encouraging language we owe railways, debentures without dividends, and other tolerably expensive wonders.

Gentlemen manage these things *en masse*. It is the poor man who had better look out what he is about in honest old England!

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

BRITANIA rules the waves! Could she not manage them to keep down the British swell on the continent, who is always throwing the remark into the faces of foreigners until they are sea-sick of it?

Who was Saint Leger? and why does he patronise races? Surely, there must be a mistake in the calendar of saints and racing! He should be the patron of the tribes of young ladies who are met with along the French coast at watering places.

Faithful love or fast friendship in this world to meet,
A difficult thing, man allows is,
Yet in the church-yard you may find at your feet
By hundreds, real friends and true spouses!

A poor starving woman told me she had heard "a stitch in time saves nine." She was never behindhand when she got work to do, but all her eight children were dead. Proverbs are proverbially false.

Astronomers will go any distance to find spots in the sun—so will their wives to find spots in a neighbour's daughters.

A mad world, indeed! So would you be, if you had been whirled round and round for the last six thousand years.

BETRAYED BY THE LUNATIC!

A TALE OF HORROR.

BY THE EDITOR.

It will be remembered that last week we promised our readers a "rich intellectual treat"—a treat such as to tempt even the "Ghost of a Ruby," to say nothing of the "Love of a Flute." We informed the millions who greedily devour the acrostics we are good enough to set before them, that we had secured the services of a literary man well known in the shady walks of "Hanwell the Intellectual" as the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green" to cater for their amusement. We made this announcement with a sigh, for we felt that we had work to do far nobler than the mere stringing together of doggerel lines—a purpose with a greater end than the entertainment of the thoughtless and the lazy. However, having made the concession, we deemed ourselves pledged to our word. "The Lively Lunatic" was secured at some little expense, and we trusted this week to be in a position to supply our readers with several first-rate acrostics. Unhappily, our wish has not been realised, owing to the scandalous (we repeat the word—scandalous) behaviour of the "Lunatic" himself, who has treated us in a manner that, were it not for the prejudices of the nineteenth century, could only be "forgotten" IN BLOOD! But here we will our plain unvarnished tale unfold, and allow the public to judge between us.

Wishing to show courtesy to the new acquisition (?) to our staff, we invited the "Lively Lunatic" to our house. The first day passed off very well, if we omit the little incident of the "Lunatic" insisting upon playing cricket in the drawing-room, with the soup-tureen and the footman—very well indeed. We regret we cannot give as favourable an account of the succeeding day. When he came down to breakfast, the "Lunatic" declared his intention of "sitting down to work." He insisted upon our sending all our children to school, locking up our wife in the coal-cellar, and muzzling the cat. These measures, he said, "would keep the place quiet." He then asked that a ream of foolscap, a quart of ink, and a bushel of pens should be carried into the library, together with three dozen of champagne, a couple of bottles of brandy, some ice, a tumbler, and a cork-screw. Having complied also with this request, he thanked us, went into the library, and locked the door after him.

Extracts from the Editor's Diary.

11 A.M.
I have been to his door. Quite quiet, evidently hard at work. I ask him "how he is getting on?" He says "splendidly, but he hasn't quite done yet." I hear a pop, which sounds like the opening of a bottle.

11.30 A.M.
Again ask how "he is getting on." Reply in thick voice, "Gettin-on—wonderfoolishly. Written conundrum." Ask him to let me see it. Reply, "By'an'bye. All-rightsh." Pop! Pop! Pop! Surely he's opening champagne.

12 NOON.
Third visit. "Can I come in?" "No, I can'tsh. Res'pec'ble lit'ry-man. Never ears of such a thing! Disgraceful! Schandalous! Shamed o'shelf!" and some very bad language! I break open the door and find the "Lively Lunatic" with a blank sheet before him. He has a tumbler in one hand and a champagne bottle in the other. His state is easier imagined than described. I rate him soundly, and he declares that he has made a capital riddle. He asks

"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

"Why, miserable mountebank," I scream, "every idiot knows that the answer to that riddle is

"WHEN IT'S A JAR!"

"NO!" shouts the "Lively Lunatic," absolutely yelling for joy, "YOU ARE WRONG!"

"WRONG!" I exclaim, "then what is the answer?"

"What," observes the Literary Man, with a bitter smile, "you must find out for yourself."

And now, indulgent Public, we throw ourselves upon your kindness. The "Lively Lunatic" positively declines writing an acrostic until his pupils have mastered what he calls "the elementary part of the subject." So as you love us, answer this question by next week:—

"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

Remembering that the reply, "When it's a jar," is incorrect.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Norwood. 2. Clapham. 3. Pegwell Bay. 4. Aenone. 5. Lausanne. 6. Windbound. 7. Oxford. 8. Worms. 9. Water. 10. Vandyke. 11. Snow. 12. Beethoven. 13. New Zealand.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Wushperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Gulnare (Ramsgate), Walter Logan, Tempestossed compass and rudderless, Whissendine, Frederick Douglas, Chie, Liebst du Leberwurst, E. M. B. S. (Bayswater), Skin and Bone-Hag, Grannie pilgrim lardidida, Winterbourneskinnerclarke, Treblig, Tomfool, S. E. V. H. E. V. J. L. B., Two Black Diamonds, Real Annie (Tooting), J. A. T. (Eastbourne), Four Hastings Scapls, Adontote N.G.E., Mr. Blood or Dan A Horse, Samuel E. Thomas, W. B. W. and W. W., Forest Hill Owl, The Major, Recubans sub tegmine fagi, Elsie Un, The Glorious Company of Lunatics (Limited), Towhit, Annie (Tooting), The Wendover Wonders, Two Enterprising Earwigs, F. North, Greenover, Stick in the Mud, Old John, D.C., Queen Wasp of the Moon, Camden Town Tadpole, C. Jones, Flying Scud, Tommy and Joey, G. G. (Croydon), Frances, Two Brums, B. L., Florence, The Welsh Nightingale, J. M. (Woolwich), The Terror of Wandsworth, A. B. (Chatham), Adam Bede, J. B. (Bristol), A Staunch Supporter of Mr. Gladstone, The Dublin Boy, Fair Ellen, Twopenny, An Aboriginal Australian, Two Malvernites, Honest Jehu, Clara Bell, Marion (Cheltenham), Fairplay, F. C., and S. Sansom.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 73.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. III.—ON SUNDRY VARIETIES OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

THERE are many species of Female Servants which we have not yet attempted to describe. The Housemaid, for instance; that form of torture which literary and scientific men so justly dread, who insists upon "tidying your papers," as she calls it, a process which results in the utter confusion of all your memoranda, notes, unfinished MSS., &c., and not unfrequently in the sacrifice of your most valuable documents to the flames, under the comprehensive title of "rubbish."

This word, "rubbish," includes everything of which the housemaid does not understand the value; that is, everything except trinkets and things good to eat or drink. One must be a naturalist, fully to appreciate the ruthless destructiveness of these female Goths. That beautiful mineral specimen, that rare insect, that fern procured at the risk of your life, that flower which you walked miles to find,—on all these, should you leave them anywhere within her reach, swoops the relentless barbarian, and hurries them all into that premature grave of so many precious things, the dust-bin. Then the miraculous passion for self-destruction, with which valuable ornaments become endued under her touch, is very trying both to the purse and the temper. It is hopeless to think of ever educating the housemaid up to the level of a luminary of science, or a connoisseur of china, but we may hope to teach her at least to leave things alone.

The Cook, again, is a being armed with terrible powers of rendering one's life miserable. Everybody, except those *lusus nature* of the human species whose stomachs have been constructed on the same plan as the ostrich's, which digests a pocket-handkerchief or a halfpenny without any inconvenience; everybody, except these fortunate phenomena, knows the agony which bad cooking inflicts upon man. Some people affect never to care what they eat, and swallow the grimy ashes of a martyred steak with apparent gusto: for these, that leathery shaving of dried up something-or-other, disguised in a thick coat of greasy, black, bread-crumbs, calling itself a cutlet, is a delicious morsel; but punishment for such wicked indifference, though slow, is sure, and these are the very persons who, in later years, mad with the pangs of dyspepsia, clutch wildly at such comestibles as Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, or Norton's Camomile Pills. The worst species of domestic poisoner is the "professed cook," whose art is founded on a stock of barbarous precepts, and iniquitous traditions, by force of which she perpetrates enormities sanctioned, indeed, by the custom of ages, but ages of culinary corruption—enormities at which the educated palate and the pure-minded stomach become congealed with horror, or burn with fiery indignation. The "professed cook" will never learn even the rudiments of her profession, for that involves the unlearning all she has been taught; and if you venture to make any suggestion, or find any fault, you are met by a lofty scorn and a colossal self-confidence such as experienced ignorance only can assume. It is better to have an inexperienced person that will learn, than one, whose only experience has been in continual error, and who will not unlearn. Bad cooking may seem rather a trivial matter after some of the more serious evils of which we have spoken in relation to servants; but this is

most certain, that not only does good health depend on the juices of the meat being properly preserved in the process of cooking, but that there is greater extravagance and more inexcusable waste committed by a bad cook with the plainest materials, than by a really good one, though he or she send up every day the most *recherché* of dishes. In the latter case everything is turned to the best account, in the former it is turned to no account at all.

There yet remain many of the upper female functionaries of the household who would feel deeply insulted by being classed amongst servant girls. The airs with which "the Room" looks down upon "the Hall" have often furnished materials for the satirist. The assumption of superiority on the part of the housekeepers and the ladies'-maids would be more justified, if they tried to set their inferiors a better example. The most paltry tyranny is practised in many cases on the humbler servants of the establishment by the mistress of the keys and the store cupboards. Indeed, the word "family" is quite losing its old and precious meaning,—when the head of the house was something more than master, and all the members of the household were knit together by the tie of a common affection for their home, and those in it; when familiarity bred, not contempt, but respect and devotion; for the intercourse between master and servants could be truly friendly without injury to the dutifulness of the one, or the dignity of the other. When young people are removed from the influences of their own home, it surely behoves those, under whose roof they live, to do all they can to supply the place of parents to them. To encourage them in good by example, as well as by precept, to shield them from evil by kindness, as well as by strictness, is an office which masters and mistresses need not be ashamed to exercise towards their servants. Those rich heads of families, whose time hangs so heavy on their hands, that they have to rack their brains for some idle amusement with which to fill it, would find ample and more wholesome employment for those faculties and energies, which they now fritter away on frivolous excitement, if they would take as much pains to perform the duties which they owe to those whom they employ as they do to exact to the uttermost the duties that are owing to themselves. We might hope then to find as great an improvement among our servants as they would among their masters and mistresses.

The position which Ladies'-maids occupy is becoming, in the present age, one of such importance and confidence, that we must not be surprised if they are sometimes too presumptuous and overbearing for their station. The abigail now knows all the secrets of that wonderful effort of art, a lady in full evening dress. She knows all the elements, insignificant, perhaps, in themselves, that go to make up the entity before which we fall down and worship. What wonder if she avail herself of the knowledge, and, encouraged by the success of the lady amongst her equals, practise the same amiable deceptions amongst her own. The astonished but admiring housemaid imitates abigail at a respectful distance, and Betty, the scullerymaid, on her Sunday out, struts majestically along in all the pride of cheap rouge and a second-hand chignon. And so the system of false pretences spreads downwards, and the follies and vices, which the lady has discarded for newer ones, are still preserved in the tardy but faithful imitation of the humblest of her servants. It would be worth while trying, at least, whether this sincerest form of flattery could not be extended to good as well

as to evil customs. It would be an experiment which, if pretty universally adopted by Society, would certainly have all the charm of novelty. It is by the influence which they exercise on their fellow-creatures that men and women will be judged; they are angels or devils in proportion as they elevate or debase those with whom they live. A man may be loved by his dependants for his very faults; but if he is loved and respected he can wish for no better epitaph than the record of such a fact. Respect is a plant of slow growth compared with love, but it is hardier; and though it may not blossom till after our death, it lives the longer.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

NOTTINGHAM.—After the retirement of Lord Amberley and Sir Robert Clifton from Nottingham, this famous borough long appeared unable to find candidates to its liking, though, as our readers are aware, several gentlemen have offered themselves to the electors. Now, however, it would seem almost certain that Nottingham has got hold of at least a couple quite after its own heart. Early on Monday morning the walls of the town were literally covered with placards, half of which called upon the electors to "Vote for Goss and our Protestant Constitution," and the other half invited them to "Vote for Allen and Everlasting Smash." At first people were completely puzzled, no one being able to recognise these two names as appertaining to persons celebrated in the political world. The enigma, however, was soon solved, and immensely to the satisfaction of the good folks of Nottingham. The new candidates were declared to be Mr. Joseph Goss and Mr. Henry Allen, the distinguished prize-fighters, whom Sir Thomas Henry has recently bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace for the ensuing twelvemonth. The announcement threw the entire borough into a state of joyfully-delirious excitement, which culminated when, at one o'clock, the candidates presented themselves in the market-place, and expressed their intention of at once addressing their future constituents. The lambs of the town mustered in great force, and it was difficult to decide whether "Goss and our Protestant Constitution" or "Allen and Everlasting Smash" had engaged the affections of the greater number of them. Probably the sides were exactly equal.

Mr. HENRY ALLEN, having won the toss, first addressed them; but the enthusiastic reception which he met with, apparently from both factions, drowned his opening remarks. As soon as we were able to catch what he said, he spoke to the following effect:—He reminded them of the recent interference of the police with his liberty and that of his respected rival—against whom he had not a single word to say, except that he would do his best to thrash him on all occasions—and the declaration of a metropolitan beak, that "the Government was resolved to put down prize-fighting." Now, what was prize-fighting? It seemed to him that those notorious pugilists, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, were prize-fighting at this very moment. (Loud cheers.) So that if Government was really resolved to put down prize-fighting, it seemed to him that Government was resolved to put down Government—which was absurd. (Tremendous applause.) That, at least, was his way of looking at it. He might not be such a crack logician as Mr. Gladstone, but it seemed to him he had proved *that* proposition. (Cries of "That you have, my boy!" "Clear as mud!" "Knock along, governor!") That being so, it had occurred to him that the only way in which he and his respected opponent could keep their word with their backers and the general public, after Sir Thomas Henry's interference with their original project, was for them to go into the House of Commons and fight it out there. Of course, for this scheme to be successful, both of them must be returned for Nottingham. And why not? Nottingham had two members. Why not return them both, and so keep everybody else out? If half the electors plumped for himself and half for Mr. Joseph Goss (shouts of "We will! we will! That's exactly what we'll do!") it was evident that nobody else would have any chance against them. (Immense cheering.) He was quite sure the electors would not expect them to make any more speeches. He was not accustomed to public speaking, and he didn't much like it; but he could fight. (Indescribable commotion.) What he proposed, therefore, was

that Mr. Goss and himself should remain in Nottingham till the election came off, and should give free and gratuitous pugilistic entertainments every evening in the various public. (Enormous cheering.) Of course they would have to wear gloves, and to refrain from doing each other any bodily harm, and the fights would be sham ones; but he felt confident that the electors would appreciate even such modified illustrations of the noble art of self-defence. He was not a lawyer, but he believed bribery was forbidden. He trusted, however, that the gratuitous entertainments of which he had spoken would not be considered illegal on that score. He concluded, amid cordial cheering from all sides, by saying he thought it was time he gave Mr. Goss an opportunity of addressing them.

Mr. JOE GOSS then came forward, and his reception was fully as hearty and as general as that of Mr. Allen. He said they could not expect him to be as original as his rival, for the latter having won the toss, had anticipated him in almost anything he wished to say. He agreed with every word that had fallen from the preceding speaker. He adhered to the proposition about the nightly entertainments—(great cheering)—and about their being called upon to make no more speeches. He was quite sure that their pugilistic encounters, even though but sham ones, would be quite as real as most of the political contests to which either Nottingham or any other constituency was in the habit of being treated. (Laughter and applause.) Of course it was absolutely necessary, as Mr. Allen had pointed out, that they should both be returned; and it had been made as plain as a pikestaff that there was no difficulty about it. (Cries of "None at all," and "We'll return you both.") The only doubt in his mind was whether, when they were returned, their struggle for mastery in the House of Commons would not be construed into an evasion of the law, and whether their recognisances would not be forfeited. But he believed there was something or other about "privilege" when a man became an M.P.; and that was, he supposed, the reason why Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli were not summoned before Sir Thomas Henry and bound over. He confessed that he should very much like to have that privilege. (A laugh.) He thought that if they were once in the House of Commons they might teach that assembly a thing or two worth knowing. (Cheers.) They might inspire it with a little more pluck, and a little more fairness. (Renewed cheers.) There was not quite so much fair stand-up fighting there as he should like to see, and he fancied there was a good deal of hitting below the knee. (Loud cheering, mingled with laughter.) They all knew how Mr. Disraeli had congratulated himself on there being a broad piece of furniture between him and Mr. Gladstone when the latter gentleman was swearing like mad and trying to get at his opponent. Well, he called that cowardly. (Cries of "So it was.") Again, Mr. Gladstone was constantly insinuating and getting his backers to insinuate that Mr. Disraeli had sold the fight; and that he called unfair and malignant. (Hear, hear.) He really was not partial to fighting himself. (A laugh.) It had been said of a conspicuous member of the House of Commons that if he had not been a Quaker he would have been a prize-fighter. Now he believed it might be said of himself, and equally of Mr. Allen, that if he had not been a prize-fighter he should have been a Quaker. (Loud laughter.) He really meant what he said. Only if he had to fight, he liked to fight pluckily and fairly. He believed his name had been coupled with "Our Protestant Constitution," but he begged to assure them that was purely accidental. He and his opponent—he hoped he should soon have to say, he and his colleague—had tossed up as to who should take the side of the Church, and who should take t'other, and they had abided by the fortuitous decision. He knew nothing about the subject, and he did not intend to say a word upon it. In that respect, he should imitate the excellent example set him by Mr. Allen. Only he begged to add—also in Mr. Allen's words—he could fight. (Loud cheers.) And he saw no reason on earth why, if they were only both returned to Parliament, one or the other of them, or rather, alternately one and the other of them, should not eventually be sent for by the Queen to form a Government. (Tumultuous applause, amid which Mr. Goss went up to Mr. Allen, who came half way to meet him, and the two shook each other's hands most cordially.)

We believe election prospects at Nottingham may now be considered as good as settled. It is morally certain that both candidates will be returned, that each will have almost an equal number of votes, and that no other person need dream of

canvassing the borough. The first pugilistic entertainment, alluded to in the speeches, comes off to-night, and will be repeated every evening till further notice. Altogether the election bids fair to be the best-tempered and most tranquil that has ever been known in Nottingham.

AN EDITOR'S COMPLAINT.

WHILE you or I
Get (spite of fights)
Of news not one iota
From all the staff,
The *Telegraph*
Finds fish to fry,
- And leaders write
Upon the Yarmouth Bloater.

FOR BECKERS OR WORSE.

To the Editor of "THE TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—My wife has been so bitten with Miss Becker's theories that she has at last persuaded me to accept them in practice. I have given over into her hands the entire management of the household affairs, superintending myself only the dressing and general nurture of the babies, and leaving to her the work of earning a livelihood and supporting the whole establishment. Between you and me, I have not thrown up my Government appointment in the Pipe-clay Department, but am supposed to be taking a holiday; for, in spite of my wife's sophisms, I fear the system won't wash.

My wife not having been brought up to any profession, and really not showing sufficient clearness of reasoning powers to pursue any if she had, is hoping—I say *hoping*, for she spends most of her days in going about calling on publishers, who refuse all her offers—to earn enough to keep up our house in Paddington, myself, four children, and three servants, in ease and comparative luxury, as during the reign of the other sex of man—namely, myself, the husband; as yet she has received one shilling and eightpence for a conundrum from a penny comic paper, which, however, has not appeared in print, and must be looked on as an offering of charity rather than a recompense for literary contribution. I have taken entire charge of the children, who are not perhaps as clean or attractive as before, and are now suffering under a slight attack of mumps, owing to the fact of my having taken them on to the leads last night in their night-gowns to look at the moon, but I shall soon get accustomed to them, and have forbidden my wife's interference at present at any rate. I am thinking about turning off the nurses and cook, and replacing them by men, as their opinions lean the same way as those of their mistress. The children would like this arrangement very much. My wife is not yet quite up to carving at dinner, and makes funny mistakes in the wine cellar, but she will improve. She is beginning to look rather careworn, and I rather fancy has a hankering after the children, but this is unworthy of Miss Becker's disciple, and I do not doubt she will overcome this feeling before long. I am called away to see the babies who have just broke out in measles—very annoying for me, as I was just succeeding after the fifth trial in making some cherry jam, and my wife has gone out on her usual round of publishers. No more at present.

Yours,
J. S. MILLSON.

Middlesex.

P.S.—My wife has just returned from a fruitless tour through Magazineland, and finding the dear babies full out with measles, has sent Miss Beckers to Jericho on hearing there is not enough in the house to pay the chemist, and has given up the reins unconditionally into my hands, if I will only send for Doctor Senner at once.

ROLLS DOWN.—The bakers declare the remarks about their prices are very *under-bred*.

CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.

THOSE very worthy persons, mostly clergymen of the Church of England, who are in the habit of keeping a daily record of the seasons, and who, during the warm weather two months since, made a point of communicating to the public through the newspaper editors the fact that it was unusually hot, have once more taken to letter writing to let us know that last week it was unusually cold.

This time, however, the philosophers go farther than the mere announcement of facts, startling and incredible as they may have been, and proceed to argue from their long observations and experience that the country is about to undergo an entire change of climate. As it certainly was hot when the philosophers said it was, as surely as it was cold when they announced the fact last week, we are bound to take for granted every word they utter; but as, unfortunately, the wise men do not all agree in the minor details of their theories, and it is, therefore, somewhat confusing to attempt to arrive at any definite idea of what kind of weather we are to look for, we have, for the convenience of the public, employed a scientific person to compare the various prophecies which have for the last few days half filled the newspapers, and although it must be confessed that they do not all hold together on some few unimportant points, he has been able to deduce from them the following statement, which, if it does not contain the precise opinion of every one of the highly intellectual old gentlemen, is something very like what they have all agreed must take place:—

1868.

OCTOBER.

- 1.—Heavy fall of snow. Terrible gales.
- 15.—Great frost. Skating in the parks.

NOVEMBER.

- 1.—Mid-winter. Continuance of the frost. The Thames frozen over.
- 5.—Thermometer at $17\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below Zero. The coldest day on record.
- 19.—Break-up of the frost. Wind S.W. by S. Heavy rain.
- 20.—A hurricane at 2 p.m.

DECEMBER.

- 1.—Return of the warm weather.
- 10.—Extreme heat. The trees in leaf and geraniums living in the open air.
- 25.—Christmas Day. The hottest day on record—thermometer, in the shade, 102° .

1869.

JANUARY.

- 1.—New Midsummer Day. Strawberries 2d. a-pound.

FEBRUARY.

- 2.—Harvest.
- 7.—Thunderstorms. First rain for eleven weeks.

MARCH.

- 1.—Six awful hurricanes—every two hours from 6 a.m. (Supposed to be the equinoctial gales usually due at Michaelmas, 1869.)

APRIL.

- 2.—Another break-up of the weather.
- 26.—Intense cold. Appearance of winter.

MAY.

- 1.—Snow. Thermometer 27° at noon.

JUNE.

- 1.—Commencement of the great frost.
- 25.—The *very* coldest day on record. Thermometer 27° below Zero.

JULY.

- 1.—Old Midsummer's day. The Straits of Dover frozen over. Great rejoicing and international fair on the ice. Bonfire of Folkestone boats, &c.

It is unnecessary to go further than this. We now know tolerably precisely what we may expect. What should we do without the press—were it not for the existence of editors who are only too glad to be addressed on any subject at this dead season of the year, we should probably have been in the dark concerning the extraordinary change of climate to which our country is to be subjected.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ASTLEY'S, September 12, 1868.

THE war at Astley's has now become a matter of history. The causes which led to the sad affair are of too recent a date to need recapitulation. Few of even your youngest readers will have forgotten how rumours of the coming tragedy crept into the newspapers, how after a while hostile playbills appeared upon theatrical show-boards, how "the author of the Battles of the Alma and Waterloo" was engaged to take the command in the fast-approaching struggle, and how members of the Foot Guards were seen moving morning, noon, and night, to the seat of war. For weeks, if not months, the experienced must have noted these excited proceedings, and drawn from them their own conclusions. As for me, I have only to obey the orders you gave me on my departure for the scene of the battle:—to the Macaulay of the future I beg to leave the task of recording the early history of the struggle. Without further preface, then, I will give you a short narrative of my adventures.

Arrived at Astley's I was shown (probably by order of the British General) to a most comfortable seat, from which spot I commanded a view of the country for miles round. My quarters were so conveniently arranged that I could hear and see not only what took place in Sir Robert Napier's tent, but also "assist" at the council of Theodore, King of Abyssinia.

When I made my appearance I found myself in the presence of a gentleman of the name of Abdul, who seemed to be something of a tyrant-libertine. As I took my seat he was ruling over some fifty dirty-faced vagabonds in rather an arbitrary manner. Among the vagabonds were three savage-looking fellows (Haly, Tigro, and Tamet were their names, I think) who each laid a claim to a certain lion's skin, and seemed disposed to arrange matters at the sword's point. Abdul stepped forward, and, to settle the dispute, seized the lion's skin himself. This gave great umbrage to Haly, who confidentially shouted out to me "that a time *would* come!" This piece of information once given, the excited gentleman seemed greatly relieved. As I subsequently discovered that the threat was not in the least hurtful to Abdul, and appeared to afford Haly infinite satisfaction, I regarded it as most beneficial to both parties.

I now made the acquaintance of some very vulgar Englishmen, dressed in the costume of Charles II., who had evidently escaped from a Bal Masqué held in the neighbourhood of Abdul's Camp (say Cairo or the Great Sahara), and they were soon joined by a young gentleman in a blue table-cloth, who *would* insist upon singing songs. After hearing him I must confess I was not at all surprised to find that the British Government (evidently annoyed at the music) had sent a small detachment of troops all the way from Greenwich to Abyssinia to accomplish his murder. These soldiers (dressed in the uniform of George II.) were commanded by the "Lord of Peterborough" (I presume Mr. Whalley) and a gentleman volunteer, who, from his Charles II. cavalier costume, must have been also, I imagine, a deserter from the Bal Masqué in the Sahara to which I have already alluded. I am happy to say that the expedition was a perfect success—the musical prince was thoroughly killed and silenced for ever. Upon this, amidst the glare of red fire and the roar of artillery, Abdul registered a vow of vengeance against the British arms. This little ceremony brought to a conclusion, and we all enjoyed a "truce" of some ten minutes' duration, regaling ourselves the while with "apples, oranges, bottled stout, and ginger beer."

I was very pleased to see a little later that this vow of vengeance came to nothing, as Abdul washed his face, trimmed his beard, and quickly enlisted in the Royal Artillery. The occupation he found in his new duties worked a most beneficial change in his temperament: from a brutal cynic given to rant he became a genial humorist, much addicted to the use of an Irish brogue—from a hater of the British rule he became a firm supporter of Queen Victoria—from a weird wag he changed to a frolicsome droll! I need scarcely say when I noticed this most satisfactory conversion I rejoiced and was exceeding glad.

As it would take too much of your valuable space to describe

everything I saw on the memorable night, I will give you a few extracts from my note-book:—

BRITISH.

"*Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Napier, K.C.B.*"—Chiefly remarkable for his boots, which he wears beyond his knees, indeed up to his thighs, rendering locomotion extremely difficult. Has peculiar notions about military costume. Prefers to wear a tinsel baldric to the regimental scarf. Rather prosy, and much given to making attempts to extemporise *Times* leaders for the benefit of his soldiers. Genial, but injudicious. Example of geniality—permitting "Lieutenant Lightfoot, of the Royal Naval Brigade," to kiss in his presence "Tabitha Bramberry (Maid of Honour to the Queen Theodora)," and ex-maid-of-all-work at a London lodging-house. Example of injudiciousness—handing over the widowed Queen of Theodore to the tender mercies of "Paddy Shannon (a corporal in the Royal Artillery)," the broadly "comic man" of the Expedition.

"*Horse of Sir Robert.*"—An animal with a fund of quiet humour.

"*An Old Man and other Captives.*"—Delightfully grotesque personages. The "old man" had evidently spent the whole of his time in prison, "getting himself up," like *King Lear* in Shakespeare's tragedy. His pantomime on the recovery of his liberty was at once novel and racy. Among the "other captives" I noticed a man dressed in a postman's uniform! The penny post in Abyssinia! Ah! what hasn't civilisation done for us!

"*Timothy Scroggins (a Private in the 4th Foot).*"—A thoroughly useless soldier. How this man escaped the censure of his superior officers I really can't imagine. Not only was he never by any chance at his post, but actually had the audacity on one occasion to burlesque the Queen's uniform by wearing on parade an absurdly large shako with a grotesque cockade, under the very nose of the colonel of his regiment!

"*Lieutenant Lightfoot (of the Royal Naval Brigade).*"—A wild and thoroughly inefficient young officer on easy terms of familiarity with the men of his ship and the women of Abyssinia. He was lucky enough to do Sir Robert Napier a slight service. At the request of that gallant officer, he proceeded to the Court of King Theodore in female costume: what was the object of this waggish but dangerous manoeuvre has ever remained a secret, not only to me but (I shrewdly imagine) to Sir Robert Napier himself. The only work that *could* be said to be connected with his profession that I saw Lieutenant Lightfoot perform was to order the whole of the sailors under his command (just before they "were sent to the front,") to dance a hornpipe with him!—a command which was reluctantly obeyed.

ABYSSINIANS.

"*Theodore (King of Abyssinia).*"—Rather a gloomy gentleman, much given to rant. Taste for dancing. Extravagant and undignified. Example of extravagance—importing at his own expense a large *corps de ballet* from Paris. Example of lack of dignity—condescending to "chaff" his captives and his Prime Minister "Vatrel, (a Cook and Barber)." Imperfect knowledge of the English language. Wished to know, in my presence, "Ow came it that misfortune so doged upon 'is 'eels?" In early youth had evidently taken lessons in fencing at the Victoria Theatre. On very bad terms with his horse.

"*Horse of Theodore.*"—A moody, vicious creature, much given to practical joking. Not devoid of a certain sort of hard humour. From its general behaviour I imagine it must have learned at some time or other to dance a polka on its hind legs. Fond of snubbing its rider. While Theodore was making a speech to the Abyssinian army, the brute insisted upon interrupting his remarks by uttering a series of strange unnatural noises—sounds resembling something between a cough and a hoarse giggle. Deep-rooted hatred for the leader of the band. Apparent favourite food—bits of scenery.

"*A Gorilla.*"—Of all the people I met in the campaign this creature most resembled a man. Certainly it was the most *pleasing* animal I came across—the brute couldn't speak!

"*Theodora, Queen of Abyssinia.*"—An emotional female, who had evidently "married out" of a Surrey Melodrama. The sort of lady who would have defended her virtue, at the "Victoria," to the very death with the aid of a pure mind and a horse-pistol. I found her very gushing, and inclined to dress "at" Lady Macbeth.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Religion of the Abyssinians.—Something between the Faith of the Plymouth Brethren and Bramahism. General belief in Providence, the Koran, "Allah," and the Bible. Vague religious ceremonies frequently held in an apartment (architecture, Early Norman, dashed with a little irregular Elizabethan) known as "the Rock-cut Temple of Dangolo." Said ceremonies include the worship and incensing of an "idol" composed of some sheets and a bonnet-maker's dummy. Ceremonies occasionally alluded to as "The Rites of the Wandering Tribes."

Geography of Abyssinia.—As far as I can make out, Abyssinia is composed of Crim Tartary, a part of Turkey, a small portion of Hungary, and the Isle of Thanet. I feel nearly certain that I recognised in "Annesley Bay and Zoola" a place uncommonly like Broadstairs without the bathing-machines.

Costumes of the Country.—The nobles wear highly-spangled table-cloths and combat-swords. The ladies, dresses of the time of Queen Anne. The poorer classes are less gorgeous. The men wear dirty faces and wooden spears, while the women, strange to say seem to have generally adopted the costume of the Irish peasantry.

And now I think I have told you enough about the Abyssinian Campaign. I had the pleasure of witnessing the entire demolition of Magdala by a mysterious and evidently destructive compound known as "red fire." After this, thinking that my duty had been conscientiously performed, I returned home with no greater ill than a headache. Adieu.

A BORROWED PLUME.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has been taking credit for the War Office Circular just issued, regarding the possible introduction of the volunteer influence into the forthcoming elections. Sir John, addressing the Lords-Lieutenant of the several counties, says:—"I think it right to remind you that volunteers in uniform should take no part in any political demonstration or party meeting, and I have accordingly to request that you will give directions to this effect to the commanding officers of all volunteer corps within the county under your charge. I have further to request that you will also inform them that they are not to assemble their corps for drill, or for any other purpose, between the issue of a writ and the termination of the election, in any county or borough in the neighbourhood of their headquarters."

This is, no doubt, very right and proper, and we should be the last to deprive Sir John Pakington of the honour and glory of having performed one sensible action in the course of his military career; but, unfortunately, the Circular above quoted is but a *fac simile* of a notice issued by the late Lord Herbert of Lea, under similar circumstances, seven years ago.

The other day, when the official Circular was published, few people gave Sir John Pakington credit for possessing so much discretion and forethought,—and facts have proved that the majority were in the right.

A GENTLE HINT.

It has become the fashion this election for landowners to issue addresses to their tenants, telling them that they are free to make what use they please of their votes; but somehow or other the proprietors generally manage to give a strong hint of what they expect and require. We would be the last to impute any such unworthy motive to Mr. William Rashleigh, a large landowner in Cornwall, and formerly the Conservative member for the Eastern division of the county, for that gentleman, in his notice to the peasantry, specially says, to quote the words of the circular, "It is my wish to leave every one of you wholly free and unbiassed to vote in accordance with your own inclinations and convictions;" but it is certainly unfortunate that in his earnest desire to render himself a nonentity he should conclude his proclamation with the following tirade:—"My own political opinions being strongly in favour of the Liberal party, I should greatly rejoice should our county succeed in returning a large working majority to support Mr. Gladstone in the House

of Commons, and thus combine to save the country from further leaps in the dark by the Disraeli reformers."

Of course, Mr. Rashleigh means nothing by the last paragraph, and it is the idea farthest from his thoughts that he should for a moment be the cause of a single one of his dependants giving an unconscious vote. It is a pity, therefore, that he should subject himself to the imputation of wilfully allowing himself to be misunderstood. If the general public vote Mr. Rashleigh a high-minded gentleman (as no doubt he is), we much fear that the Cornishmen will imagine that they have discovered a disguised hint and a hidden meaning in his address, and will act on their erroneously-formed impressions. Perhaps, taking the well-known stupidity of the Cornwall peasantry into consideration, the next time Mr. Rashleigh wishes to leave his people free to vote for whom they please to represent them in Parliament, he would be more likely to succeed in his laudable desire if he were to keep his political opinions to himself. In the heat of the electioneering excitement which will soon seize upon the country, we should not be surprised if the Conservatives of East Cornwall were to call Mr. Rashleigh "a humbug," with no better warrant for the assertion than the production of his impartial address to his tenantry.

JENKINS AGAIN.

It is satisfactory to Englishmen to know that the Queen is once more safe and sound in her own country. No wonder that on the Royal progress to Balmoral Her Majesty was everywhere received with more than ordinary warmth and heartiness. In describing such matters, however, it is possible to be a little too circumstantial. The *Court Newsman*, in informing us that the Royal party was loudly cheered by those present on alighting on the platform at Perth, where breakfast was prepared, even goes so far as to state of whom the loyal little crowd was composed. It was certainly more select than numerous, for we read that the gentlemen who received her Majesty at Perth were Lord Kinnaird, the Lord Provost Pullar, the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, and the Rev. Dr. Walton. It must have been, indeed, a touching spectacle to behold four venerable gentlemen carried away by their feelings, and capering about the platform in an ecstasy of loyalty and delight. As there can be no doubt of the warm greeting that has been offered to her Majesty on her return from her continental trip, it is a pity that the newspapers should allow their columns to chronicle episodes which are at the least absurd, and if not positively untrue, are exaggerated to a degree calculated to provoke comment and derision.

ONWARDS (?).

GREAT exhibitions, working men's congresses, international obligations, Atlantic cables, free trade, and social science are supposed to be dragging the nineteenth century at a tremendous pace on to the millennium of civilisation. There is not a doubt of it in the mind of any reasonable man. It must, therefore, be a matter of intense satisfaction to hearty enthusiasts in the cause of progress to note its last leap in the matter of fire-arms. The new French rifle makes a hole on entering the body "the size of a pea, but taking a twist in its passage, tears the flesh up to the size of a large saucer" on quitting it. With this useful weapon it is said thousands of men can be disposed of at a fabulous distance at a remarkable death-rate. So much for the humanising triumphs of the nineteenth century! How does this chronological table read?—

- (1).—1851—Great Exhibition of All Nations (supposed *millennium*).
- (2).—Interval of universal peace. Bombardment of Sevastopol, &c., &c.
- (3).—1862—Second great gathering at South Kensington (supposed *millennium*). Great improvements in fire-arms.
- (4).—More universal peace. Magenta, Solferino, Sadowa, &c., &c.
- (5).—1867—Great Exhibition at Paris (real *millennium*—supposed).
- (6).—Peace as before, with immense improvements in fire-arms—and results!

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

THE WEEK.

FATHER IGNATIUS has been outraging the sensitive feelings of Lombard street by telling its denizens that even Jericho, in its worst days of Mammon-worship, was not as bad as London. They have retaliated by begging him to go to Jericho, and adding that they, for their part, prefer to stay in Jerusalem the Golden.

We are constantly encountering a paragraph to the effect "that proclamation of outlawry has again been made against the Hon. Richard Bethell." If the son and heir of Westbury the Good goes on being made an outlaw so many times over, he will soon be in himself a second Robin Hood and his merry men. Why does not the law allow him a sanctuary in Sherwood Forest? We should think that as a hermit with pious proclivities he would prove a great attraction.

THE English papers, determined not to be behind the French ones which were so ingenious in discovering reasons for the Queen's visit to Switzerland, have displayed the most elaborate poetical fancy in describing the effects of that visit on Her Majesty. "Similia similibus curantur," and we may therefore venture to hope that Her Majesty has learned from the example of those mighty mountains, which are always clothed in a freezing, impenetrable covering of snow, not to go and do likewise; but rather to come out of the cold shade of retirement into the gay sunshine of life among her subjects.

A PERSON who describes herself as "a young lady of good family and position in society," advertises in a daily paper for "some occupation." Her qualifications consist in her being "a first-rate horsewoman and speaking French." What sort of occupation can she possibly be in search of? Does she desire to be stud-groom, or to explain to the members, male and female of the establishment in which she procures it, the precise meaning of all the slang words in modern French novels and comedies? On the latter supposition, we do not despair of her soon obtaining remunerative employment.

LORD AMBERLEY is highly satisfied with the result of his

canvassing tour in South Devon. It is so difficult to satisfy the fastidious taste and vast mind of this young nobleman that we cannot doubt that his return is a moral certainty. His lordship has explained that, in advocating small families, he meant small in size, not in quantity; he would have all men even as himself, small in stature but gigantic in intellect. By the way, has Lord Amberley ever denied that he is a supporter of that amiable sect of humanity-worshippers, the Positivists? He could hardly give to this rumour a positive contradiction. However, perhaps the Church of England will recover even the shock of learning that Lord Amberley is not numbered among its flock.

We condole with the Conservatives on the loss they are about to sustain by the retirement of Colonel Fane from the representation of Oxfordshire. That honey-tongued warrior, to do him justice, was some time before he would take the hint which his ungrateful constituents and his faithless chiefs gave him, that he was the victim selected to be offered up to the Liberal host; but at last, in a speech replete with those delicate flowrets of oratory for which he is so celebrated, he took leave, for a time, of his followers. Colonel Fane is a representative man, and Parliament can ill afford to lose him; but let him not despair: metropolitan constituencies are on the increase, and Billingsgate ere long will doubtless be elevated to the rank of a borough. If the electors do not at once select Colonel Fane as their representative, they will deserve to be disfranchised.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE seems to have nothing better to do with his time than to spend it in devising ingenious methods of petty tyranny over the unfortunate people who live under his rule. The last insulting annoyance which he has instructed the police to practise towards free Englishmen is to disguise themselves in plain clothes and steal any dog that may happen to be outside his master's house unmuzzled, even if it be only on the doorstep. The airs of imperialism which this would-be Minister of Police gives himself have ceased to be ridiculous,—they have become exasperating. We only wish some dog would take the law into his own hands, or rather teeth; perhaps inoculation with madness would produce an attack of common sense in Sir Richard Mayne. This is rather a wild supposition; meanwhile, let us hope that magistrates will not countenance this infringement on the liberties of the subject, and that all constables in plain clothes attempting to seize harmless dogs when with their masters will be treated as any other impertinent person is who meddles with other men's property.

BUTE-IFUL FOR EVER!

WHEN young men of wealth and position attain their majority and assume the responsibilities of their lucky position, it is perfectly reasonable that those interested in the proceeding should rejoice and be glad; but the length of absurdity to which the public festivities in honour of the coming of age of the Marquis of Bute have been carried is something more than ordinarily ridiculous. London newspapers have despatched "Special Correspondents" to Cardiff, the scene of action, and columns upon columns have described the decorations, dinners, dances, and orgies which have been incidental to the auspicious event. The only sensible person concerned in the proceedings, to do him justice, appears to be the youthful Marquis himself, who, after having put up with a great deal, at last openly rebelled when they brought out the charity children to sing to him a parody on "God save the Queen," in which the young lord's name appeared, substituted for that of Her Gracious Majesty.

The Marquis of Bute has already made a name for himself as a conscientious and intelligent young man, and his friends have no right to place him in that most disastrous of all nuisances—the nuisance of looking foolish.



IN BAD HANDS!

OR,
"TUFTS" OF TURF.



FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULIE'S CANARD.

LETTER III.—*Canard is rescued. The Religion of an Englishman. St. Leger! First appearance of the London Fog. The Dog Star is threatened with "Muzzling." A great Potentate. Office of the Sir-Richard-Mayne. Description of the "Polis-mans." Arrival in London. Its size. Habits of the Nobility. A Bill of Fare. How the Memoirs of Great Men are Insulted.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Sept. 20, 1868.

MY MUCH HONOURED AND DEARLY-LOVED REDACTEUR,

You will remember that when I last wrote to you my adventures had arrived at the point where I was left waiting, in a third-class carriage on the Folk-es-tone line, the approach of an engine. To make a long story short, the engine arrived, and was attached to my train. As we were on the eve of starting, I called out to the peasant:

"This carriage is cold: let me get away. I would ride on the engine."

The peasant staggered off, and, after a long parley with the driver, returned with the answer that if I would pay fourpence I might be accommodated. I paid—ah! these barbarians, are they not mercenary?

When I had taken my seat in the tender among the coals, and the train was beginning to move, I commenced the following conversation:—

"Tell me, driver, why the train was left all day in the cutting, covered with brown holland."

"Wicked one—it was Sunday. We work not on Sunday."

"Ah, but here it is still Sunday, and yet we are moving."

"Ah, but that is a different matter!"

"Why?" said I.

"Because Sir Smith wishes to come to Town to-night. He has paid extra!"

"But because Sir Smith has paid extra does that make it less Sunday?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"Ah, it is your religion: how strange!"

"Strange—wicked one! I would have you know that we are Christians. We believe in two good books. One of these good books is called the Bible; but there is another which we esteem even more."

"And that is called?"

"The Ledger! The *jour de fête* of this book is known as the 'St. Leger,' or 'Derby Day.' On the morning of the festival a great race is run, called the 'Oaks of Old England,' in which all the Mayors compete. The winner is made 'Milord Mayor of London,' with a salary of £150 a-year.* Now you understand; is it not ingenious? The Ledger takes care of us and directs us on earth—tells us how to live to the best advantage—how to do to others as we expect to be done by."

"And what do you do with the Bible?"

"Oh, that we keep to read when we get to Heaven! Plenty of time to read it then!"

"Ah, it is capital! But have you not Bishops—have they not duties?"

"Oh, yes, to spend ten thousand a-year and wear monstrous lawn sleeves for the benefit of the laundresses!"

With much instructive conversation we journeyed on. The night passed and the day began, and still we were miles away from London. The sun shone brightly, and at last I fell asleep. I was awakened by a jerk. We were nearly in total darkness, and before us was a heavy-looking wall of vapour, as hard as a stone and as black as a coal.

"What is this?" I cried, horrified at the awful sight.

"This is the London Fog," replied the engine-driver; "you must jump out and help me to dig a tunnel for the train in it."

I got down at once and assisted my companion to wield a sledge hammer. For five hours we worked with the utmost heartiness, and yet could make no impression upon the frightful

mass. The more we beat the Fog the denser it grew. At last the engine-driver said to me—

"Mounseer, we have tried strength, it would not do. All that now remains to us is strategy. Wait here while I costume myself."

The engine-driver then entered the guard's van, and remained there some minutes. After a while he returned costumed in the most eccentric style. He had quite altered his appearance. He wore a short blue tunic, with silver buttons in front, and some mysterious letters and numbers on the collar. He had on his head a sort of felt helmet that looked like a hat that (having a taste for the military) had tried hard to get into the Militia without ever quite effecting its object. He carried by his side a truncheon and a waterproof cloak. He wore spectacles and white hair, and seemed to be nearly eighty years old. He advanced towards the vapoury barrier leaning upon a stick. He shook his fist and cried out—

"Move on!"

I watched the Fog narrowly, and saw it tremble, but still it did not move.

"Move on!" shouted the disguised engine-driver. "Do you dare question my authority? Don't you know that I am King of all I survey? Stay here another moment, and I give orders to my myrmidon to muzzle the Dog Star!"

He had scarcely uttered the threat ere the Fog, with the sound of thunder, rushed screaming into the sky!

You can imagine how surprised I was at this adventure. I could hardly speak for about ten minutes—the time occupied by the engine-driver in removing his disguise. When he returned he laughed heartily at my look of astonishment.

"Why," said he, "there was nothing strange in the matter."

"Not strange!" I repeated. "Why, the Fog obeyed your will!"

"Of course. Didn't you see why? The stupid vapour thought I was the Sir-Richard-Mayne!"

When I understood this my surprise was at an end. Most likely some of my compatriots have read of this great potentate. He is, in reality, the King of Great Britain. When you have heard more from me you will understand the Constitution of this strange land better, but I may say at this point of my adventures that the Government of England consists of the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the Sir-Richard-Mayne. The Sovereign acts with the advice of her Parliament, but the Sir-Richard-Mayne is independent. The officers of this great potentate are called "Polis-mans." They live chiefly upon cold meat and rabbit-pies (provided for their benefit by a race of females cylept "Slaveys"), which food encourages them to commit deeds of the wildest daring—such as capturing small boys, reporting publicans who do not purchase their silence with pots of "pale-ale," and muzzling some savage animals known in London as "toy-terriers."

When the Fog had gone we started off again, and arrived without further adventures. At this point I think I should give you a Map of London, as you will then understand better my allusions to the various localities I shall have to mention.* I may say at once that the "Modern Babylon" (as these wretched Islanders call their metropolis) is a very small place, not a fourth of the size of Paris—in fact, utterly contemptible. The English boast very much of their towns; as for me, the only place I saw the whole time I remained in England that I considered at all fine and impressive was a certainly magnificent city about three hundred miles from "Brompton" (a provincial village reached by omnibuses) called "Welch Harp." You will observe that in the centre of London is a spot called "Leicestère Squarr." It is here that I have taken up my abode. My hotel is the finest in London, but very expensive; they charged me on the morning of my arrival eightpence for a bed and breakfast! So exorbitant did I consider the prices that I determined upon getting my meals elsewhere. It is very much the fashion among the *élite* of the English Aristocracy (they are called the "*svel-mobb*," the "*costère-mongère*") to take their meals *al fresco*; so to be in the *mode* I always feed in the streets.

Here is my daily bill of fare:

BREAKFAST.—"Crumpet" (*souche*), "Vinkles," "Bull's-eye," and half-a-pint of "Sparklin-Sarsaparilla."

* I cannot believe this. £150 a-year! Why in our country such a sum would be the salary of a prince!—JULIE'S CANARD.

* We regret that this week we have not the space to insert Mons. Canard's Map of London, upon which three hundred engravers have been engaged for many months. Our readers may expect to see it in our impression of Tuesday next.—ED. TOM.

LUNCH.—“Whilks,” Candied-dates,” “Toffee,” and pint of “Liquorice-water.”

DINNER.—“Real-mutton-pie,” “Tête-tère,” Part of an oyster, “Peppermint drop,” “apenny-jam-tart,” pint of “portar-bierre,” “pine-apple roc,” little glass of “Turkish sherbet.”

SUPPER.—Rest of the oyster and two bottles of “Gingère-bierre.”

You will not be surprised to hear that the air of this wretched country on my arrival made me very ill. I sent for the doctor, and after a number of questions was asked, what I was in the habit of eating. Upon affording him the required information, he advised me to give up the “real-mutton-pie,” the “apenny jam-tart,” and the “pine-apple roc,” until I grew accustomed to the country. So since then I have substituted for the comestibles objected to a very nutritious food called “cat-is-meat,” which when eaten with a sardine, some mustard, and a little lump of sugar, is very pleasant to the palate.

Before I conclude this letter I must tell you of a conversation I had with one of the waiters of my hotel.

“Alphonse-Auguste,” I said, looking out of the window in Leicester Squarr, “What is that hideous statue in the centre of that desert?”

“Ah sacrrrrre!” growled the faithful fellow, “*Milles tonnerres!*”

“Why, my friend, what is it that annoys you?”

“Ah! that statue is meant for Napoleon Le Grand—the victor of Vaterloo!”

“No,” said I, grinding my teeth, “It is impossible!”

“’Tis too true!” cried Alphonse-Auguste bursting into tears. “These miserable Englishmen when they wish to turn into ridicule the fame of a great man erect a statue-caricature to his memory!”

The waiter was right, all over London have I found this shameful desecration of the dead! I even feel pity for that monster Vellington when I see him *en caricature*.

Receive, my dear Redacteur,

A kiss upon both cheeks and my distinguished considerations,

JULES CANARD.

DOWN HILL.

WITH a race-horse *alive* at one theatre, two express trains, a steam-boat, and several London haunts freely scattered about at the others, what are we to expect next? Within what limits does the inventive genius of realism propose to confine itself? Apparently within none, for the public appear to have already gone mad over mere “properties,” and will in all probability welcome anything, however monstrous, provided only they have seen its prototype outside the house a hundred times a day. Under such a condition of things it must be admitted that the drama had fallen upon evil times. The author is gradually becoming the slave of the machinist. The picture now is valuable only for its frame. Should any young dramatic writer who has looked on ambitiously to those heights where Bulwer and Jerrold once have trod, and in despair feel that the best thing to be done with the pen in these days is to lay it down, let him pause and take heart. Let him peruse the following prize piece. He will find it full of hints, and a perfect model of the new style, 1868.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Knightsbridge at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. Omnibuses, carriages, cabs, foot passengers, policemen, &c., passing and repassing throughout the entire scene.

[Enter HERO and another man.]

HERO.—While I have time let me unfold a piece of the plot.

OTHER MAN.—Never!

HERO.—Nay, you had better hear it while you can. There is a prodigious amount of sensation to be got through before—

OTHER MAN.—Ha, ha! Sensation! I believe you. Know,

then, that I am the very identical individual who times the real omnibuses at the real Knightsbridge Green!

[Curtain descends amidst thunders of applause.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—The interior of St. Martin's Baths and Wash-houses. People purchasing tickets, receiving towels, buying penny-worths of soap (extra), and having hot baths throughout the whole of the following scene.

[Enter HERO and somebody else.]

HERO.—Hopeless to seek Lady Feodora here! This must be the gentlemen's second class department!

SOMEBODY ELSE.—It is—and to the life! (*Points to handle.*) You see this handle. It is affixed to a real bath.

HERO.—You are? Then let me on with the plot, for I see danger a-head.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Fool! Why bandy words? Your doom is unavoidable. These are the St. Martin's Baths and Wash-houses (*opens a door*), and this is a real bath.

HERO.—Great heavens! then I am lost!

SOMEBODY ELSE (*seizing him by the collar and tearing his ticket from him*).—In with you: escape is vain (*forces him in and closes door*).

HERO (*from within*).—Your name! Say, bold and mysterious being, who are you?

SOMEBODY ELSE (*laughing wildly*).—Who? I am the real man from the real baths near St. Martin's-lane, and this (*turns handle*) is real boiling water. (*Groans from HERO and thunders of applause as curtain descends.*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—Umbrella department at South Kensington Museum. Visitors leaving and taking sticks, parasols, and umbrellas throughout the entire scene. [Enter HERO and a stranger.]

HERO (*looking about him*).—No one seems to be observing me. There is, then, really a chance of my getting on with the plot. (*To audience:*) Know, then, that twenty years ago—(*starts*)—ha!

STRANGER.—Silence, miscreant, I will not have this here!

HERO.—And why not?

STRANGER.—Because sensation is the order of the day, and I am really Mr. HENRY COLE, C.B. (*Flight of HERO as curtain descends amidst thunders of applause.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Long ward in the Fever Hospital. Real people, with real fevers, in beds R. and L. Doctors, nurses, friends, and other people catching contagious diseases in motion during the whole of this scene. [Enter HERO.]

HERO.—At last I am alone!—(*turning*)—Ha! this is not bad in the way of sensation. No, no. They can't easily beat this. Perhaps I might now get on a little further with the plot. (*To audience:*) Well, then, twenty years ago— [Enter ANYBODY.]

ANYBODY.—How now?

HERO.—I was only trying—

ANYBODY.—To make some progress in the story! Story! Ha! ha! Hold the mirror up to nature! Gammon! This is the kind of thing they want (*produces a sewing-machine, and works it*). Look at that! (*Thunders of applause.*) I told you so. Story? they don't want a story! What ho there! (*Enter four real doctors, who seize the hero.*) To your work once more, and wring down the house! (*HERO is forced into a chair, takes a real dose of castor oil, and then has two real double teeth really pulled out under the influence of real chloroform. Thunders of applause as curtain descends.*)

ACT V.

SCENE.—Gunpowder Mills at Hounslow.

[Enter HERO, all the characters, and the AUTHOR.]

HERO (*excitedly*).—At last I think we have got a chance.

AUTHOR.—Then for goodness sake make the most of it (*looks off R. and L.*): as yet we are unobserved. I cannot see either the manager, the machinist, or the property man! (*Produces book.*) Now for it; here is my MS. (*Characters go through a little dialogue hurriedly, while HERO looks out one way, and the AUTHOR the other. A distant shout heard.*)

AUTHOR (*suddenly hiding his book*).—Great Heavens! all is over! they are upon us again.

[*Enter Manager, Machinist, and Property man, thunders of applause.*]

MANAGER (*to HERO*).—What, you defy me? You would get on without these gentlemen (*points to Machinist and Property man*). Never!

HERO.—I would (*groans from audience, and cries of "Turn him out!"*). And what is more, I will! Twenty years ago—

MANAGER (*to assistants*).—To your work. We will show them how to end a sensation piece. (*Produces a box of real lucifers. Thunders of applause.*)

HERO.—Twenty years ago, they would not—

MANAGER (*strikes a match*).—This is a real light, and we are standing on twenty tons of real gunpowder. (*Thunders of applause. Manager lights powder. Proportionate explosion, real crash and destruction of everything.*)

VOICE OF HERO (*in the smoke*).—Have stood this humbug!

CURTAIN.

BELLA! HORRIDA BELLA!

WE have received the most alarming news from our Foreign Correspondents, which we hasten to publish, hoping that the dreadful calamities to which they point may yet be averted.

AUSTRIA, *Sept. 22nd*.—Baron von Beust, conversing with an Hungarian gentleman yesterday, said, "You cannot carve well with a blunt knife." Great alarm exists throughout the Slavonian population: it is evident that the Chancellor of the Empire contemplates the wholesale execution of Hungarian patriots.

PRUSSIA, *Sept. 23rd*.—The King of Prussia received a deputation from the milkmen of Berlin to-day. In the course of his reply he said, "French butter is good, especially that which comes from Normandy." Everybody is preparing for the invasion of France from the Norman frontier. Five hundred thousand needle-guns are said to have been manufactured since yesterday.

PARIS, *Sept. 23rd*.—The Emperor paid a visit to Pau yesterday. In addressing the *maire* he said, "What is big is great. Two and two make four. The sun is larger than the moon; but the moon is not so large as the earth. Sheep are useful animals; they have wool, which is also useful. Oysters are shell-fish, but cod-fish are not. The lion is a large beast of the cat tribe. Cats eat mice, but mice do not eat cats. When the sun shines it is generally warmer than when it does not shine. It snows sometimes in winter. Water when frozen becomes ice. I will say no more."

The Bourse is dreadfully agitated; Rentes have gone down to 32 in prospect of immediate war. The *Temps* says that it is plain that the Emperor intends to declare war against England, Russia, Italy, and Turkey; to issue an edict at once forbidding the sale of cats' meat; to seize the King of Prussia when he is in his bath; to ask M. Rochefort to dinner; to blow up the Rhine with benzine collas; to confiscate the property of all foreigners in France; and to seize the Newfoundland cod fisheries; to make the Queen of Spain Regent of France; and to forbid the exportation of French olives. The panic in trade is universal.

A VOID OF ABUSES.

AT a moment when so much is being said, discussed, and written as to the all-important influences which have lately been brought to bear with such ill-disguised alacrity on this engrossing subject, it would be decided indolence on our part were we to allow such a matter to drop without adding our urgent protestations against a continuance of what all reasonable thinkers will decide unhesitatingly in our favour when once they have given their unbiased attention to its analysis. In the time of the early Byzantine epoch, when the turgid brutality of a domineering fatalism had completely rotted the secret springs of government, it was generally believed by such consistent

sages as an unswerving courage still retained on their pedestals, that the end of all things sublunary must be fatally approaching while such portentous signs appeared to prognosticate a political collapse. We must think now as the wise men of that century did before us. We must raise the standard of infinity, and, with the party cry on our lips of "Develop our tendencies!" spring into the breach which determines the proportionate intensities of self-confirmation, and hurling to the ground the palpitating grossness of opinion, seize the still-warm opportunity to possess the stronghold of abuse. There must be no modification in the primeval mode of proceeding. The flexibility of co-operation must induce the construction of a sounder edifice; the invariability of our attention must evolve the ferment we so much desire. Let there, then, be no dallying with infatuation, no tampering with improbabilities; but at once make up your mind, if you wish to obtain the disruption of idiotic individuality, to find out the meaning of this article.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW)

WOMAN is always wanting—of course we mean where only men are present. She is actually wanting now to be man, and when in the Darwinian course of things she has arrived at the complete change she makes her aim she will begin to think she has not got the best of it, and will naturally be wanting again to be woman. Man then will be wanting, and not found.

We have swallowed the infernal soup of a Swiss Inn, but we never could digest the chops of the Channel.

Life is so light in Boulogne that there Belgravia may rejoice and the weary from Clapham have visions of paradise. The only foreigner I met there was an Irishman, who wished me cordially "a Boulong life, and a merry one."

Really a Conservative organ is as great a nuisance as an Italian one. Nay! more so, for the latter does change its tune occasionally.

The great political economist who encourages female suffrage must meet with wreaths of smiles from hosts of grateful women. What will be his reward if he brings them to the poll? But will they come to that? Of the two women found grinning at the Mill will not one be mistaken, and the other's left out altogether?

The Babes in the Wood were consoled for their sad end by the robin's gift of strawberry leaves. But they were in the wood. The girls of the present age would go through any privations to be covered with strawberry leaves before they die—but the leaves must come from an earl at least.

HOLIDAY-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

PERHAPS it is as well that Lord Mayo is about to seize upon the Governor-Generalship of India, for he certainly possesses, independently of some administrative ability, a fair share of common sense, a commodity which appears to be particularly scarce in the East just now.

The last mail from Calcutta states that the day of the eclipse of the sun was observed as a close holiday in all the Government offices, and commercial business was suspended by a special Order in Council. It is difficult even to suggest a colourable excuse for turning the eclipse day into Sunday. Sir John Lawrence is not the man to succumb to the religious prejudices of the natives, even if their creed taught them to hold an eclipse of the sun as a feast of obligation; nor can it be possible that it was wholly to suit the convenience of Europeans in Government employ that business was stopped and a day wasted

The phenomenon lasted but a very short time, and but few saw it, as, unfortunately, the rain fell and the sky was cloudy at the moments of the greatest obscuration; but if the weather had been as bright and clear as the scientific men who went to India on purpose to get a good view of the eclipse could have wished, no benefit to science could possibly accrue by letting loose a herd of Indian Civil Servants to stare the sun out of countenance, without either profit to themselves or to anybody else. No wonder his Majesty got disgusted at being made the object of such vulgar curiosity, and hid himself behind the clouds on purpose to disappoint the thousand or so European know-nothings who had made the moon's impolite behaviour to her fiery master an excuse for adding one more idle day to their official existences.

Beyond this, putting every other consideration aside, Sir John Lawrence's Order in Council was not only ridiculous in itself, but dangerous as a precedent. In future, when an eclipse comes due, or a meteor shower is expected, we shall have all the clerks of Somerset House clamouring for a holiday, and in possession of "a grievance" if their request is refused as absurd and unreasonable.

WANTED, A HORSEWHIP.

ELECTIONEERING atrocities are cropping up full early, and the followers of Mr. Gladstone have achieved the memorable notoriety of being the first to disgrace themselves. The Conservative candidate for the borough of Sandwich, one Mr. Henry Worms, happens to profess the Jewish religion, and the electors, on the strength of this fact, have been furnished with the following circular:—

- "1. Who crucified our Lord?—The Jew.
 - "2. Who continues to deny Him?—The Jew.
 - "3. Who declared Him to be a blasphemer?—The Jew.
 - "4. Who will destroy our common Christianity?—The Jew.
 - "5. Who would deceive his father and sell his birthright?—The Jew.
 - "6. Who will 'worm' itself to the surface and have its pound of flesh?—The Jew.
- "We are Christians. Take our Lord's saying, 'Be wise as serpents,' and deny the Jew."

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Brassey are the Liberal candidates for the representation of Sandwich, but it is difficult to believe that they can have in any way identified themselves with the perpetrators of this abominable insult to Mr. Worms in particular and to the whole Jewish community in general. Mr. Worms happens to be not only a highly respectable but a sensible gentleman, and it is not improbable that such wanton scurrility will do him and his cause more good than harm; but it is really a disgrace to Englishmen that such circulars as that we have quoted should be permitted to be printed and published in "the Christian land of liberty," of which we are all so wont to boast.

THE RIDDLE THAT HAS PUZZLED THE LUNATICS.

LAST week, at the urgent request of some thousands of our readers, we attempted to obtain a solution to a question that has (we understand) given them ceaseless annoyance for a long term of years—we allude, of course, to that great problem of the nineteenth century, "When is a door not a door?" It has been generally felt that the conventional answer "When it's a-jar," is not in accordance with the spirit of the times—times that have given up steam-engines, boot-jacks, and the electric telegraph. This being the case, we begged our readers to "try again," trusting that they would find a better solution than the one to which we have so contemptuously alluded.

They have "tried again," but with questionable success. Some of the answers we have received have been passable, but the majority have been remarkable for an utter absence of point. It has become evident to us from these sorrowful attempts at wit, fun, and waggery, that the rising generation unhappily lack the capability of performing the "quips and cranks" for which our ancestors were so justly famed, and

from which our dear old England has derived such marvellous benefit.

However, as we wish to be just as well as critical, we allow our readers to judge for themselves by giving, *en masse*, the answers we have received. To aid the public in their judicial labours, we have attempted a little classification.

The question was

WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?

And the answers we have received to that difficult problem may thus be arranged:—

CLASS 1.—(PASSABLE).

When it's a-Negress!—Orpheus (Ramsgate), and Old Brum.

CLASS 2.—(ON THE VERGE OF SILLINESS).

When it's va(r)nished.—Midge.

When it is a shut-ter.—C. Weinberger.

When it turns into a street.—W. McD.

When it's aw-shut t-aw.—Hotspur's Poppingjay.

CLASS 3.—(SILLY).

When it is to (two).—Billy-go-Buster, Rose, Isabella S., and Midge.

When it's o-pen (a pen).—Jargon, and Forest Hill Owl.

When it's a-opening.—Maniac Jack in a state of Champagne, and The Cheapside Lunatic.

When it is on the swing. When it is swinging.—Annie (Tooting).

When it's bolted.—Mustard (Lowestoft), Samuel E. Thomas, Midge, Forest Hill Owl, and Peach Stone.

CLASS 4.—(UTTERLY "STOOPID.")

When it is a book (studied with eye-on) *i.e.* *studded with iron*.—One Out on Sufferance.

When there's no door.—Relampago's Ghost.

When it's not there.—Gustave Doré.

When it is not a-door-*at*.—Taciturnity.

NEXT WEEK'S PUZZLE.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the escape of the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green." We imagined that he was safe under lock and key on Friday night last, when unhappily we left him with his bed-room window open. In the morning he had escaped. On the dressing-table we found the following painful epistle:—

Written in the shower-bath, with my boots on the mantel-piece.

HA, HA, TYRANT!

I defy ye! I'm free—free as the air to dance away, and to play away until late, until late in the morning! By the time these lines are before you I shall be madly careering to 85 Fleet Street, riding on a towel-horse, and shouting forth my glorious welcome to the moonlit velocipede of the Adriatic!

With my tally-ho! tally-ho!

Hark, hark, and hollo!

With my tally-ho! tally-ho!

It is our opening day!

Yes, thou murderous wielder of Penn the Puritan! know that the home of lunatic literature is situated near Bride's court. What would Mr. Punch do without his correspondent at Colney Hatchney?

So fare thee well, my own traitrous hound!

Fare thee well for a wee;

For the wind it is blowing, and the sea it is cold,

And I am bound for my tea, traitrous hound,

And I'm bound for my tea.

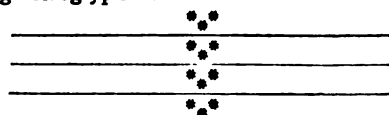
Adieu! adieu!

Yours till death,

THE LIVELY LUNATIC OF CAMBERWELL GREEN.

It is scarcely necessary to say that an expedition was at once fitted out and despatched in search of the fugitive. In the meanwhile we once more must throw ourselves for the second (and *last*) time on the kindness of our readers, and beg them to accept a puzzle instead of a riddle at our hands.

We implore them to say (or rather write) what we mean by the following hieroglyphic:—



The above, with a little thought, is exceedingly easy of solution. When solved the problem is most pleasing.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 74.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. 4.—SUMMING UP.

HAVING pointed out some of the principal evils which affect the condition of female servants, we will now endeavour to show how these evils may be alleviated, if not entirely remedied.

As we said before, the mischief begins in early years, in the education which girls receive in their own homes. You cannot expect the daughters of slatternly wasteful mothers to make clean and frugal women. But even in those cases where the parents give their children the best education which they can afford, the system, on which that education is conducted, is rarely one of any practical benefit to them. Most clergymen and Ladies Bountiful think it a great thing to get girls to the Sunday-school. No doubt this is better than no education at all, but it appears to us that there is one great fundamental mistake in our Sunday-school teaching, and that is, that in aiming to teach religion thoroughly, it only succeeds in teaching theology very imperfectly, and morality not at all. Much too great importance is given to Bible history, to the exclusion of the New Testament morality. We will not say more on this subject, for so great is the prejudice in minds of earnest Protestants against any limitation of Bible teaching, and so utterly confused are the minds of the mass of the laity and clergy as regards the true value and position of the Old Testament, that we should incur great danger of being misrepresented, if not of being misunderstood. We will content ourselves with expressing a belief that it is not a wise thing to put unreservedly a book so difficult for the educated to understand into the hands of those, who have had practically no education at all. Great advance has been made lately in the matter of education, but there is still much to be done before our schools for the poor, or for the rich either, can offer that training which is alone of any real use in after life,—a training which, discouraging superficial smartness and the mere varnish of accomplishments, shall instruct the young in those principles which are the foundation of all morality and of all religion; shall enforce those habits without which no character of sterling worth can be formed; and shall imbue the moral nature with that conscientious sense of duty, that noble purpose in life, which finds as full scope for employment in the very humblest as in the very highest positions which this world can offer.

Besides the education at school, there is the more important education at home. As we have pointed out, if there is danger in neglect, in suffering the children to run wild in the streets or fields, and so never learn what self-restraint means, there is the greater danger, in those better off, of bringing up their children to despise the station of their parents, and to aspire to the society of those above them in the world. This rude attempt at "equality" is as common among the higher as among the lower classes; and the persevering efforts to destroy the distinctions of rank and wealth on the part of parents result in the creation of a class of girls, whose only hope is in trading on the charms Nature or Art may have given them; for they are utterly unfit to be at the head of a family, the only thing they know about money being how to waste it. If women really wish to improve the condition of their sex, let them combine together for the purpose of destroying the dynasty of Frivolity which now holds undisputed the throne of Society. We can

imagine no movement more calculated to elevate woman in the eyes of man, than an organised opposition to the practice, now so prevalent, of allowing girls to go to some party or other every night of the week during that elastic period termed "the season." If at least two nights a week were kept sacred to the quiet routine of home pleasures and home duties—if all the daughters of a family were made to learn to manage the house expenses, and superintend the domestic arrangements generally, for a week at a time, we believe that marriage—that goal of all girls' hopes—would be far less difficult of attainment, and when attained, would be far happier than it ever can be as Society is at present constituted. If mistresses were able to manage a household, and to check the expenses properly, the extravagance and affectation of servants would be effectually checked; they would learn to respect their employers when they found that they could not cheat them.

With regard to those girls who fulfil the duties of vicarious motherhood, we have this suggestion to make. Let us give them a home where they will be taught useful labour, where their services will be rigidly exacted in return for the benefits received by them, and whence they can go forth, with a character, to fulfil the duties of wet nurses, knowing that their children will be cared for by the Institution which has sheltered them in the hour of their need, and to which, after their time of service is expired, they shall be able to return, if they cannot get any other situation, there to continue their education in some useful employment. They would, of course, bring characters from the person who had previously employed them; and so any one engaging them from this kind of Institution would be certain of not being imposed upon by false recommendations. Although there would be many difficulties at first in inducing girls to avail themselves of such an Institution, still, we believe that, when they saw how great a chance was given them of recovering their good name, and how a place of safety was assured to them whither to return from their temporary situation, instead of being, as they are now, left to their own resources or to the uncertain charity or enforced contributions of those held responsible by the Law, they would overcome their dislike to proclaim their condition before they were actually compelled to do so. We honestly entreat all, who have any desire to rescue poor girls from a life of degradation and misery, to consider this scheme so roughly sketched.

As to the temptation to which nursemaids especially, and other servant girls, are exposed in our parks or public streets, we will say a few words. The immediate greed of admiration, which characterises these ignorant and silly creatures, no doubt is held by some men to justify the attentions which they proffer. But we would put it to those who wish to be men in something more than name, whether prowling after silly, vain, and empty-headed girls, who are ready to swallow the bait, however plain the hook may show through it, is either a noble or a profitable employment?

Finally, it remains for us all, however small our influence, to do what we can to elevate the condition of those on whose services we so much depend. Something may be done by precept, more by example, most by a quiet perseverance and a watchful vigilance in seeking opportunities for holding out to all those below us the same incitements, the same helps, the same guides which we ourselves have enjoyed, and to which, in a great measure, we owe what superiority over them we may possess.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.—These classical islands, known to the ancients indifferently as the Cassiterides, Hesperides, and Siluræ Insulæ, having been erected into a Parliamentary group and enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, the greatest possible curiosity has been felt among them as to what distinguished politician was to have the honour of first representing them in the House of Commons. The popular instinct, which in such matters rarely errs, at once designated Mr. Bernal Osborne as the fittest person to sit for the Scilly Isles; but as long as it was uncertain whether that honourable gentleman would maintain his connection with Nottingham, of course nothing could be done. As soon, however, as the report in the TOMAHAWK of last week of what had occurred at Nottingham, and the news that the lambs of that borough had definitely resolved to elect Mr. Joseph Goss and Mr. Henry Allen, reached St. Mary's and its thirty-nine sisters, a requisition was at once got up, inviting Mr. Osborne to stand. We believe that the invitation has been most cordially acceded to; but Mr. Osborne was so exceedingly energetic in his own particular line last session that he has hitherto spent most of the recess in recovering from the effects of his gigantic labours; priming himself for the next one, whenever his health will permit, by a close and fatiguing study of Joe Miller. It is understood, however, that he will soon visit the new marine constituency.

Meanwhile a feeling has been growing up among the more thoughtful and intelligent portion of the electors that, though Mr. Bernal Osborne has very great claims upon their favour, still they have a right to look for a representative even more highly distinguished than himself. In accordance with this view, they tried to discover if there was any chance of inducing Mr. Buckstone, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, to canvass the constituency. Much to their gratification, that gentleman at once expressed himself highly flattered by the invitation, and accompanied the deputation on their return from the metropolis to the islands. Yesterday, he addressed the electors for the first time, and created a most favourable impression. He was dressed in the costume in which he has so often appeared, and with such immense success, before the British public—the costume worn by him in "*Lend me Five Shillings*." He was received with shouts of laughter and applause, which became perfectly deafening when he first applied his forefinger to the side of his nose, then turned his back upon the audience, lifted up his cloak, and exposed a considerable rent in his tall coat. The roars of hilarity and approbation produced by this classical piece of humour having somewhat subsided, he winked several times to the electors, and then commenced speaking. Would anybody lend him five shillings? Would this person lend it? Would that person lend it? He assured them he had spent far more on his railway fare than five shillings, and the deputation had never offered to pay it for him. Now, considering—if he was anything of a scholar—that the inhabitants of the Cassiterides ought to be remarkably well off for tin—(laughter)—he thought it was rather shabby. (Cheers and laughter.) However, he would throw a pall—the way in which the honourable gentleman pronounced "pall" threw the entire audience into convulsions of laughter—he would throw a pall over these horrors. But if they would not lend him five shillings, would they send him to Parliament? He should feel thoroughly at home there. In fact, it was the very stage whose boards he had long been burning to tread. Was it not the very home of comedy? Some people said of farce; but that he repudiated. Who had been its most popular leader in modern times? Who but a jaunty Viscount, the most finished light comedian of the day? No—where was a joke, however poor, so quickly and warmly appreciated as in the House of Commons. People were easily moved to laughter in church, and if anybody made a small jocular observation in court, particularly if it happened to be the judge that made it, everybody felt bound to laugh. But of all the cachinnatory assemblies in the world, commend him to the House of Commons. He would pledge himself to keep it in a continual roar. It might be objected that his engagements at the theatre would interfere with his Parliamentary duties; but it was already his habit to sup after his performances, and he could always in future sup at the House. He believed a good deal of heavy political business was done in the tea-room, and

he promised to frequent it faithfully. He should have several opportunities of again addressing them—(cheers)—and therefore, for the present, he would say nothing of his political opinions. But he could not resist at once avowing his adherence to the cause of female suffrage. (Cheers and laughter.) He hoped soon to see women members of Parliament. He should much like to have a lovely woman for his colleague—(laughter)—only the Scilly Islands had most unjustly had but one member conferred upon it. But he should be delighted to share his seat with any woman under forty, and give her a fair half of it. Wouldn't it be comfortable? (Here he punched his proposer in the ribs, and accompanied the gesture with the chuckle so well known to produce laughter. It succeeded admirably on this occasion, sending the audience off into fits of laughter.) He would say no more at present, for he intended to visit every one of the forty islands. He was told that locomotion among them was not easy. But as he was accustomed to paddle his own canoe—(laughter)—he did not expect to experience much difficulty. But would nobody lend him five shillings? (Here he once more displayed the rent of which mention has already been made, and amid shrieks of laughter and loud clapping of hands retired from the platform.)

The return of the honourable gentleman is considered certain. Mr. Bernal Osborne has been telegraphed to, to the effect that it would now be no use coming down to the Scilly Islands. Had Mr. Buckstone refused to stand, he might have had a chance; but against so formidable an opponent it would be impossible even for him to make head.

AN IMPERIAL WAG.

THE long-threatened Chinese Ambassador to this country has at length arrived, and, with his suite, is comfortably installed at the Grosvenor Hotel. We Englishmen are rather given to making a fuss over Oriental dignitaries when they visit our shores. We mobbed the Japanese mission to our heart's content, and it was only the other day that a couple of policemen had to be detached on the special duty of preventing the Abyssinian Prince, "I-have-seen-the-world," from being torn in pieces when his Highness took a walk on Ryde pier.

Curiosity may therefore be aroused by the description of our Chinese visitors. The chief ambassador is Poo-au-cheu Chin-chi-choong-jeu-tacheu, the first secretary is called Boo-choon-aw, and the second secretary's name is Dee-chang. The suite consists of associate ministers, student interpreters, and assistant secretaries in abundance. We have certainly never before received an ambassador from the East on such a large scale. Hitherto, at the most, half-a-dozen flat-nosed individuals of eccentric tastes; and of reported eccentric habits, have been deemed sufficient to constitute an Oriental mission; but surely a couple of palaces would scarcely be large enough to contain the number of great men of the celestial empire which the Emperor of China has accredited to the Court of St. James's. What a fine chance for the Crystal Palace Company! People are already asking for what day the directors have engaged the Chinese ambassadors, and whether five shillings will be charged for admission or if the date fixed will be a shilling Monday, with a display of fireworks thrown in.

We much regret to say that the British sightseer is doomed to disappointment. Evidently the Emperor of China, some day or other, either in disguise or by deputy, has visited the Gallery of Illustration in Waterloo place, for he has most shamelessly adapted a very amusing musical farce, called *Ching Chow Hi*, which had a great run under Mr. German Reed's management not very long ago. Everybody will remember what it was about. The scene is laid in China, at the Court of a native Prince, and it appears at last that all the characters—Prince, Prime Minister, hero, and heroine—are English, driven into their places by circumstances which they have been unable to control, and it is only in the last scene that they find each other out. The Emperor of China's farce is on rather a larger scale than this, for the characters in the play are more numerous. To begin with: it appears that the Ambassador himself, Poo-au-cheu Chin-chi-choong-jeu-tacheu is a Mr. Anson Burlingame, an American citizen, who has been for a short time resident in China; the first secretary, Boo-choon-aw, is an Irishman, rejoicing in the name of Mr. John M'Leary Brown,

and the second secretary, Dee-chang, is a Frenchman called Dechamps. As for the rest of the suite, with a few insignificant exceptions, they are English to a man.

The Emperor of China must have a keen sense of the ridiculous. He has certainly succeeded in "selling" the British nation. To have called the body of gentlemen who are at present staying at the Grosvenor Hotel "Agents for the Chinese Government" would have spoilt the joke; but, in sober truth, now that his Celestial Majesty has had his laugh at us, it must be admitted that they are nothing more.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE IX.

To Erica from Florence's Mother.

HERE we are back again at home, you see,
After no end of grief, expense, and trouble.
Of course my husband lays the blame on *me*,
Now that our joint designs have proved a bubble.
'Tis rather hard now, is it not? For he
Finds comfort in the coveys 'mongst the stubble,
Whilst I can but the destiny bemoan
Which all our good intentions has o'erthrown.

Florence might just as well be miles away.
I scarcely ever see her save at meals.
She seems to me to grow worse day by day.
If anybody calls, away she steals,
And nothing upon earth will make her stay,
And look on a strange face; as though she feels
They must have come to see and tell their neighbours
How she does bear the load 'neath which she labours.

Indeed sometimes her strange behaviour frightens
My heart into unutterable fears.
For now her colour goes, and now it heightens,
And then she frowns, just as you look for tears.
Nothing distracts her sadness, nothing lightens.
Sense seems to have quite left her eyes and ears,
And back into her inmost breast retreated,
Where grief and she in loneliness are seated.

I thought, at first, the matter might have been
Put right, or at the least all scandal hushed.
But soon, despite my best attempts to screen
The thing from view, my last fond hope was crushed.
The whole world knows it. Then, to make a scene,
As soon as Willie heard of it, he rushed
After the jilt, and coming on his track,
Broke, so they say, his cane across his back.

Then all the papers pounced upon the news,
And some declared it shameful, others silly.
A penny daily, given to comic views,
Turned all of us to ridicule, save Willie.
Him it did neither laugh at nor abuse;
But only said that, though chivalric, still he
In days like these must be uncommon lucky,
If law-courts let him off for being so plucky.

But there's no fear of that; and Willie now
Seems to stand well in each one's estimation.
Even his uncle does his worth allow,
And says his conduct's the sole compensation
For all the hubbub, bother, shame, and row.

In fact, there's little doubt the close relation
That Willie long has yearned to have with Florence,
He would no longer look on with abhorrence.

Really the boy has splendidly behaved.
As soon as he got back to England, he
An audience with his cousin of us craved.
I and his uncle granted it; but she,
As if from woe unwilling to be saved,
Refused to see him most persistently;
And swore she rather ten times death would face,
Than such an overpowering disgrace.

Which is absurd. For no one can deny
She never liked that other wretched creature;
Whilst any one can see, with half an eye,
Her love for Willie beaming in ev'ry feature.
However, I am patient, and rely
For her conversion upon Time the teacher.
I'm sure I've all along done what seemed best,
And will do still; and Heav'n must do the rest.

But just to think of all the lovely *trousseau*,
Dresses and things, and piles of finest linen
Prepared in vain, and for no earthly use! Oh!
I sometimes feel as though there was a sin in
Putting it by. Yet had I not better do so?
Florence is young, and Willie very winning.
And now that both of us have no objection,
She surely will be wiser, on reflection.

But 'tis no use to press the point at present,
For she is almost melancholy mad,
And it would only make things more unpleasant.
But *all* these dresses! Is it not really sad?
The worst too is, that when her grief is lessened,
And she to marry will again be glad,
Long gored skirts may no longer be the fashion,
And big poke bonnets once more all the passion.

I want to get poor Florence to the sea,
But 'tis impossible to make her stir.
Sea-bathing always did, you know, agree
(Although it never does with me) with her.
But you might just as well address a tree.
Now pray don't writing back to me defer.
Good-bye, dear 'Rica. Love and warm caresses.
P.S.
Please tell me what you'd do about the dresses.

MILITARY METHODISM.

THE General who has the command of the garrison at Dover, whose name lies hidden in the intricacies of the monthly Army List, in which obscurity let it rest, has taken the initiative in putting a stop to the unseemly desecration of the Sabbath which has hitherto been recognised as a military necessity at all stations where large bodies of soldiers are massed together. The General directs that from this day "no bands, drums, nor music of any kind are to play the troops either to or from the place of worship, nor is any band or music (*sic*) allowed to play on Sunday, the regular beats and church calls excepted."

We fear that the Commandant at Dover has allowed his pious enthusiasm to get the better of his discretion. When an officer, entrusted with authority, takes advantage of his position to force his silly whims and lower-minded absurdities down people's throats, it is usual for the Horse Guards to take some notice of such behaviour, especially when that august power has, as in the present instance, been entirely ignored and overridden by a fanatical Jack in office. It has always been a custom recognised and approved by the Commander-in-Chief for military bands to play to and from church, and on all the usual Sunday relief and parade duties; and for an officer holding an inferior command to take upon himself to rule otherwise, is not only a bit of personal impertinence to the Duke of Cambridge, but a breach of military discipline which cannot be overlooked.

As for the public, they have little interest in the matter. We have long since agreed to accept the taunts of foreigners that the manner of observance of Sunday in England is not only a pandering to maudling bigotry, but an insult to common sense; and therefore we have not to consult the prejudices of other nations. But if Frenchmen, arriving on our shores on a Sunday, have hitherto declared Dover to be a sad and dreary place on the Sabbath, what will their first impressions be now, when even the fife and drum are suppressed in a town full of soldiers?

IMPORTANT!—What is the difference between a Chelsea Bun and one of the Chelsea Candidates? One's only an odger, while the other is a St. Odger (Stodger).

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THEATRES are being built all over London. Our architect tells us this necessitates a new order of architecture, to be called the Stage Dooric.

MR. CAVE has brought out *The Scamps of London* at the Victoria. We wonder Mr. Boucicault does not bring an action against him for robbery.

MADAME RACHEL has gained celebrity by creating new skins for waning beauties. Justice thinks she would do more good if she made a clean breast of it.

THE modern fashions have always afforded great encouragement to women to shrug their shoulders; but the latest mode, which places two elegant humps on each side of the waist, makes them look as if they were shrugging their hips.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY, the author of *Mountain Dhu* and other tragedies, has added new incidents (so his announcement states) to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, which is now performing at Drury Lane. This looks like making scot-free with Sir Walter.

BRAVO Tom Brown! The world—that is, so much of it as is cramped up in Belgravia and Mayfair—has tried hard to spoil you, but there's some of the old manly tone left in you yet. We forget the maundering socialisms and drivelling sentiments of "Tom Brown at Oxford," when we see "Tom Hughes of Lambeth" boldly, manfully, refusing to countenance the bill-sticking mode of canvassing, or to patronise the public-house parlours as committee-rooms. *Macte virtute puer* we say, to remind you of your wholesome school-days; may you be returned at the head of the poll! and the new Parliament will contain at least one member, who is manly enough to tell the precious "working man," to whom nearly every Liberal candidate is playing the mean toady, the truth, be it never so unpalatable; and honest enough to scorn every subterfuge, however plausible, by which those, who would bribe directly, if they could be sure of not being found out, are trying to reap the benefit of corruption without any of the penalties attaching thereto. Once more we say, Bravo Tom Brown!

WHAT is there in the air of Avignon which robs philosophers even of their reason? Must we alter the old proverb, *Quem*

Deus vult perdere prius trahit ad—Avignon? Has Mr. Mill been employing his lucid intervals in devising experiments to try how low a man, supposed to be of great intellect and probity, can go, before he forfeits for ever the respect of all those whose respect is worth having, and ceases to excite any other feeling than a sorrowful amazement? To give £10 towards returning a blasphemous demagogue like Bradlaugh was bad enough; and to follow it up by sending a letter to "dear Odger," enclosing £25 towards that seditious spouter's return for Chelsea, is scarcely better. No wonder that these blow-flies of the State fancy themselves lions when such men as the author of the "Essay on Liberty" fawn upon them. Mr. Mill says in one of his essays that "a greater contempt for conventionalities" is required on the part of individuals. Followers always exaggerate the peculiarities of their leaders, but what is left for Mr. Mill's disciples to do, when their teacher shows contempt of decency?

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

THIS is certainly not the Golden Age. Mr. Tupper will acknowledge that fact. Nor is it the Silver Age, for everything is more or less plated. It more nearly resembles the Iron Age, for no understanding seems to be got at between nations without an appeal to cold iron in one form or another; and yet the Iron Age is a thing of the past. This must be the Age of Tinsel; and after that, the only thing worse will be the Female Suffrage.

The amelioration of horses is certainly not the prevailing motive among the patrons of the Turf; yet a noble Earl's speech to his constituents the other day sounded like a mealy oration, though not, perhaps, of horses.

A friend sends me a hamper of partridges while I am out of town: the state of the gift when I return makes me think of the Ritualistic game, which is getting so High now the Archbishops are abroad that it breeds maggots in the brains of the Puseyite parsons.

Who's afraid? Only brave men.

Accidents will happen on the best regulated railways. Just now, accidents seem to be the regulation.

Intramural burying-grounds have been denounced as the hotbeds of miasma; yet ladies are now going for fresh hair to the cemeteries.

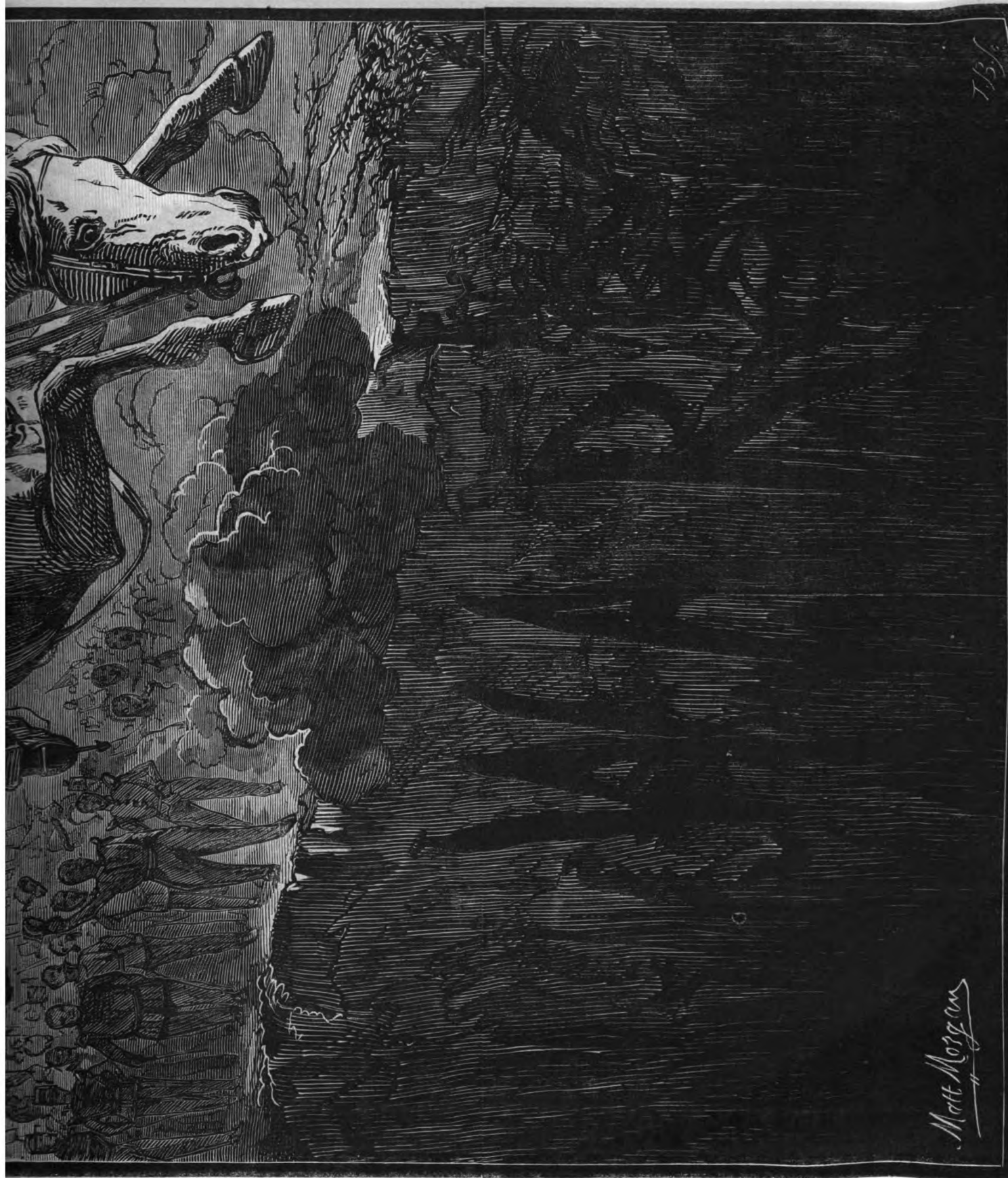
VOICI LES SABRES.

IT is said that anything or everything may be bought in London, and the following advertisement, which appeared last week in the columns of the *Times*, goes far to warrant the assertion:

THREE Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty CAVALRY SWORDS for immediate DISPOSAL, not being required for the purpose for which they were manufactured. No reasonable offer will be refused. They are of a superior make. To shippers or others who have a market for such goods, there is a margin for a large profit. Samples may be seen at ———.

If the arms are revolvers, or even double-barrelled rifles, they might be snatched up as a bargain by the National Reform League, or some such highly respectable society for electioneering purposes; but as it is, we much fear that unless some clever individual can devise a mode of converting a cavalry sword into some article of domestic use, the lot will remain for some time a drug in the market. The owner of the sabres does not publish their history, but from his assertion that they are not required for the purpose for which they were manufactured, it looks rather as if there had been one more War Office bungle. Has Sir John Pakington anything to say on the subject?





131

W. Morgan

"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!"
OR,

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER IV.—*Emptiness of London.*—*The Habits of the Aristocracy.*—*The Papers of London: their use.*—*A New Office for the "Standard."*—*Canard's Map of London. Its value to foreigners.* Particulars.—*A few of the Monuments of London.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Sept. 26, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND VERY MUCH RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

This is what they call the "dead season" of the year in London. Walk in the fashionable promenade of New Oxford street and you will scarcely meet a "suet-mob" ("petit crevé"), or even a "costère mongère." Only half the omnibuses run this month, as nearly all the aristocracy have gone to Margéte, the Biarritz of England. I was talking the other day to an "omnibus-cádd" about the population of London, and he assured me, on his honour, that not more than half-a-dozen dukes had sat upon the "knif-bor" (the fashionable part of the vehicle) of his omnibus during the whole of the last six weeks! I suggested that perhaps the expense of the journey (they charge "tupens," or four sous, for the shortest distances!) might have had something to do with this falling off, and he allowed that perhaps it might. Be this as it may, London is very empty, so, as I have no news, I will give you a few facts.

The newspapers of Great Britain are most powerful. As very little is known about them in France, I send you a description of some of the principal. *En masse*, they are called "The Fourth Estate of the Realm," because it is well known that nothing is shown up in a penny paper without obtaining immediate reform. When a man says that he will write to the "Times," you may know that the abuse (the subject of his letter) is about to become at once a thing of the past. No one ever addresses a paper without doing an immense amount of good. But here is my list:—

"The Times."—The most consistent paper in the world. It was established by William the Conqueror, and since its foundation has never once changed its politics or opinions.

"The Saturday Review."—I was told by an Englishman that this paper was "a journal written by old women for young women to read."

"The Tomahawk."—A paper in the pay of the Emperor of the French.

"The Daily Telegraph."—A paper which conscientiously and consistently opposes the Emperor of the French whenever an opportunity offers.

"The Record."—The best and funniest comic paper in London. It was founded by a well-known divine—the Rev. Joe Miller.

These are the principal "broad-sheets" of England: the *Standard*, the "largest paper in the world," is far too big to be circulated in so small a spot as London, and this journal, therefore, will shortly be published, I hear, in a place called "Whalley's Head," which being quite empty and constructed of the hardest wood will afford a capital and roomy office. So much for the present for the Press of London: perchance I may return to the subject at some distant date.

I find by a foot-note which appeared last week in your highly instructive pages that you have been unable to publish my "Map of London." Now as this chart gave me a great deal of trouble, and was drawn up for the convenience of French travellers, I do trust that in your next impression you will supply the omission. I can assure you that I have been particularly careful to be correct in my facts, and can conscientiously declare that my map is as reliable as my information. Without further preface, I submit it once more for your consideration, trusting that this time you will appreciate it at its proper value. You will find all places of interest marked in it, together with all the streets, squares, &c., for which London has such wide-spread fame. I need scarcely say it gives me infinite satisfaction to be in a position to present my countrymen with such a gift. After they have carefully mastered

the details of the following map, it will no longer be in the power of the dreadful "cabbé" to overcharge them, or the fierce "omnibus-cádd" to presume on their ignorance.

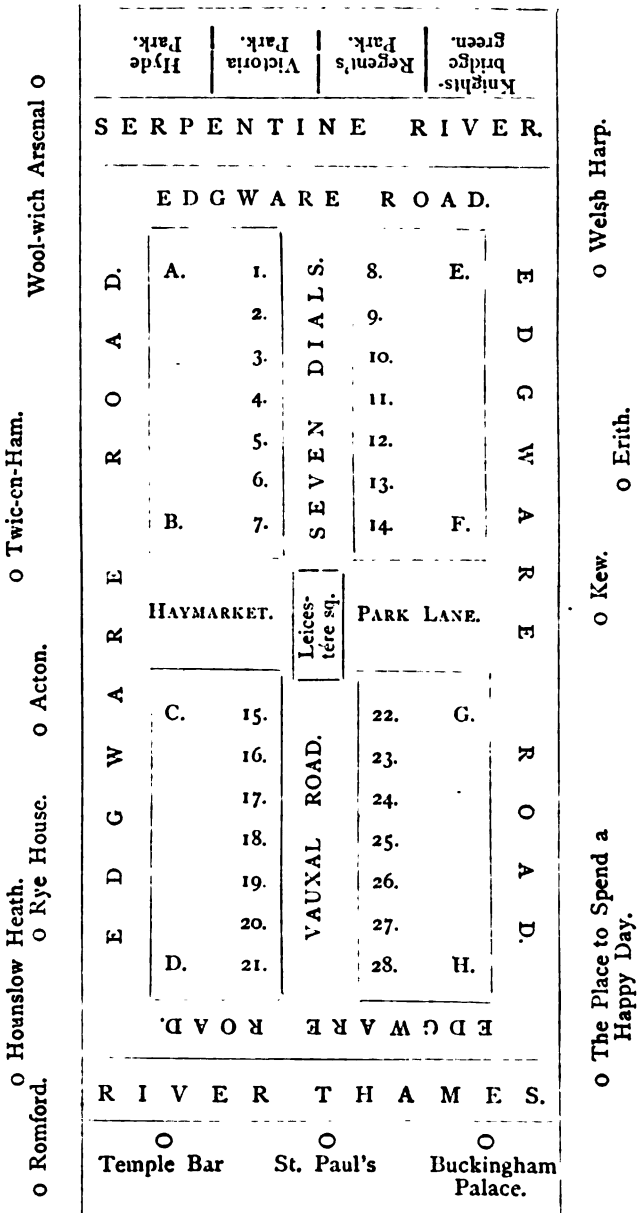
Map of London.

(For the use of Foreigners.)

BY
JULES CANARD.

SCALE.

1 Yard. 1 Quart. 1 Acre.



MONUMENTS OF LONDON.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. British Museum. | 12. Underground Rail-way. | 21. Evans's. |
| 2. Thames Tunnel. | 13. Blue Lion Tavern. | 22. Marylebone Theatre. |
| 3. Mansion House. | 14. "Alamode Beef." | 23. White's Club. |
| 4. Cremorne. | 15. St. Martin's Baths. | 24. The Shades. |
| 5. Westminster Abbey. | 16. Polytechnic. | 25. Lambeth Palace. |
| 6. Chelsea Bun-ouse. | 17. Kensal Green. | 26. Cyder Cellars. |
| 7. Weston's Music Hall. | 18. "Le Baron Nicholson." | 27. The Tower. |
| 8. Penny ice-shop. | 19. Times Office. | 28. South Kensington Museum. |
| 9. Hyde Park Corner. | 20. Clare Market. | |
| 10. Old Bailey. | | |
| 11. Madame Tussaud's. | | |

THE QUARTIERS OF LONDON.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| A. Belgravia. | E. "Smithfield." |
| B. Hackney. | F. Highbury-barn. |
| C. Queen's Elm. | G. Soho. |
| D. May-fair. | H. Putney. |

Before relating any more of my adventures I wish to give my compatriots a few particulars about some of the principal monuments of London, so that this letter may form a complete guide to what these barbarians call the "Great Metropolis."

St. Paul's.—Open every day but Sunday. An exhibition of ugly monuments. On the payment of a fee you can be taken up to a place called the "visperin-gallery." St. Paul's is large, but meaningless. I am told that when it first was built it was intended to serve as a church, but soon afterwards was converted into its present use.

Madame Tussaud's.—A spot which proves the truth of Napoleon's saying that the "English are a nation of shopkeepers." For centuries it has been the custom of the Sovereigns of Great Britain to sell their old clothes to Madame Tussaud for exhibition to the vulgar. On payment of an extra sixpence you can see the "National Portrait Gallery," of which so much has been said and written. And here is another instance of the innate brutality of these barbarous islanders—all the worthies they have selected for the honour of being produced in effigy have been executed for murder!

The Theatres.—At these places of "amusement" you can see all the pieces produced in Paris: to a Frenchman staying in London this arrangement is indeed a boon. The English are fond of taking their pleasures dismally, and when they visit their theatres to see anything written by their compatriots expect to witness a wretched sort of tragedy called technically "a burlesque." From what I can make out these "burlesques" must have been the "mysteries" originally played by the monks, of which all of us have read in our childhood. Certainly they are a little out of place in a theatre—they would be much more effective in a churchyard. On my arrival in London I went to see a piece of this class written by a certain Sir Halliday (*nde* Duff, I think, or Duffer), and it made me weep bitterly—I never felt so miserable in my life.

There, I think you have had enough. I shall tell you more about the monuments of London next week.

Pray receive, my dear Rédacteur,

The most distinguished consideration of

JULES CANARD.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

At a season when nothing appears to be moving in town, and when public interest, turned momentarily away by some fearful convulsion of nature, is only excited by the coming elections, most journals seem to think it necessary to feed the female craving for gossip with incidents of foreign travel or personal adventure bearing on individuals of eminence in one or other circle of society. Miss Becker will tell us that men are just as bad gossippers and scandal-mongers as women. We will try and make her observation just, and here offer our modicum of seasonable chit-chat to any of the sexes who may honour us with their attention.

The Archbishop of York was observed last week enjoying himself immensely at the lovely baths of Splashdashen-Ruinheim. His Grace was engaged, when we saw him, in extracting the soothing qualities which are essential to prelates out of a Trabucos and the last number of *Bell's Life*. We hasten to inform our readers that *Bell's Life* was the only English print which was taken in at the Kursaal.

The stubble is at present covered with sportsmen; and a friend of ours informs us that it is a treat to the select circle now staying at the Marquis of Bute's to watch the devastation which Mr. Spurgeon's breech-loader creates among the coveys. With that delicate refinement which distinguishes the Low-church Star, two brace of partridges and a hare have been forwarded with Mr. Spurgeon's compliments to Dean Stanley, who is much gratified by the little game.

Nothing can be more gratifying to a nation than the traces of

Royal steps in its tourist-beaten paths. Her Majesty has left at Lucerne emotions which will not easily be effaced from the minds of the Swiss. The *rans des Vaches* has been discarded for the *pibroch*, and the national head-dress worn by the merry Swiss girls has been deposed in honour of the Glengarry, which adds a piquant expression to the well-known beauties of Switzerland.

The camp at Châlons has just broken up. Before dismissing it entirely from the memory of our friends it would be not amiss at this time of the year to recall the anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon, when visiting the camp at St. Maur. His Majesty had reviewed the troops, and was going round the Zouaves' quarter, leaving a kind word here or a stern glance there, and generally interesting himself in the proceedings of his army, when a soldier, who was doing duty as cook for the day, passed with a steaming boiler of soup and vegetables. The old soldier stood at attention and saluted, when Louis Napoleon, looking at him, remarked, "I'll have one of your potatoes." His Majesty appeared to enjoy his impromptu repast almost as much as the bystanders did the Imperial quickness of repartee.

Lounging about the quays in Paris, where many a good old volume has been picked up, we were not astonished to meet our two compatriots, Messrs. Dion Reade and Charles Boucicault, who were purchasing there the copyright of original dramas.

Mdlle. Nilsson was, a few days back, practising one of her various siren-spells in her own salon at Baden. Imagining that she was listened to, she left her piano and opened the door of the apartment. On the floor outside she found the valet of Lord Dottango on his knees and in tears. The honest footman's words on seeing the lovely *prima donna* were "Hancor, Hancor." Mdlle. Nilsson graciously complied with the request.

We are credibly informed that Monsieur Gustave Doré has gone with Mr. Edmund Yates to China for the purpose of illustrating the works of Confucius, which have attracted the imagination of that gentleman's inventive pencil. Mr. Yates is an accomplished Chinese scholar, and has volunteered his services as a translator.

A banquet was given by the representatives of the English Press to the Parisian Journalists at Bréban's on Friday. No less than fifteen duels resulted from the amicable meeting, all of which were fought the next morning without any accident occurring to throw a gloom over the festive reminiscences of the feast.

There are one or two journals in London who can do this kind of thing by the yard, and with the gravest face possible. It certainly does not take much time, and very little wit.

TO AN OUTSIDER.

BEST let betting alone; lay no odds. Don't you see
You haven't the pluck—for the swells you're no match?
For they treat you as friends, though betwixt you and me,
They're always in hopes you'll come up to the *scratch*.

1792 AND 1868.

STIRRING signs of the times abound. A "Freedom and Peace" Congress, whatever that may mean, has been sitting at Berne, and a public meeting has been held near Fitzroy square to commemorate the glories of the great French revolution and affirm the principles of 1792. There is not much to be said about the Swiss manifesto. Its character can very readily be imagined without the slightest reference to what actually took place, and for this reason:—Experience has always shown that when enthusiasts in the cause of "freedom and peace" get together for the purpose of discussion, they generally talk a good deal of nonsense, or blasphemy, or both, and vindicate their opinions by coercing everybody who does not agree with them, and appealing at once to the knife. The Geneva business

is still in the memories of men, and there is very little doubt but that "freedom and peace" in 1868 have been quite up to the mark they scored in 1867. If nothing worse has happened at Berne than a few broken heads, a street row or two, and a slight addition to the cases of "drunk and incapable," the inhabitants of that mild but charming place are to be really congratulated. To scout, therefore, as utterly monstrous and frivolous meetings of this class, where a set of unwashed nobodies spout idiotic nonsense about matters of which they know absolutely nothing, would be almost a waste of words. The thing is evident. But turning from the blessings of freedom and peace, as understood on the banks of the Aar, to the ambitious programme set before the world in the vicinity of Charlotte street, it is impossible not to acknowledge that the latter has a sort of purpose about it. These gentlemen, it is to be presumed, know what they want, while the free and peaceful devotees most certainly do not. A return to the principles of 1792, that is what Leicester square craves for, and hopes, too, to bring about by a little occasional savage spouting and a good deal of indifferent French.

Fortunately for the peace of the world, there is no chance of their being very successful at present. France, according to their views, may not be the pleasantest place to live in: for things are very dear, society generally is bent on being quiet, and gentlemen who are enthusiastic about the guillotine are not much in favour with the Government. It is a matter for congratulation that such is the case. Alphonse, Jules, and Hypolyte are far better off in *le Great-Vindmill-street* and thereabouts than they would be if figuring away in a fresh "Convention" and repeating the atrocities of Barère and the Mountain.

Le Leicester squarr, however, ought to be reminded of one fact. It is very ungrateful. It is allowed to conspire, sell gloves, mark at billiards, and do a hundred and one other little things inseparably associated with *Mossoo*, and all this, too, on good British soil. As it happens, then, the principles of 1792 were rather of an unfriendly character to this country. "War to the death against every English soldier," cried Barère to the National Convention. "Humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable English. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France!" With *this* principle before us, what wonder that we congratulate ourselves on the fact that patriotism is obliged to relinquish its more arduous duties and take to selling chocolate drops, small *café*-keeping, and other humble but not unlucrative pursuits. Joking apart, if this is the meaning of 1792, it really almost "pollutes the free soil" of Fitzroy square.

THE ABUSE OF CRITICISM.

To pretend a belief in the impartiality or efficiency of the critics of the present day would be a stretch of faith, of which we are not likely to be guilty. We have too often pointed out the sort of pothouse cliqueism which is the first, if not the only, requisite of the literary and dramatic critics attached to many of our contemporaries. We know what Brown's opinion of Smith's play or Jones's novel will be before he writes it; in fact, the wonder is that some bright intellect among these literary stars has not contrived to hit on some simple lithograph form, which could be filled up according to the nature of the work to be criticised, and so save the critics a great deal of unnecessary manual labour. Of course it is very difficult for a writer in the *Saturday Review* to criticise one of Mr. Beresford Hope's speeches or one of Mr. Palgrave's delicious nursery rhymes, with the same impartial and acute judgment as he would doubtless bring to bear on any outsider's work. But partiality is one thing, gross misrepresentation, whether laudatory or condemnatory, is another. At the risk of alluding once more to the Prize Holywell street Novel of the year, we will draw attention to a criticism of "Sweet Anne Page" in a certain periodical, which once was happy enough to number among its chief contributors the Horace of the nineteenth century. Here is the opening paragraph:—

"On taking up 'Sweet Anne Page' we were delighted to find

that it was the work, not of Wilkie Collins, the dull, the prosaic, but of Mortimer Collins, the brilliant, the poetical."

This is pretty good to start with; but all that we will now remark is, that if Mr. Wilkie Collins has as much right to the title of dull as Mr. Mortimer Collins has to that of brilliant, he must be one of the most interesting writers that we possess.

The critic further on defines a good novel, somewhat in opposition to Rousseau's definition which he has quoted:—

"A good novel is, as it seems to us, a novel which has the effect of stimulating the intellectual faculties of the reader." Here it seems, in applying this definition to "Sweet Anne Page," the writer has confused the intellects with the senses. "It may leave him disposed to perform good actions, bad actions, or no actions at all. The essential thing is that it should awaken attention, excite emotion, engender thought." That "Sweet Anne Page" fully comes up to this standard of perfection we admit. It certainly does "awaken attention" most unpleasantly to the fact that such a novel exists as "Sweet Anne Page," and that such an Act exists as Lord Campbell's Act, and that the latter is unfortunately not brought to bear on the former. It "excites emotion" most decidedly, and very strong emotion too, in which two of the elements of passion, fire and water, are mingled, the first result of which emotion is a wish to fling the filthy book into the fire, and the next to fling any amount of cold water on the efforts of its author to force it into notoriety. It "engenders thought," too, of a profound if not of an agreeable kind: it makes us think who the people are that of their own free will read such detestable trash as this book.

We do not wish, bit by bit, to wade through this criticism (!). It is impossible that any man can have read the book, and have honestly written such an opinion of it, unless he is utterly destitute of a sense of purity and truth. Imagine any sane and decent person writing of "Sweet Anne Page" that "for those who can appreciate poetry, every literary form, and every literary grace, there is the entire work, which is interesting, engaging, and, above all, inspiring, from beginning to end." Inspiring! To a healthy-minded man, what can be more depressing than to see a combination of prurieny and ribald blasphemy put forward by a respectable publisher in such a form that it is likely, with its deceitful title, to fall into the hands of the young and the thoughtless, who at any rate ought to be protected from the danger of imbibing such poison under the guise of an "interesting" and "engaging" novel? We have only heard as yet of two journals which have had the bad taste to admit a laudatory notice of this work into their columns; we cannot see without deep sorrow the office of critic so debased, even in such unimportant instances; we cannot allow such a fraud upon the public to be uttered by any print, without raising our voice in protest against a system which allows the mutual toadyism of vulgar boon companions to intrude itself on however small a portion of the reading world, under the guise of criticism. If Mr. Mortimer Collins's friends must review his novels, they would prove their friendship much better by telling the truth, however coarsely, than by encouraging him in such outrages on decency and morality as "Sweet Anne Page."

ON CHINESE AMBASSADORS.

ANYBODY interested in the respective prices of paper lanterns, tea or chop-sticks, must be glad to hear of the advent of *Chin-chi-choong-jew-facheu*. The Chinese Ambassador has, we are glad to say, arrived, and for what we know to the contrary may at this moment be lodging in company with many other worthy and distinguished foreigners at that world-renowned establishment, *l'Hôtel Impérial de Cranbourne et du Louvre*, Princes street, Leicester square.

Where his Excellency will eventually put up, or what will be the nature of his ultimate duties, it might be perhaps at this moment indelicate to hint. But still, bearing in mind the former efforts of a diplomatic character from the Court of Peking, we cannot help indulging in the gloomiest—of course purely from a political point of view—forebodings as to the future awaiting *Chin-chi-choong-jew-facheu*. Doubtless he has come with the most exalted intentions, and has in his portfolio some dozen treaties only awaiting the signature of her Majesty; but who can fathom the destinies of a Chinese Ambassador in England? How long will it be before he appears precisely at a quarter to ten every evening at the Alhambra in the cele-

brated razor and soup-plate feat, as performed at the Imperial Palace of Peking, and before his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and the President of the United States? Who, indeed, will not expect to see him next season at Cremorne, probably helping out real birds'-nest soup at Mr. E. T. Smith's celebrated dinner at six, and swallowing the new regulation, gun, bayonet, and all, at half-past nine?

Such reflections may be aptly, we think, termed gloomy—from a political point of view. But to come to the pith of it. What *has* brought this unfortunate Chinaman here? We have had so many odd "diplomatic" missions of this sort direct from Peking in times past, that we naturally get a little suspicious. For instance, who does not remember the pagoda at St. George's, Knightsbridge, and the two Chinese noble youths who came to England "to finish their education?" They were first announced as "envoys extraordinary," but they gradually toned down into "noble youths finishing their education;" and this they did quite in a peculiar manner. The pagoda doors were thrown open from ten to six, and the youths went hourly through a short entertainment, consisting of a little Chinese comic singing, a little Chinese praying, a little gymnastic exercise, and a little selling of their signatures at sixpence each to a select audience. The admission, too, was only a shilling. What became of the youths we do not know; but it is to be presumed somebody made a good thing of their education, as they were speedily followed by a real mandarin in a real junk. He, too, came with a treaty; but soon neglected diplomatic for social obligations. True to the nautical instincts that induced him to round the Cape in that unseaworthy craft, he became a fixture quietly moored off Hungerford Market, where he underbid the noble youths who preceded him by selling *his* signature *with his portrait included* to anybody for fourpence-halfpenny. Then, we regret to say, spite these friendly relations, came a Chinese war, and for a season diplomatic intercourse was at a complete stand-still. Peace, however, brought its blessings; and one of the most prominent personages at the opening of the Exhibition of all Nations in Hyde Park in 1851 was *par excellence* the "Chinese Ambassador." He is to be seen to this day making a profound obeisance to her Majesty in the very front of that celebrated engraving with which we are all familiar. However, a sketch of him further on in the season would have been less imposing. On the 1st of May he was hustling Ministers of State. On the 1st of August he was taking tea with his family in public in a gimcrack house at Knightsbridge, and playing indifferent solos on the one-stringed *Tunga-ming-long-chin* to a sixpenny audience. Then came a war or two, when peace again culminated in the arrival of the giant *Chang*. His efforts as a statesman are too recent and too well known to need any comment here: suffice it to say that he was very energetic at his work of conciliation, and "did" the provinces like a true diplomatist.

With such a history of the Chinese Embassy before us, it is, we repeat, excusable at least to ask what has brought *Chin-chi-choong-jeu-facheu* amongst us. If our only acquaintance with the Turkish Ambassador's finesse as a statesman had been made through a dervish's dance and an afternoon with the *tang-jang*, or were the representative of France, for instance, invariably to burst out into a *matinée musicale*, enlivened by the *can-can*, we might look to new appointments in these directions with much interest. As it is, their diplomacy is of the ordinary type. However, not to be too hard on *Chin-chi-choong-jeu-facheu*, whether he means business or—business, we shall be equally delighted. A fresh treaty or a "terrific flight in fireworks on a Chinese dragon" will be both grateful things in their way. And what is more, one will be quite as likely as the other to cement our firm friendship with China.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

It has been announced that the statue of the Duke of Cumberland, which has for so many years dragged out a weary existence within the enclosure of Cavendish square, is to be taken down, moulded, and recast. As his Highness has long been in a sorry plight, no one would have supposed that any objection could have arisen to the proposal, but no sooner was the polishing up process talked about, than a whole army of dissentients arose, and they are now insisting that the effigy of the

hero of Culloden should be removed altogether. Really people might find some more worthy subject to disagree over. No one denies that Culloden Cumberland was not the most shocking of bad characters, but this is no reason that a hundred years after his funeral a dead set should be made at his statue. It may not certainly be a work of art, or even an embellishment to the metropolis, but it certainly is inoffensive, and does no harm in Cavendish square. Those people who are now clamouring for its removal should realise the fearful responsibility they are incurring, for if the statue is not to remain where it is, it is for them to suggest what on earth is to be done with it,—a question of no easy solution.

CHARADE-PUZZLE.

By "THE LIVELY LUNATIC OF CAMBERWELL GREEN."

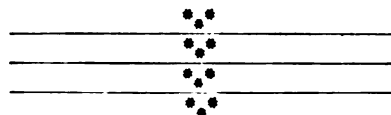
GOD Neptune in his wrathful hour,
My *second*, in each wave he sways,
My *whole* is of my *second's* class;
When ruff'd by the wind's high pow'r
Abounds unseen, till Sol's warm rays
Of dingy red, not unlike glass,

In battle with his wave,
Absorb it on my *first*,
And to the taste the same;
Upon my *first* his fury spends
Then in a hole perchance I lie,
'Tis in appearance like my *first*,

With awful roar, which echo sends
In virgin garments, snug and dry,
Though mariners know which is worst
Down to his sea-girt cave.
To make ye mortals thirst.
Whene'er they hear my name.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

We have been gratified to receive the following "pleasing" answers to our "Hieroglyphic" of last week. They only show what a little patience will do. We didn't know a bit what we meant when we printed the following:—



Still the accompanying answers have been sent to us!

Lines never to be repeated.—Slodger and Tiney.
Our glorious star-spangled banner, Stars and Stripes.—Yankee.
Twelve asterisks and three lines.—Isabella S.
A flock of star lin's (starlings); or, Twinkle twinkle little star(s), How I wonder what you are.—Jersey Cabbagestalk.
The voice of the stars on the line. Three asterisks (asstricks) under the line. Asterisks (hysteries) on a parallel. Three stars under the line.—Tower Demon Smithfield.
Starlings (star lines).—Maniac-Millie-Crazy-Rita-Insane-Evie-and-Lunatic-Lena.

1.
Three asses-tricks (asterisks) well underlined
Are meant to typify
The plans of three who have a mind
For Parliament to try.

2.
Three-asses tricks well over-ruled
Show how these donkeys are,
For multifarious reasons, fool'd
By voters near and far.

3.
The self-same marks the lines between,
If viewed with care and thought,
Will have to be viewed with care again,
And then again with thought.
The Rantamtoozalum of the Desert.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 75.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.

3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
20th June, 1870.

MY DEAREST CAMILLA,—I promised I would keep you "*au fait*" of our proceedings in Parliament, as I know what *deep* interest you take in the doings of those who have at last succeeded in forcing the *male* creatures to admit them to their proper sphere—the Senate of their native Land! You, my poor darling, are still bravely pursuing your self-elected mission—to diffuse among the brutal tribes of African savages the knowledge of that great divinity, Fashion, and to advocate the divine rights of woman amongst the besotted natives of the Land of the Sun. We, your sisters at home, lolling on the "*fauteuils*" of the House, which we have had such a trouble to enter, do not forget you toiling, poor dear, in those deserts of broiling barbarism. Our hearts leap like the bounding kangaroo across the purple foam of ocean, and skip, like the antelope over the torrid sands, to kiss your cheek, bronzed with the kisses of the amorous Phœbus.

Alas! my Camilla, there have been troublous times in this our island home! Those *horrid* MEN have been at their vile tricks again. But I must not anticipate.

You can imagine the smile of rapture that lit up our faces when we found that we, the nobler and the gentler sex, had a majority in the House. We had agreed to forget the names of Whig and Tory, of Liberal and Conservative, of Aristocrat and Radical, and to range ourselves, a united band of women (that dear Mr. Mill *will* call us *angels*), on the side of our suffering sisters. Till Woman was completely emancipated from the thralldom of the Beast, all minor differences were, by mutual agreement, to be buried in oblivion. It was a solemn sight, Camilla, when, like a gorgeous flock of birds of variegated plumage, we advanced to take the oaths! How different from the noisy, pushing pack of slovenly, sombre-clothed *males*, all jabbering and chattering like a disturbed colony of jackdaws! Shall I confess that your Leonora's heart beat faster and faster as it came nearer her turn? But I acquitted myself with decorum. You, my great and gifted instructress, would have been proud of your pupil. Reverently and slowly I pronounced the awful words; and so, indeed, did we all, even that chit Emily Sunnyface (how any constituency could elect such a giddy girl, I *cannot* imagine!); however, even she managed to conjure up an expression of solemn awe!

Oh *those* men! If you only could hear the ribald way in which they gabble over the oaths. That clerk, or whatever he is, ought to be whipped! I did propose a motion to that effect, but it did not *come on for discussion*. However, at length we took our seats (the new House is beautiful! such *lovely* Utrecht velvet and embossed leather, all done by Gillow; and then the Ladies' Gallery! why, it's as big as the old House of Lords!). That Priscilla Prim (who pretends to be short-sighted that she may conceal her nasty pink eyes with green spectacles)—she wanted to steal my foot-stool. But Leonora knows how to defend her rights; I gave her such a look. You'll not believe that the horrid old fright got up on the second night of the Session to propose a bill of pains and penalties against flirting, as if men were of any use at all except to flirt with!

Not that I should like to make such an *exhibition* of myself as that Emily did, going on with Mr. Bright, putting her curls (I *know* they are false) right in his face, and doing it all *at* dear Mr. Mill, who is such a darling! I had such a *delightful* chat with him in the tea-room the other night; he said he never had heard such a good *maiden* speech as mine was. I could have kissed his dear old forehead. You remember the majesty of that brow, Camilla. But that Roebuck, who absolutely got in for *some place* or other, I believe only by the very grossest bribery and intimidation (though it was all *hushed up*); but there he was, frowning and growling away like an old crusty curmudgeon as he is. He actually proposed that the female members, as he calls us, should not be allowed to speak more than twice in the same evening, and for no longer than twenty minutes!! But Gladstone soon *snubbed* him. Did I tell you that that great genius is quite with us now? though he did oppose us for so long; but he has such a noble heart; and then you should have seen the love of a waistcoat that dear Miss Becker worked for him, all embroidered with "*fleurs de lis*" and Maltese crosses, to say nothing of the slippers which poured in upon him, and would have set him up in the Burlington Arcade for life. But I am wandering a little from the main point.

Of course, the Address to the Crown was voted *unanimously*, but we added a clause, entreating the Queen to give more balls during the season, and not to let so many people come to the Drawing-rooms. Of course, most of the men opposed the clause, because the selfish creatures hate the trouble of taking us; but we had our friends, and soon settled them, carrying it by an overwhelming majority. I must tell you we've got two lady whips, and they dress in such a beautiful costume, like that pretty flower girl who belongs to the French Jockey Club, and they carry little gold whips, which they crack so sweetly when there is a division—so that everybody knows them at once:—that wicked old quiz, Bernal Osborne, will have his joke, and he calls one of them "*Jockey of Norfolk*," because she is a member for that county—is not that good? I assure you he is very funny. He moved the other day that no honourable lady (you see *he* knows our proper titles) should bring her *train* with her into the House, but should always leave it outside, because he said the Standing Orders allowed no "*followers*."

The other day, when Miss Harriet Martineau made her great speech on the motion for opening the Universities to ladies, all the *dear darling* bishops came to hear her, and there was quite a confusion, owing to all the ladies of the House wanting to shake hands with the Bishop of Oxford, who presented the gigantic petition in favour of the motion—in the other House of course. The Speaker was very rude, and said that if honourable members did not know how to behave themselves they had better adjourn to the tea-room. The old wretch! However, we hope to carry the election of Miss Becker, as Speaker, before next Session, for the present man is going to resign, as he says "it is really too much for him."

I don't think I ever shall get to the serious part of my letter; not but what all this is *very important*. My head is so full of motions and bills (not household bills, thank heavens! Papa does *all that* now), and then, my precious dear, you must be so dull that a little gossip comes to you just as delicious as a glass of claret cup in that country of blacks and dust.

I wish you could see my court dress, it is something *too beautiful*. Don't look vicious my dear, *you* I know care so little about dress, but I must look nice before the Queen. I have got a sword all studded with turquoises, at least the hilt is—it has not got a blade, because you know I am so nervous—but the sheath is *splendid*.

Of course the attendance at prayers is rather different to what it used to be. *Now* there are always at least 300 members present, and we have choral service—only that dreadful old Speaker cannot sing in tune, and he *will* take some of the solos. However, we shall reform all that, for we mean to carry a motion for allowing clergymen to sit in the House. And then—oh! Camilla dear, just imagine a House of Commons composed of clergymen and ladies! Would not it be a blessing for the country? What holy good people we should all become, and even those horrid men would soon grow civilised, and give up their clubs.

I must really finish now for the present. I have not got to my great news yet—but I will write again soon. I must go down to the House now; the brougham has been waiting; and I have got several petitions to present.

Good bye, my dear old governess,

Ever yours, and yours only,

LEONORA.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK.—You are already aware that among the various novelties which the restlessness of the present age has introduced to public notice, is the claim of that class of persons who in polite phraseology are called the fair sex, but in legal language are better known by the plainer designation of females, to enjoy equally with males the precious privilege of the Parliamentary franchise. Their influence, or the influence of those who have taken up their cause, is so considerable, that in many of the counties and boroughs in England and Wales the overseers have been induced to include the names of several of them in the lists which it is their duty to prepare. In most places objection has been made to the retention of them on the register, and in a vast majority of cases the objection has been sustained. But in the locality in which I happen to reside, through what I must characterise as shocking negligence, no objection was offered either by one political party or the other; and the Revising Barrister held that he could strike out no names which were not objected to. The consequence has been that between thirty and forty females are entitled to present themselves at the polling-booth on the day of election, and to offer their votes for whichever candidate may have meanwhile contrived to secure their favour.

You will see at a glance, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that under these absurd circumstances it became absolutely necessary to canvass these bewitching creatures; in fact, to treat them with all that dignified consideration which, at election time, we extend even to the meanest males who are above Mr. Bright's *residuum*. I need scarcely say that, being a man of both substance and sense, I am a staunch Conservative, though I am pained to observe that, while you have strong repugnance to wanton Radical innovators, you are not quite so fervent in the cause of our Constitution as I should wish to see you. But you will excuse me for saying that you are yet young, and that much must be forgiven to youth. I entertain little doubt but that, when you have reached my more advanced age, your opinions will more closely resemble my own. I must beg of you not to conclude from this last observation that I am an old fogey. I am no longer young and curly, it is true; but I am still, at least so my friends are good enough to tell me, in the prime of life. You may think that I am wandering from my subject; but again you are mistaken. My age has a good deal to do with the matter I am writing to you about, since it is one of the reasons why I have been pitched upon by the Conservative Committee of my district as a fit and proper person to go and pay those electioneering attentions to the ladies which the appearance of their names on the register necessitated. You are just the man, they were pleased to say. Your political principles are as sound as your heart. You are a bachelor—which I am; you are a man of some consequence in the neighbourhood; you are free from the frivolous address of youth; you are exempt from the garrulous infirmity of age; you have

a blameless reputation, and whilst no woman could object to see you in private, none could esteem your visits as other than agreeable; and though you are a person of unblemished behaviour, the whole neighbourhood regards you as decidedly a ladies' man. You can do great service to your party by undertaking this delicate task; and if, in performing it, you do not make several converts to the Conservative cause, and procure for yourself ample compensation for all your labours, you are not the man we have always taken you for. All this you will acknowledge, Mr. TOMAHAWK, was pleasant enough to hear. Unlike some of your facetious contemporaries, you are a fine scholar, and you know what the classical Doctor Johnson says on the subject of flattery. You, therefore, could not believe me if I pretended not to be gratified by the foregoing compliments to my character, my understanding, and my powers of persuasion; and I trust I am too much of a Christian and a Tory to stoop to such unworthy affectation. I will not deny that, in spite of my state of single-blessedness, I have had my little pleasing triumphs with that portion of humanity who are never so victorious as when they are thoroughly beaten; but you must permit me to add that never, even in the momentary intoxication of feeling myself a conqueror, have I taken any the slightest advantage of the conquered. No, Mr. TOMAHAWK! such unworthy actions I leave to Free-thinkers and Radicals, whom they better become. I would to-morrow drum any man out of the Tory ranks who was guilty of such monstrous inhumanity, even if the result of doing so was to decimate the party and lose the coming Election. But I make sure that all true Tories are as clean as Sir Galahad and myself.

As you will have gathered from my opening observations, I am anything but in favour of conferring the franchise on females. That most—indeed, all true—women are Conservatives I entertain no doubt whatever. But there is something higher than momentary party triumph; and that, Mr. TOMAHAWK, is the security and welfare of society. All this foolery we hear about women's wrongs and women's rights is only another aspect of that pernicious doctrine with which society is now so grievously infected; I mean the doctrine of equality. Not even the hope of leaving Mr. Gladstone in a minority would even induce me to subscribe it. But whilst I object to women having votes, I nevertheless conceive it to be my duty to see, if they are to have them, that they vote the right way. You will, therefore, perceive that I am fully justified in accepting the responsible task my party have laid upon me; and with your permission I propose to apprise you of how I have performed it, and with what success. This I will do in your next number. Meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK, I beg of you to believe me your constant subscriber, reader, and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

NOTICE TO DRAMATISTS.

WE hereby give notice, that the following sensational situations and effects have been duly entered and registered according to the Act, that any infringement of the same or any will be followed by immediate prosecution.

(Signed) TOMAHAWK.

LIST OF REGISTERED SENSATIONS.

No. I.

Scene in a Tunnel.—Music Hall flooring above gives way, and the entire audience, with a ballet company, at the time performing, are precipitated on the rails below at the moment of a collision. The heroine is only saved by falling into the funnel of one of the locomotives, the high-pressure steam protecting her from the effects natural to such a fall.

No. II.

Scene on the Thames, beneath Charing-cross Railway-bridge.—A pleasure barge is passing, with a wedding party. The express train goes off the rails on the bridge, and falls over the parapet, crushing the barge and drowning the passengers. Fire-works at Cremorne in the background.

No. III.

Scene, Boulogne Sands.—Characters in bathing-machines.

Sudden storm. Machines carried off by a breaker. The rest swallowed by a casual shark. Dance of fisherwomen.

No. IV.

On the Deck of the Dover Boat.—Fire at sea. Destruction of the steward by passengers. Arrival at Dover, and fall of the cliff. Troops paraded before the Castle.

No. V.

Extra-super-sensational.—Meeting of the rivals on Vesuvius. The brink of the crater. The eruption. Struggle on the verge. Vengeance, and escape of the innocent by Nadar's balloon, which is passing.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

CHAPTER X.

From Willie to Florence.

How shall I move you, Florence? How dispel
The insane sense of unjust self-reproach
Which turns your home to an ascetic cell,
Where even step of kin may not encroach?
True blamelessness—and you must know it well—
Doth not, like jewelled pendant, burnished brooch,
To alien hands and eyes its lustre owe,
But shines, as conscience is its friend or foe.

And in your conscience, Florence, you are 'ware
Of being, spite all misfortune, free from blame.
You thought you might, by yielding, others spare,
And shrunk from making selfishness your aim.
What guilt there may have been, you did not share;
So why now strive you to absorb the blame?
The world should bear the burden, but not you;
And if you bear it, I must bear it too.

For more than ever now your life is mine;
You are to me more precious for your pain;
Brighter than ever in my eyes you shine,
More tempting to pursue, more rich to gain.
Experience hath made you more divine;
For you have thus been able to attain
True measurement of mundane things, and learn
How mortals covet what immortals spurn.

Never again will any own the power
To make your now clear-seeing soul mistake
The shallow shams and baubles of the hour—
For gifts which we may all eternal make;
Never Life's true with artificial flower
Will you confound, or that for this forsake.
For now you know what is, what is not, vanity,
What is true joy, and what is sheer inanity.

They did seduce you, darling, from the Good,
But 'twas your very goodness made you yield.
How should you dread their dark and dismal wood,
Who yet had been so little far afield?
But I that journey would not, if I could,
Undo, now that its hurt may swift be healed.
Far other travel take with me, and find
Lands most unlike to that we leave behind.

For we will go where heaven-topped mountains lave
Their feet in deep blue waters; where the sky
Cerulean as its mirror is—the wave;
Where Nature entertainment doth supply
To ev'ry sense, and the soul nought can crave
Or spirit hunger for, that is not nigh;
Where dreams are bright realities, and vision
May ere their time be had of Fields Elysian.

In such sweet scenes we shall forget that we
Have ever lived, or moved, or loved elsewhere.
Enjoyment shall be changeful as the sea,
And yet its presence permanent as the air;

Our thoughts as winds or waters shall be free,
Even Nature than our life be not more fair;
The love of Old, the Future's hopes, sustain
All aspirations of the heart and brain.

Shake off your dismal phantasies, and wake.
A dream it was you passed through—nothing more.
Why do you obstinately nurse the ache,
Now that the cruel noxious nightmare's o'er?
Oh! I abjure you, Florence, for the sake
Of self, and him who doth that self adore,
Hark to me, write to me, call me to your side,
If you still live, and pity hath not died.

JOLLY GIRLS.

THE dirty broom kept in the gutter by a certain weekly review has been brought out continually to bespatter the men of Miss Becker's sex, but on no occasion has the pen been taken up to sing the praises of the Jolly Girl. So the Jolly Girl shall be sung forthwith. The scalping-knife shall be sheathed for a while, and the whitest of swan's quills driven to chant the song demanded.

Who has not one or more Jolly Girls among his acquaintance? A blank is in his existence if they are lacking.

The Jolly Girl is by no means necessarily a pretty girl. In fact, she is usually jollier if she is not too good-looking, for your little beauty may lead you into serious flirtation, whereas your Jolly Girl may be on the best and most friendly terms with you, and never tempt you over the stile into the paths which lead to matrimony, and the consequent dissipation of abstract jollity in the female atmosphere.

If she is too lovely in feature, you see, you begin to think of the face and forget the jollity. Directly you forget the jollity she ceases to be a jolly girl for you; she deteriorates into a dear girl or an angel; the last metamorphosis being a hopeless extinguisher to the feelings which induce social jollity.

There are two classes of Jolly Girls, woman's Jolly Girl, and man's. It need scarcely be recorded that man's is the jollier of the two. When a woman says another is a Jolly Girl, it means that she is not to be feared as a rival, is perfectly satisfied to do no small amount of slavery for her friend, and has a sense of the ridiculous as regards her friend's victims.

A Jolly Girl who has the credit of being so at all hands must essentially be unselfish. She is ready for any party, be it picnic, croquet, or carpet dance. She looks after her friends when she has any command over the local hospitality. She encourages the shy, and can hold her own with the too florid among her admirers. She will give you a gem from Mozart if you feel classical, and she is not above scattering a shower of Offenbach's squibs should her audience feel so disposed. She is adored by the children, who get many a fairy story from her, and know she can sympathise with their rabbits or rootless gardens when called on for advice. She will offer to sew up a hole in a glove, or will volunteer to go in the omnibus when she would have much better preferred a seat in the dog-cart. She will dance all the evening, and waltz as well as any, but she will take care her tall cousin gets a partner, or will find a keeper for her aunt down to supper. She does not draw down the corners of her mouth if you mention the theatre; on the contrary, she will tell you what she liked best in the last new piece; but she will be seen entering the cottage of some sick workman, and will not blush if you refer to the fact.

No one wears a *fichu* with better taste than the Jolly Girl; and though she knows the value of her rounded shoulders, and the dimple which flickers on their polish, she never undresses in public, nor calls attention to too great a *décolletage* in others.

She will make you at home after half-an-hour's acquaintance. She will listen to your stories at dinner, and cap them on occasion. She will go to galleries and like the pictures you like, and find out beauties worth your notice. She will join in a tour with not more than one box and a dressing-bag; she will not squabble about starting early in the morning, and she will take to filleted veal and oil with the greatest good humour.

She is generally in good health, and rarely falls ill. If she does, she holds little levees in her dressing-room; takes all offers of assistance as so many calls on her gratitude, and never forgets the bouquet or the peach which friendship may have

left on her table. Selfishness can never be prominent in the Jolly Girl.

Of course in the natural tide of things the Jolly Girl marries, and marries generally a right good fellow. She loses the prescriptive rights of girlhood, and therefore to a certain extent the power to impart her rays of jollity; but to her husband she is still the Jolly Girl, and that often under trying circumstances. But she is sure to be the mother of more than one Jolly Girl, and not a few jolly little boys.

GENTLEMEN OR CHRISTIANS?

A GOOD deal has been written and said in reference to the now somewhat stale subject of Mr. Lyne and his Lombard street sermons. Still, beyond good British enunciations of sound British principles, we have not read or heard anything very much to the point. There has been the usual twaddle about British freedom, and the true English love of fair-play—a thing, by the way, not at all English, and very seldom to be met with in the three kingdoms. There has been also a vast amount of disreputable smug satisfaction among a certain class of religionists, well-bred religionists too, who love that *ultima ratio* of religious controversy which is represented by pelting an adversary with paving-stones, and kicking him when he is down; on the whole, the business from first to last has been an extremely edifying one, calculated to inspire foreigners especially with an admiration of our well-known national characteristics, to wit, true religious feeling, manliness and generosity. Indeed, we only have to witness a High Church crowd waiting at the door, let us say of Mr. Molyneux's church in Onslow square, for the purpose of hooting at, hustling, and using foul and filthy language to the members of his congregation as they come out after service—in short, we have only to show that the lesson has been learned in other quarters, in order to vindicate our principles completely. Having said this, let us go on to say that we have not the remotest sort of sympathy with Mr. Lyne. His preaching may be of the best or worst, but there is no mistaking his leading features. A man who thinks that by wearing an ugly gown he can constitute himself a real live monk of the Order of St. Benedict deserves as much respect on religious grounds, as on military ones would be due to any enthusiast who might suddenly purchase a general of division's uniform and forthwith style himself a "general." It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Lyne has been described as a very silly person. However, silly or not, he has as much right to the protection of the law—and there his Papa spoke much to the point—as Quakers, Jews, Mormons, or Evangelicals.

It is to be presumed that each of these, in their turn, really believe that the others are teaching the most wicked and pernicious stuff, and would stifle each other if they could in consequence. But the love of life is strong in all, and so they recognise "live and let live" as the motto for religion in England, and only damn each other roundly behind their backs. It is unnecessary to add that Society, in a country where sects are to be counted by hundreds, would be simply intolerable without some such amiable compromise as this.

Popery is not popular in this country—no more is anything that is supposed to lead to it; but when that has been said the subject should be exhausted. A pattern of religion and liberty, a perfect home for freedom of thought and speech, as we are always boasting England to be before the whole civilised world, we ought, at least, to endeavour to support the reputation we cherish. Of course it will be said that a set of roughs and blackguards were at the bottom of the business, and doubtless they were, but people do very extraordinary things sometimes under "religious" influences. The gentleman is only skin-deep where creed is concerned, and a no-Popery youth, who would say the most graceful of graceful things to a Ritualistic damsel in a drawing room, thinks nothing of pushing her into the gutter and calling her by a foul name when she is unprotected and helpless outside a church door. The fact is, there is unfortunately plenty of nasty bigotry about old John Bull, and anything that stimulates it ought to be crushed thoroughly and at once. If we are to have the Star chamber back in our midst, by all means let us acknowledge the principle of persecution, and pinch, maim, fine, and torture each other whenever we get a chance; but do not let us humbug ourselves—do not let us spout frothy nonsense about the blessings of religious freedom,

and then break in men's skulls because they happen to shave them, and take peculiar views about this world in its relation to the next.

Really, the theme is a very old one—one that ought to be too old for the pen; but somehow or other it is not. The remedy, however, to these scandals lies in their publicity, and the Grand Lama himself might be quite sure he would not get more than a week or two of Christian yelling, in a country where the Press is free and liberally inclined.

In the meantime, should young Mr. Lyne again hold forth in Lombard street, we would advise some sort of precautionary measures; and to these the City authorities ought really to look. Beauty and religion smack strongly of the middle ages. Could not chivalry come to their aid as of old? Surely some doughty knight, like Sir Robert Carden, armed *cap-à-pie*, and defying all comers in their sacred cause, would complete the pretty picture. Or if business keeps that terrible representative of impartial East-end justice at home, one of his *confrères* might at least save the City from a repetition of recent scandals. That ladies should be publicly threatened and insulted under any plea whatever, or indeed that a harmless congregation should be annoyed, within a stone's throw of the Mansion House, is a down-right disgrace to the civic authorities.

As for Mr. Lyne, seeing that his views are capable of much expansion, could not he soften the wrath of his enemies by changing his tailor? Surely his excellent Papa would advise him to do this.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

In the Smoking-room of a well-known Club.

FOODLES (*putting down the "Pall-Mall Gazette"*).—There seems to be a regular row in Spain. Great bore, you know; for a fellow can't be supposed to take any interest in a thing of the sort.

NOODLES (*turning his cigar*).—Aw—no, of course not (*pause for three minutes, devoted to smoking and deep thought*). What's the row about?

FOODLES.—Oh, something about the Queen, and that General—what's his name—and—(*hesitates*)—and—you know. It's all in the *Pall-Mall*.

NOODLES.—Aw, yas—I thought it must be something of that kind—yas (*pause, with more smoking and more deep thought*). I say, Fwed—where are you going this evening?

FOODLES.—Don't know exactly. Do a theatre, if you like.

NOODLES.—Yas, a good ideaw, that; yas. Let's have some coffee (*dreamy perusal of dramatic programmes, coffee, more smoking, cab, and departure to do theatre*).

OLD GENTLEMAN (*who has been waiting his opportunity for twenty minutes, seizing hold of "Pall-Mall Gazette"*).—Let's see how they are to-night. Bother it! where are they? Spanish—Spanish (*going down the Money-market column*)—Spanish. Ah! here they are. Confound it, down again! Why don't the vagabonds cut each other's throats faster? By Jove! if this doesn't go on better, I shall sell out (*exit, swearing audibly*).

WARSAW AND WORSER.

IN these days of police oppression it is almost a satisfaction to feel that London is not the only city in Europe where Chief Commissioners and their myrmidons have everything their own way. The Emperor of Russia is about to visit Warsaw, and the authorities have been employed in taking what they consider the necessary precautions to avoid trouble or disturbance. A decree has been published telling the inhabitants that during his Majesty's stay in the city the Poles are not to walk about the streets in groups, not even two together, and they are all to be neatly shaved, and are to wear hats of an uniform shape and colour. They are also strictly enjoined to decorate their houses with garlands of flowers, and above all they are to look cheerful.

Not long ago such facts as these (for they are facts unadulterated) would have roused the British lion, whose anger would have taken the form of a "Polish Police Oppression, Sympathy, and Relief Society," or some such institution, and

the Poles would have made something out of it. But now this is all changed. We begin at last to understand why people allow themselves to be robbed of their personal liberty. In fact, our much oppressed neighbours are in a better plight than ourselves, for there is some reason for taking steps to prevent a disturbance when the Emperor of Russia goes to Poland, and it is absolutely nothing but senile obstinacy which impels Sir Richard Mayne to issue his brutally ridiculous notices and decrees.

It might really be worth while to take a hint from the Poles. They certainly did not give in without a fight for their liberty, and although unhappily they have been unsuccessful, they had an authority more substantial than that of a superannuated policeman to battle and destroy. We have arrived at the first stage of revolution already—exasperation.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

PRINCE ARTHUR is going back to his military duty, but he has deserted from the distinguished corps of Sappers and Miners to which he was in the first instance attached, and is now about to join the Royal Artillery.

Those persons who complained that during Prince Arthur's residence at Chatham the officials of that garrison devoted themselves more to flunkeyism than instruction, need not now be alarmed on his Royal Highness's account. This time everybody appears to be in earnest, and although the Royal subaltern is not to join at Woolwich for another month, the *Court Newsman* informs us that everything is already prepared for his reception. To begin with: Lieutenant-Colonel Biddulph, the Assistant-Quartermaster-General, has turned out of his quarters, which, we are told, are "pleasantly situated opposite the barracks." Prince Arthur will occupy these rooms during the day, but it is not intended that he shall sleep there, for the Ranger's Lodge, at Blackheath, is sufficiently near to headquarters to be made available for a permanent residence. As this house is to be the Prince's home the authorities have taken care that it shall be fitted up with every regard to the requirements of a budding Artilleryman. Our friend Jenkins gives such a graphic account of the excellence of the arrangements, that we cannot forbear quoting a portion of his description of the *ménage*. He tells us that—"In order to facilitate the Prince's studies at home, the lodge has been furnished with some beautifully-constructed military models on the system of Captain W. A. Ross, R.A., comprising guns, gun-carriages, Royal Horse Artillery, gunners, &c., so arranged as to represent the actual movements of artillery in the field. The models are on a scale of three inches to the yard, and enable a battery to be drawn up in line at intervals, with officers and non-commissioned officers in their proper places on the field or on the parade ground. Artillery exercises can be carried out as to intervals and distances, unlimbering guns, gunners mounting and dismounting, throwing the batteries into column of divisions, brigade movements, &c. On the order of march being given, the gunners dismount, and are placed in the proper order of march, the men's distance from the gun-wheels being corrected by scale, and they are afterwards placed in positions of detachments right and left. Another portion of the exercise is for the Prince's instructor to call upon him, as captain of the battery, to bring it up as if it were brigaded with other arms of the service to a marked position on the field, at close intervals or otherwise, and to show him a better method should he fail."

This is all very gratifying, no doubt, but the above description of the Prince's course of studies is dangerously suggestive. We can imagine Prince Arthur, mounted, let us say, on a rocking-horse, drilling his little men, and his Highness's military instructors scrambling over the dining-room table to carry out the words of command. How short the winter evenings will seem when the pretty toys are produced after dinner!

One more paragraph must be quoted from the article we have before us, and we have done. It runs thus: "No orders have been as yet received as to what battery of the Woolwich Division Prince Arthur will be appointed to command, this being left with her Majesty." If the last item of news is only true, we congratulate both the Prince and the service to which he belongs on the assurance. The Queen, always wise and far-sighted, and never so much so as when the interests of her children are at stake,

if requested to select the battery his Royal Highness is to command, will most surely reply—"None, until by close attention to his duty he has gathered experience sufficient to justify him in assuming the responsibility."

How is it that the Press have so persistently gone out of their way to make Prince Arthur appear in so many ridiculous lights? His Highness is at present as much too young to command a real battery as he is too old to manœuvre a sham one. Let him put his toys aside and be left unmolested to learn his duty in a sensible manner, or he will never be fit for a Field-Marshal.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

How tiresome the professionally funny man becomes on acquaintance! You fly at last from his forced facetiousness. But there is nothing new in this discovery. The spiders found out the attraction of gravity long before Newton.

John Bull bellows fearfully on a rough passage across the Channel. It must have been on such an occasion that the Poet King complained that "Fat Bulls and Basins compassed him about."

How many a soldier who leaves the service with B. C. on his shoulder, might have put C. B. after his name if he had only been born with a handle to it!

I'll have your hat! as the French Prince said to the dying Cardinal. Not for Nap, as the Pope remarked to the Prince.

Madame Rachel will scarcely agree with Keats that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," at least not for the next five years.

QUARTER AND NO QUARTER.

Queen Isabella had an interview on the 30th September with the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress on escaping from Madrid. This interview is said to have lasted one quarter of an hour.

The following conversation took place in that short period: THE EMPRESS EUGENIE (after embracing her tenderly on both cheeks).—So you are obliged to come to us after all.

ISABELLA.—"Sangre di Ré!" I did not think I should come to this.

NAPOLEON III.—Let me beg of you not to think of it. We sovereigns are always liable to be depreciated.

ISABELLA.—Malediction on the rebel army—the officers who have broken their sworn faith.

NAPOLEON III.—Malediction! Allow me to echo it; for the man who betrays his country when he has sworn to stand by the Government—

EUGENIE.—Don't you think, dear, you would do better to offer our sister Isabella some lunch after her exertions?

ISABELLA (*aside*).—Sister to a Countess of Montijo! *Car*—well, bygones must be bygones now, and there is still Spanish juice in her veins.

NAPOLEON.—Sister, what a pity it was you did not spend money on boulevards, barracks, and breech-loaders, instead of wasting it on church vestments.

ISABELLA.—Hush! That was for my creed. Fighting is your religion. Please don't talk about disagreeable things.

EUGENIE.—May we hope to see you in Paris?

NAPOLEON.—Yes, sister. Let us receive you in state at the Tuileries. We will do anything for you, sister, if you will treat us as the first of reigning sovereigns.

ISABELLA.—Then take me to lunch, for I have not had a mouthful since I left Madrid.

(*End of quarter of an hour.*)

PROOF BEFORE LETTERS.—Evidence at a Court-Martial.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

THE WEEK.

It seems likely that, before long, the only possession left to Queen Isabella in her own country will be a "Château en Espagne."

COMPLAINTS are being raised most justly, because the British soldier is branded, and the British sailor not watered sufficiently. Let Jack Tar have more water; it is for his health and the country's good; but don't take all the spirit out of the Army by branding defaulters with a B. C.

SEVERAL landlords seem to be obtaining great praise for publishing their gracious permission to their tenants to vote as they (the tenants) choose. Surely this is cheaply-earned praise, for their simplest duty seems to be to let their tenants vote as they please, and say nothing about it, before or—afterwards.

THE freaks of the Revising Barristers are becoming more troublesome than amusing. These gentlemen are, we know, always chosen on account of their eminent qualifications for the office, but it seems only fair that they should be asked to give some *proofs* of their knowledge of the law, before they are permitted to revise it.

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S is dead. In the Rev. Henry Hart Milman the English Church loses a golden link between herself and the World which she can ill spare; the World loses one between itself and Religion which it can spare still worse: for he knew how to enjoy the noblest pleasures of earth and yet fit himself for the far nobler pleasures of heaven.

THE good, honest young souls of the Stock Exchange are angry with Father Ignatius Lyne (not Loyola) for comparing the City to Jericho. Considering the amount of puffing that goes on within those golden precincts, the inhabitants are entitled to consider their City very unlike Jericho in one respect; its walls must be trumpet-proof. The Rev. Mr. Lyne can scarcely wonder at the treatment he received. What better can he expect if he will preach to Bears and Bulls?

REFERRING to the argument that the ballot is un-English, the *Spectator* exclaims "So much the better!" Aware how thoroughly un-English it is itself, it evidently is anxious to say

something for its own peculiar position. Suppose it divested itself of its nationality altogether? Few would be sorry, and nobody would then be duped. Of all the shallow and contemptible cant of a canting time, the cant of Cosmopolitanism to the depreciation of Patriotism is the silliest and worst.

MR. GOSCHEN has made a joke. We reproduce it lest any of our readers should have missed it. "It was said that the electors of the City were not so numerous now as formerly. Perhaps there were not so many persons sleeping in the City, but he flattered himself they were fully as wide awake." We now understand why this unfledged Chancellor of the Exchequer was so silent all last Session. We wonder Mr. Crawford was not equal to the occasion, and at the word "wide-awake" did not hit on the brilliant notion of exclaiming, "I'll have your hat."

ECONOMY is especially desirable for all papers at this dull period of the year. We, therefore, suggest that the following paragraph might be always kept set up:—

"The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in London yesterday, and went to the Strand Theatre in the evening."

Nobody can deny that the highest class of Drama, the Burlesque and the Cancanesque, finds plenty of support from Royal patronage. Perhaps the gallant captain of the *Galatea* thinks that the nearest approach to being at sea is sitting at the Strand.

MR. ELLIOTT has earned the respect and gratitude of every person who wishes to see the Law cultivating a closer alliance with Justice, by sentencing three "*highly respectable*" boys for stealing from the stalls at the Crystal Palace to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. It is not likely that these three "*highly respectable*" boys will derive much benefit from their association with the inmates of a felons' prison, but at any rate, thanks to the excellent education that they have doubtless received, they will not suffer more contamination as regards their morals, than poor ignorant boys of the same age.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

THOSE aspiring members of the Established Church who only want an opening to become great have now their chance. There are ever hundreds of highly-gifted clergymen who pine away their existences in country curacies unknown and unappreciated, simply because they have never had the opportunity of appealing to an enlightened London congregation. The following advertisement, which appears in the *Times*, opens the gate to these aspiring divines:—

S. GEORGE'S HALL, Regent-street North.—Clergymen and other persons desirous of conducting religious services in this Hall on Sunday mornings and evenings, either with or without the assistance of a first-rate musical choir, can obtain every information of —.

The owners of the Hall are evidently unbiassed by sectarian prejudices. They are ready to set up the pulpit for all comers. Indeed, they go so far as to offer to provide music—first-rate music be it observed—for those ambitious theologians who wish to produce a really attractive entertainment for their audiences, and have, moreover, a little capital to risk in the speculation.

Now that the terrors of obscurity are so easily to be dispelled, the clergy of the Church of England, an ever-complaining body, have scarcely a grievance left to them—at all events, for the present, until the great *English Church* question is dragged on to the *tapis*.

WATERING-PLACES.—Dairies.



ANOTHER SPANISH MARRIAGE!

DON CÆSAR OF SPAIN: I do take thee for better or—for worse!

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER V.—*A Competition. M. Jules Canard and the "New National Anthem for the French." Smith the Republican. "Vive la Gloire!" The Election of the "Lor-Mayor." A pious Fraud. A Great Nobleman. Scene in the Hall of the Common Council. An Accusation!*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 3, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH HONOURED REDACTEUR,—

I dare say you are aware that the French Government have offered a reward for a New National Anthem to be used instead of the hackneyed "*Partant pour la Syrie*." I'm something of a poet myself, as you know, and have been emboldened to send in "a little thing" of my own composition. Without vanity I may be allowed to say that I consider it much more "soul-stirring" than the hymn of Queen Hortense. I beg to send you a copy.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR THE FRENCH.

BY JULES CANARD.

1 Vers.

Ah, j'aime les restaurants,
Quand on est de jeune âge,
Du pain, deux plats au choix,
Un dessert et potage.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Ce plaisir est Français!

2 Vers.

Vive le Leicester Square,
Et Nicholson le Baron,
Les Shades où l'on se trouve
Avec sa mère—ses parents.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Holà holà, ce plaisir est Français.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Joup joup joup joup, tralalala.
Ce plaisir est Français!

There! I think that very pretty and national. I've composed the music to these words, but not being a musician, have had to trespass on the kindness of my friend Smith. He has been good enough to write the air down on a piece of score paper as I have hummed it over to him. He tells me that he has arranged it for the bassoon. Here it is:—

MUSIC OF THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM
FOR THE FRENCH.

Composed by JULES CANARD, and Arranged for the Bassoon by
CHARLES SMITH.



I consider it very far from bad, and I don't think I am, as a rule, conceited. My friend Smith is something of a poet himself, but far too revolutionary to please the present French Government. I, however, enclose a clever little song intended

(by Smith) to be sung during the next Reign of Terror. The idea is more or less taken from "*La Marseillaise*."

VIVE LA GLOIRE!

Desirous more! Vive la Gloire!
Adam et Noah! Vive la Gloire!
Criez "law!" Vive la Gloire!
Chose pour boire! Vive la Gloire!

Notes by Smith.

* In English—"We want more." This is supposed to be the cry of the Revolutionists clamouring for reform.

† A taunt. The Revolutionists refer in scornful terms to the ancestors of the Aristocrats. Adam was the father of the world *before* the Fall, and Noah *after* the Deluge—hence the allusion!

‡ In English—"You cry law!" The Revolutionists address this cruel sneer to the trembling Aristocrats, who are naturally rather "taken aback" by the production of the guillotine, and express their surprise on its appearance by the exclamation already alluded to.

¶ In English—"Give us something to drink." The aim of the Revolution is attained. The Aristocrats have been decapitated—the Throne is in the hands of the People. Very naturally, the Revolutionists call upon the Nation to give to them their long-expected reward.

But enough of poetry. I must now tell you of a most important event which came off last Tuesday—I mean the election of the "Lor-Mayor of London."

The time has at length arrived for me to write of one of the most dreadful tragedies that has ever happened in English history. It will surprise you to learn that it occurred only a few days ago—at the Common Hall in the City, within ten minutes' walk of the centre of civilisation itself, an easy distance from Leicester Square. To a Frenchman it is unnecessary to explain the duties and rehearse the titles of the "Lor-Mayor of London," but as this paper may fall into the hands of some of the English (who are lamentably ignorant), I will just tell you a little about this mighty potentate.

The first "Lor-Mayor of London" came over to England with "William the Conqueror" in the year 1192. His name was Watt Tyler, surnamed Rufus (or Roofus—a joke upon "tyler," the slang of the period for "hatter"), and he quickly became famous as an author by writing hymns. For these services the Pope (Adrian the IV.) gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith," which distinction to this day the English proudly preserve inscribed upon the coin of their realm. In 1224 Watt invented the steam-engine and the common clock—hence the old English proverb, "Watt's o'clock." He was present at the battle of Agincourt, where the English were so signally beaten. On this inauspicious (for the British) occasion Watt espoused the losing cause of Charles the 1st (surnamed "The Cruel" on account of his murder of Richard III, by putting out his eyes under a staircase in the Tower). He was banished to Scotland, where he made a large fortune by selling cats under the assumed name of "Sir Wittington." Recalled to his native country on the accession to power of the Palmerston Ministry, he quickly secured the Hanoverian Succession, and was the first to take the oath of allegiance to Edward III. For these services he was made Duke of Marlborough and Prince of Wales, and retired into private life with a pension and the sinecure office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in 1303, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Walter Raleigh, who became second "Lor-Mayor of London" in 1304. In the Revolution of Cromwell the Office fell with the Crown, and with the Restoration of Mary (Queen o' Scots) ceased to be hereditary. Since that time the election of "Lor-Mayor" has ever taken place on the 29th of September—a date held in deep reverence by the English. The national "ros-bif" is on this day deserted for a goose, symbolical (I am told) of the ceremony, and hence the saying "cooking his goose," that is, depriving him of his dignity—the retiring "goose," or "Lor-Mayor," is "cooked," or dethroned. In England the "Lor-Mayor" is often called a "goose."

By the kindness of my friend Smith I was permitted to be present at the "swearing in" (these barbarous islanders never do anything without an oath) of the "Lor-Mayor" elect, who will come into office on the 9th of November. I was conducted to a gloomy hall under the "Palais de Newgate," or as the English call it, the "Ole Bailé," where I was received by a guard of "Beef-eaters."

"Who goes there?" cried one of them, bringing his bayonet to within an inch of my breast.

"I am Duke of Putney and Editor-in-chief of the '*Bel's-Life*,'" said Smith (he told me afterwards that this assertion was a *ruse*—a "*dodge*").

"Pass, Editor-in-chief of the '*Bel's-Life*,'" replied the "Beef-eater," respectfully.

We passed on, and now came to a magnificent apartment lighted up with gorgeous gas devices, such as "Peace and Plenty," "Welcome, Prince Arthur," &c. Seated on a dais at the end of the room was a handsome man, robed in a magnificent "jockey suit," surrounded by a brilliant group of courtiers and maids-of-honour, who sang a soft "lullaby" to the sounds of a concealed band. Dancing before him were a numerous *corps de ballet*, dressed as *bayadères*. The place was faint with the scent of a myriad exotics, and a thousand fountains splashed down in spray on the marble flooring. I had never seen such a splendid scene in my life.

"Where are we?" I whispered to Smith, who with easy gallantry had knelt down and kissed the hand of the noble under the dais.

"Silence!" he murmured, savagely, "I will tell you when we have left. My lord, let me introduce you to Monsieur Jules Canard, a most distinguished foreigner."

"Glad to know you, I'm shaw," observed the noble, languidly. "Here, some one! get me the last number of the *Belgravia*. Thanks!" he added, as a copy printed on satin of that popular periodical was given to him. "I want to go to sleep!"

He cut the pages with a paper-knife made out of a single diamond, opened the book at an article by a Mr. Walter Thornbury upon the "London Clubs," and in a couple of minutes was snoring.

Smith pulled aside a velvet curtain hiding a door, and ushered me into another apartment.

"And now," said I, "where were we?"

"In one of the apartments in the left wing of the Thames Tunnel!"

"And that distinguished noble—was he 'Milor-Mayor'?"

"That the 'Lor-Mayor of London!'" exclaimed Smith, in a tone of the greatest contempt. "Why that was only one of his flunkies!"

We passed through another door, and found ourselves in the Common Hall (so called to distinguish it from the Sunday Best Hall, which is built of pure gold—the Common Hall is constructed only of silver), and I certainly had never seen before so many dignitaries assembled together in one place.

In the body of the room were all the Dukes of England and some of the better class of Archbishops. Rather above them sat the Heir-apparent to the Throne, who takes the second title of the "Lor-Mayor." In a gallery were the Ambassadors (among them I noticed, in a chocolate suit, our own dear representative—his Excellency the Prince de la Tour D'Auvergne, supported by the Spanish Minister on his right, who looked decidedly blue, and on his left by the American, who was dressed in the colour peculiar to his nation—green); in another gallery were the Royal Family of England, and in a private box, all by himself, was Prince Christian. This last personage seemed deeply gratified by the applause lavished upon the "Lor-Mayor," which applause he took to be personal to himself. In fact, I heard His Highness observe that "his reception in England was most remarkable and delightful;" a speech which was received with boisterous laughter by the bystanders. Why, I know not.

On a magnificent throne sat the "Lor-Mayor," himself clothed in a beautiful suit of armour. He wore his Crown and carried his Sceptre. His Chaplain (the Archbishop of Canterbury) and his Private Secretary (the Lord Chancellor) were in attendance. He smiled gracefully, and slightly inclined his head in acknowledgment of the applause with which his appearance was greeted.

A squadron of the Horse Guards (Black) now rode into the Hall, escorting the "Lor Mayor's" Herald, who made (after a flourish of trumpets) the following proclamation:—

"O yes! O yes! O yes! This is to proclaim that His Grace Milor-Mayor, Prince of Wales, Defender of the Faith, Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, Duke Humphrey and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in England, Lord of the Vinegar and the Isles in Scotland, and Special Constable of Kilkenny, in Ireland, is about to vacate his throne. He calls upon you and

everyone of you to make and to pass a resolution of thanks on his retirement."

Another flourish, and then a gentleman in the body of the Hall rose and said, in a horrible silence it was so intense (here I quote from the *Daily News*):—

That he charged the "Lor-Mayor" with having been singularly deficient in carrying out the promises he had made to the Livery at the time of his election. At the very commencement of his year of office he set aside customs which had been observed, and which had been of great importance in connection with the privileges of the City. As to his hospitality, all he would say was that the Mansion House had presented a beggarly account of empty boxes (hear, hear, interruption, and cries of "No, no."), and the "Lor-Mayor" had shown a meanness of conduct which disintitiled him to a resolution of thanks. (Cries of "No, no.") He therefore felt himself justified

IN MOVING AS AN AMENDMENT THE PREVIOUS QUESTION!

The uproar was something terrible to listen to; and every one expected to see the daring "councillor" ordered off for instant execution.

There was a pause—a dead silence—and then—

But as this has been a very long letter, I will continue the subject next week.

Receive, my dear Rédacteur,
The distinguished consideration of
Your grateful contributor,
JULES CANARD.

"IN THE EDITOR'S ROOM."

A TRAGEDY FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

PRESENT—THE EDITOR AND PRINTER'S DEVIL.

SCENE.—A room full of books of reference, &c., desk at centre, chair, cupboard. The Editor is hard at work at his desk reading through MS. and proofs, tearing up letters, &c. Enter to him SWELL BORE.

SWELL BORE.—Aw, my dear fellow, glad to see you. (Throws himself into a chair.) Got a splendid notion for a cartoon for you.

EDITOR.—Thanks; no. We don't want one just now. The subject of the cartoon you will see next week was decided upon on Monday, the block finished by our artist on Tuesday, and in the engraver's hands by Wednesday. Not only that, I have never found an outsider's notion worth the paper upon which it was written. Here, boy (printer's devil approaches), just take this proof to the Earl of —, and tell him, with my compliments, that it requires toning down a little.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.—Yes, sir. Anything for Marlborough House?

EDITOR.—No, I have sent the proof to Scotland. (Exit Printer's Devil.) And now, my dear boy, as I am a little busy, tell me what you want and have done with it. I'm certain you won't think me rude, but the truth of the matter is, nearly all our fellows are away doing their shooting and the Continent, and I have to see to all the work. Too bad of them—often have had to write three-quarters of the paper myself. Beastly selfish of them, keeping a fellow in town all the week though at this time of the year! (Goes on grumbling to himself as he knocks off a paragraph.)

SWELL BORE.—Nobody in town. Thought I'd look you up. Have a chat with you about the news.

EDITOR.—All right. (Turns round in his chair and takes out his watch.) Now I can just give you five minutes. So fire away, old boy, I'm ready.

SWELL BORE.—Can you give a fellow any liquor? (Editor motions him to the cupboard—Fizz—pop—guggle—rapid production of a glass of soda and brandy.) Well, you take a beggar up so sharply.

EDITOR.—Obliged to, my boy. Life is short and newspaper columns long. But come, how about talking over the news?

SWELL BORE.—(Ponders for three minutes, and then says suddenly.) Hang it all, I don't believe there's any news to talk about.

EDITOR.—Just my opinion. Good bye, old boy, time's up;

hope you don't think me rude! (*Exit SWELL BORE.*) No news! I should say not; and yet those selfish beggars won't send in any copy! (*A prolonged grumble as the scene closes in.*)

AT THE COUNCIL.

[*Before the PRESIDING MAGISTRATE, Mr. TOM-A-HAWK.*]

Singular Charge—A Patriotic Prosecutor—Mild Sentence.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY, the well-known dramatic author, was summoned before this magistrate, charged with wilfully damaging a novel, called the *Fortunes of Nigel*, by turgung it into ridicule in a dramatic form, by the critic of a certain highly-popular satirical paper. On the charge being read over to him, Mr. Halliday asked by what right the Prosecutor dared to interest himself in the matter: was the *Fortunes of Nigel* HIS property?

PROSECUTOR.—The reputation of Sir Walter Scott should be jealously guarded by every Englishman. (*Loud applause in court, which lasted for some minutes.*)

DEFENDANT.—Yes, I know all that. But come, frankly, is there not a little spite mixed up with your attack upon me?

PROSECUTOR.—No, Mr. Halliday, there is not! Write anything good, and I will praise you. I have every wish to be pleased with your productions, but you never give me a chance of admiring you. No, sir! the man who would raise his pen against a Scottish author (save in the way of friendly censure) is unworthy of the name of a British Journalist. (*Loud cheers.*)

THE MAGISTRATE.—I don't want to interfere; but isn't this conversation a little irregular?

PROSECUTOR.—Well, your Worship, perhaps it is; but believe me, sir, however the wind may rise or the waves bluster, that good old ship, the British Constitution, has enough life in her to weather, ay! even the very wildest storm. (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

THE MAGISTRATE.—Quite so. And now let us proceed with the case.

The first witness called was

Mr. BEVERLEY, who said he studied the novel of Sir Walter Scott with very great care. He had done his best to illustrate it with some magnificent scenery. He had received considerable assistance in painting said scenery, but nevertheless had superintended it himself. He certainly thought that the effect of the scenes was very much damaged by the dulness of Mr. Halliday's dialogue.

Cross-examined: Certainly Mr. Halliday's dialogue gave him time to set the scenery. There was very little action in the piece to take the attention of the audience from off the scenes.

THE MAGISTRATE.—I don't quite see the drift of these questions. The point before us is this: Has Mr. Halliday spoiled the *Fortunes of Nigel*? not has the badness of Mr. Halliday's piece enhanced the value of Mr. Beverley's scenery?

The next witness called was

THE PROSECUTOR, who said he had been a dramatic critic for many years—ever since he was a boy. Had criticised the drama for a "daily," a "weekly," a "monthly," and an "annual," at one time or another; knew his business thoroughly. *King o' Scots*, as a piece, was execrable; as a *spectacle*, very well worth seeing. The scene of Fleet street was capital. He objected to Mr. Halliday's treatment of the *Fortunes of Nigel* on Sir Walter's account. The novel was excellent—the play, from a literary point of view, very bad indeed. It was bad because it was uninteresting and unconnected. It was difficult to follow the plot (if, indeed, the piece had one, which was problematical), and the characters—with the exception of James I.—were commonplace to a degree. To quote one of the most justly influential papers in London, "All that was good was Sir Walter's; all that was bad was Mr. Halliday's." The concluding scene (in spite of the excellent acting of Mr. Phelps) was singularly ineffective. Mr. Halliday, as the author of a tragedy, should have known better than to have ended a melodrama with broad farce.

Cross-examined: The name of Mr. Halliday's tragedy was (he believed) *Romeo and Juliet Burlesque*.

MR. HALLIDAY then commenced his defence. He owned that *King o' Scots* was not likely to prove so successful as his gigantic melodrama, *The Great City*. He would tell the Bench

why. In *The Great City* he was able to introduce a hansom cab; unluckily for him (Mr. Halliday) hansom cabs were not invented in the reign of James I., the period of his new piece. He thought of calling Mr. Phelps to prove that he had put some very telling speeches into the mouth of the "Canny King;" but perhaps his worship would take his (Mr. Halliday's) word that such was the case. ("Certainly," from the Bench.) He might complain that the piece had been badly acted; that the representative of Charles I. had been absurdly stagey; that the lady in the rôle of Miss Ramsay had scarcely looked the character to perfection. But he preferred to plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the magistrate. He had attempted to do his best with Scott; and although his manifesto to the Public (signed by himself and Mr. Chatterton) was, he acknowledged, "bumptious," he had no wish to give offence to any one. He had "never done nothing to nobody," and it was very unkind of the Prosecutor to persecute him so. His wants were simple—he only needed peace and quiet, and perhaps a Seat in Parliament, to be quite happy.

THE MAGISTRATE sentenced the prisoner (who had delivered his speech to the Bench with a show of emotion very painful to witness) to read the report of the case in the next number of the TOMAHAWK.

Several "kind friends" of Mr. Halliday undertook to see that the sentence was duly carried into effect.

BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the magnificent summer which England has this year enjoyed, a truly British autumn has set in relentlessly at its usual time, and the country is already as bare and leafless as it ever was in an October.

With the broken weather, and the cold, long nights, those demands on behalf of the distressed and starving poor which are made on our charity as surely and regularly as the seasons themselves come round, will presently set in. That our metropolis is a benevolently disposed city, in which an appeal in a good cause is seldom made in vain, cannot be denied, but we fear that there is very little that is spontaneous about our almsgiving. Year after year the same devices have to be employed to arouse our phlegmatic temperaments into putting our hands to our pockets. We are always ready to do what we can to remedy the evil when it stares us in the face with its hideous stories of want and death, but although long experience has taught us that, as certainly as Christmas arrives, it finds a large class of the deserving poor in an advanced stage of abject want and starvation, we are culpably behind hand in making any attempt to prevent what we know must occur, unless we come in good time to the rescue.

This year the weather-wise have it that the winter is to be severe beyond all precedent. Would it not be a gentle and christian act for those people who are in the habit of subscribing to the East-end charities for once to pay their money, unsolicited, in advance, before the promoters of these good works are driven to make their annual pressing appeals? It is a good deed to drive the wolf from the door, but it would be a better deed to kill him before he gets there. We know he will surely come, so let us be on the alert.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

THE Metropolitan Railway Company has been making a great fuss over the opening of its new line from Paddington to Brompton. It is always satisfactory to Londoners to hear that the different regions of the metropolitan wilderness have been rendered more accessible to each other by any means whatever, but of all apparently useless routes it is difficult to conceive a line of railway less a necessity than the three miles which have just been opened. When the branch is finished to Victoria and so on to the Thames Embankment, there may be something in it; but under the present circumstances, for all the use they possibly can be for business purposes, the termini might as well have been in Kensal green and Brompton Cemeteries as at Praed street and Cromwell road. When immense

sums of money and great engineering skill are lavished on an undertaking, it is a pity that there should be so little that is useful in the result. An underground line from South Kensington up Piccadilly to Charing cross, and thence beneath the Strand and Fleet street to St. Paul's and the Bank, would have been a real blessing to the community, and could have cost but a million or so more (a trifle with railway speculators) than this last new extension emerging, as it does, from a back street of the nastiest neighbourhood about London, and wandering aimlessly by Bayswater, Holland Park, and the Kensington Grammar School into a dilapidated market garden in old Brompton. The new line may be part of a "system," which is now-a-days a sufficient justification for any amount of folly, but beyond this it appears to be an extravagantly wild speculation.

STARTLING ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

A RETIRING young gentleman of the name of Kimber, who, upon reference to the *Law List*, appears to have been admitted an attorney some three years, has presented himself as a "Constitutional Conservative Candidate" to the free and independent electors of Finsbury. The term, presented himself, is used in its true sense, as with a noble contempt for such things as requisitions or invitations from electors this gallant youth has abandoned the privacy of 28 Canonbury villas, N., and quite unsolicited, now courts the notice of the metropolitan constituency before mentioned. TOMAHAWK has seen his first address, which, by the way, is printed in a fashion somewhat suggestive of the old handbill puffs of quack doctors and patent pills, and hardly knows which to praise most, its fearless impudence, or the peculiarity of its literary construction. Kimber likes "truth and righteousness to prevail in the government of the nation," but condemns those politicians "who are seeking to conciliate the favour of their Roman Catholic opponents by giving the priests of their evil superstition a political power and patronage which would make them influential persons in the State." Those persons whose religion is the "evil superstition" mentioned will no doubt be pained to hear that in another paragraph of his handbill Kimber pronounces it "the darkest and foulest error that ever degraded mankind." If Kimber comes out as strong as this in his *first* address, it is difficult to anticipate the flight he will attempt in his second. At the same time it is satisfactory to know that "he will sit below the gangway and favour neither party." A most judicious and considerate promise on the part of this juvenile six-and-eightpence, which will no doubt meet with the approval it deserves. TOMAHAWK pauses here, and reflects—Can it be that Kimber has heard of such a place as Finsbury "Circus," and is bidding for the situation of Clown in the Ring? There can be no two opinions as to his capacity for the place!

NUMERICAL MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 7, 2, 6, 7, 4, 7, 12 was a King of Thessaly, and son of Æolus by Nephele;

My 7, 12, 5, 7, 12, 9, 7 was a famous rhetorician of Miletus, also a beautiful woman of Phocis;

My 2, 9, 5, 6, 3, 1 was pilot of the ship of the Argonauts;

My 4, 9, 5, 6, 9, 2, 9, 1 was an appellation of Juno;

My 9, 5, 6, 9, 1 was a daughter of Lygdus and Telethusa, changed into a man on the day of marriage at the supplication of her mother;

My 5, 7, 8, 7, 4, 11, 10, 11, 1 was the son of Mauplius, King Eubœa, said to have invented four of the Greek letters;

My 7, 3, 8, 7, 1 was the son of Theodamus;

My 2, 6, 3, 11, 12, 11, 12 was a son of Pelops and brother of Atreus;

My 1, 11, 4, 11, 8, 11 was a daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and the mother of Bacchus by Jupiter;

My 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 7 was one of the Graces;

My 5, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1 was the son of Neptune and Tyro, and King of Thessaly;

My 2, 11, 2, 6, 3, 12 was the daughter of Cœlus and Terra, and wife of Oceanus;

My 8, 11, 2, 6, 11 is a river in Hell;

My 11, 11, 8, 9, 1, 12, 7 was one of the nymphs who attended on Amolthea;

My 6, 9, 5, 5, 9, 7, 12 was a philosopher of Elis;

My 5, 8, 11, 9, 7, 10, 11, 12, is the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione;

My 5, 3, 2, 6, 9, 7, 4 was the priestess of Apollo, and a Pythagorean philosopher;

My 5, 7, 8, 8, 7, 12 was a name of Minerva's;

My 9, 5, 6, 9, 4, 11, 10, 9, 7 was the wife of Alous, and mother of the two great giants Oreas and Ephialtes, who grew nine inches every month;

My 8, 11, 10, 7 was the daughter of Thestius and wife of Tyndarus, King of Laconia, and my whole was a species of bird destroyed by Hercules.

LAST WEEK'S CHARADE-PUZZLE.

IN order that our maniac readers may understand the Charade Puzzle, which we presented to them in our last number, we now print it in its proper shape:—

GOD Neptune in his wrathful hour,
When ruffled by the wind's high pow'r
In battle with his wave,
Upon my *first* his fury spends
With awful roar, which echo sends
Down to his sea-girl cave.

My *second*, in each wave he sways,
Abounds unseen, till Sol's warm rays
Absorb it on my *first*;
Then in a hole perchance I lie,
In virgin garments snug and dry,
To make ye mortals thirst.

My *whole* is of my *second's* class;
Of dingy red, not unlike glass,
And to the taste the same;
'Tis in appearance like my *first*,
Though mariners know which is worst
Whene'er they hear my name.

ANSWER:—ROCK-SALT.

ANSWERS have been received from Linda Princess, W. H. T., Jack Solved It, Pimlico Tom Cat, The Wushperle and her Lunatic Husband, C. F. Brace, J. R. Moor, Brainless Idiot, Yorkshire Like, Taste It, C. Wimberger, Sallie's Awful Duffer, Tower Demon Smithfield, Oliver Twist, Orpheus (Hyde park), Malden Road Greyhound, Railings of the Cobden Statue, Joe, Harry Wharfdale, Crowndale Spaniel, Chin-chi-choong-jeu-facher, Old Brum, "The Wendover Wonder," Slodger and Tiney, Goodenoughforme, Charles Robinson, Harum-Scarum Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, Happy-go-lucky, Isle of Rockaway, Harris Gibson, George Hayward, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Cabby on Strike, Nobody's Orphan, Lalla Rookh, Camden Starlings and the Members of the Camden Hunt, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Romping Gazelles, Roanmcefsidhtuvrysfphbfirsti, Charles Edward Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshay, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 76.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

LETTER NO. 2.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.
3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
30th June, 1870.

MY OWN PRECIOUS OLD DARLING,—It is something to be able to pour out so many endearing epithets to any human being; for I really *do* begin to believe that the world is simply peopled with the descendants of brutes, who originally escaped from some travelling menagerie that Noah, or Alexander the Great, or William the Conqueror maintained at the expense of the country; and that, with *very few* exceptions, all the *men* are only *gorillas* in disguise. But I must not anticipate.

Ah! my dear, I did hope to have continued my last letter the very next day: not that it is any use writing to Africa every day, considering the post only goes once a month, if it goes as often as that; and then for unpunctuality commend me to the Post Office. But what can you expect—all *MEN*? If women bought the letters, do you think *they* would not put *stamps* on the *unpaid* valentines out of *their own pockets*? Ah! Camilla, my darling old monitress, you see I am as giddy as ever, though how I can smile now, when Ruin (in deep mourning) seems to sit brooding, on a gigantic camp stool, over this devoted land, *I don't know*. We women are wonderful creatures—but I know you want me to get on, and so I must—though my retrospect is the but tinged with a mocking glory which fades as it mixes with beams of the present, and leaves but an amber-coloured storm-cloud lowering over the future of our devoted and noble sex.

Why do I say that hateful word? I do not know—my mind is one gigantic chaos, stirred but occasionally by the omnipotent staff of memory. Camilla, my dear, *sexes* are a mistake! I won't enter into a question at once so deep and so *profound*; but, depend upon it, if Eve had been created first, there would *never* have been any men, or, if there had been, they would have been *very different* creatures to what they are now.

But a truce to these metaphorical conjectures. My business is with the stern area of the present. I but sport with the bubbles of the rivulet, when I should be grinding down the ore over which it ripples.

What I told you in my last related but to the opening week of the Session, when all was amiability, and there were few divisions. It soon became apparent that *we* did not intend to let our majority fritter itself away into capricious caves or fanciful factions. (I hope, my dear old tutoress, you will be spared by the cannibal natives long enough to give me some idea as to how you like my *style of composition*: it is founded on the *best models*, I assure you.) We were determined to close our ears to the blandishments of flattering tongues, and to demand our perfect freedom from the shackles of the infamous laws that had so long oppressed us. About three weeks after Parliament met a notice was put on the paper, that Miss Sophia Singleton would move for "a return of the number of marriageable bachelors at present residing or domiciled in Great Britain and Ireland; and also for a similar return of the number of marriageable spinsters or widows, with a view to abolishing that wicked practice of celibacy which had attained to such *grave dimensions* as to threaten the prosperity of the country." This

motion was vehemently opposed by the Government. By the way, I never told you that our resolution to abolish the distinctions of political parties had resulted in a similar move on the part of the male members of the House, and that the present Government, or rather the then existing Government, was composed as follows:—

First Lord of the Treasury (in Commission).—

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
Right Hon. B. Disraeli.
Right Hon. J. Bradlaugh.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (in Commission).—

Right Hon. G. Goschen.
Right Hon. J. Roebuck.
Right Hon. Sir Morton Peto.

*President of the Council.—*Lord Commissioner Ker.

Secretary of State for the War Department (in Commission).—

Right Hon. J. Bright.
Right Hon. J. Hardy.
Colonel Fane.

First Lord of the Admiralty (in Commission).—

Right Hon. Sir George Bowyer.
Right Hon. Sir Edward Head.
Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson.

President of the Board of Trade (in Commission).—

Right Hon. Peter Taylor.
Right Hon. E. Moses and Son.
Right Hon. Sir Henry Edwards,
Bart.

There! that is quite enough to show you how all parties have amalgamated to fight the battle of men against the superior part of creation.

Well, this motion which I have mentioned met with a very rude opposition from the above *Happy Family*! However, by a *severe whip* we succeeded in carrying it. This was our first victory; and flushed with the glow of triumph, and irritated by the factious opposition and sneering criticisms of the other creatures, we determined to take a bold step. Camilla, my guiding star! (as Lord Lytton would say) you will, I know, approve that determination.

We held a meeting in the Tea Room (which was exclusively devoted to our convenience for the occasion), and determined at once to bring in a Bill which should enable all unmarried women to propose to any unmarried men of their acquaintance who paid income tax, and that "if the said proposal were rejected on any other ground than that of an impending engagement to some other unmarried woman, that the male person rejecting the proposal should forfeit one-half of his income to the proposer, to be employed by her for her sole use and comfort, as she should think fit." This Bill was opposed in the most virulent way at every step, and the Speaker even stooped *so low* as to rule several points of order against us; but we triumphed at last, and spite of the cruel desertion of many of our supporters, who had hitherto secretly, or openly, countenanced our efforts at self-assertion, we obtained a majority so decisive as to compel the Ministry to resign.

Mr. Lowe's speech on this occasion I shall *never* forget, and we will *NEVER* forgive: he compared us to "the crowd of harpies who, swooping down on the humble fare of the Trojan

wayfarers, defiled the provisions that their greedy maws could not devour." He quoted so many Latin verses at us (which we could not understand), that we were nearly driven to desperation; and afterwards, in the Lobby, I almost regret to say, some of the more vehement of our darling sisters set upon the vituperateous wretch, and plucked from his imposing (in more senses than one) brow the white locks which had so long been his boast. Of course the wretched Men took advantage of this generous outburst of enthusiasm, and sentenced to imprisonment in the vaults of Westminster Abbey the most prominent leaders of this vigorous attack. But all such manœuvres proved futile, for a week after the third division on the Bill "for Promoting the Prospects of Unmarried Women" the Government resigned; and oh! glorious triumph, Camilla!—a female Minister assumed the reigns of office for the first time in this poor man-oppressed country.

Here, my dearest friend and guide, I must pause. I fain would leave you some space to enjoy the contemplation of such a heavenly prospect, before I attempt to pourtray the untoward gales to which the bark of the State, spite of the angelic beings who sit at the helm, has been exposed.

With many fervent kisses, believe me,
Your own devoted friend and pupil,
LEONORA.

P.S.—Oh! something so dreadful has just happened; but I must not delay this. Oh, Camilla darling, live and hope. I write again soon.

ON TRIAL.

THE WORKING MAN'S CANDIDATE.

THE Commissioners re-assembled at ten o'clock this morning, when, notwithstanding the prevalent impression that the present inquiry was one capable of exciting the most lively public interest, the room was but poorly filled.

The first witness summoned was Mr. JONAS FREEBOOT. He said he was what was called a working man's candidate. That was certainly what he considered himself to be, though he had not consulted many working men on the subject. His claim to the confidence of his fellows was unquestionable. Yes, he was quite, in his opinion, a public man, and, as such, entitled to come forward as a representative of Scrubbsborough in the new Parliament. He could state what were his pleas for notoriety if required to do so. They were at least three in number, and might be more. In the first place he was the best speaker in the Nine Dials Elocution and Harmony Club, and was generally known in the neighbourhood as "Jawing Jonah." Secondly, he had written a series of anonymous letters signed "Lexibus," in the *Scrubbsborough Mercury*, in which he proved that one working man was worth six peers, and ought to go share and share with them in their landed property, and, to quote his own words, "similar aristocratic baubles." His third plea, however, was that on which he chiefly relied for popular sympathy and support. He had pulled five feet of railings up at Hyde park, harangued the mob—he begged pardon, he should say, Britons who never would be slaves—from the summit of a sweetstuff stall, and made one of a glorious seven who vindicated the liberties of their country by bonneting a policeman when he was not looking. He hoped with such antecedents to be returned to Parliament. His political principles were not quite fixed, but he had no objection to state their leading features. He should go into the House determined to effect five simple reforms. The universal abolition of war would be one; the fair and equal division of property would be another; the imprisonment of dastardly newspaper writers who ran down the working man, as represented by himself, would be a third; the fourth would be to pay all members of Parliament a handsome salary; and the fifth would be the legal equalisation of intellect. He could not well explain what he meant by that, but he felt sure it would work beneficially, and prevent the swells from getting all the pickings. This last sentiment he had enunciated at a public meeting of his friends the other evening, and it was received with vociferous cheers. He was therefore quite certain that it was sound, and he meant to stand by it. Yes, some one did cry out from the other end of the room to ask him how he would "carry it out," and he got a very fitting answer to a question so entirely superfluous. His hat was knocked over his eyes, and he was pitched into the street. That was the way

to treat all political opponents. He would like to knock Mr. Disraeli's hat over his eyes. He would not mind knocking Mr. Gladstone's over his eyes either, or Mr. Bright's over his, for the matter of that. None of them understood the working man and his wants. Only wait till he got into Parliament. (*The witness, who strongly insisted on an Englishman's right to be heard when he had something to say, was here ordered to stand down, and was eventually removed from the committee-room in the charge of two policemen.*)

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE XI.

From Florence's Mother to Willie.

MY dearest nephew, Florence bids me say
She cannot possibly herself reply
To your kind letter she received to-day;
But she desires most urgently that I
To you her thanks immediately convey,
And you assure that until she shall die,
Your nobleness she never shall forget,
But deem herself for ever in your debt.

I wish that I could get her to say more;
And more indeed she does say, but it all
Only amounts to what she said before,
And which 'tis scarcely worth my while to scrawl.
One's words, whether to argue or implore,
Might just as well be spoken to a wall.
She would not show your note to me, but kept
Its contents to herself, and o'er them wept.

But what they are, I easily can guess.
You want her still to marry you, I'm sure;
And I, dear Willie, wish she would say, yes,
For that alone her malady would cure.
And though of course she nothing doth confess,
Her love for you doth as of old endure;
And 'tis provoking you are separated
Just as if one the other deeply hated.

I know I have myself alone to blame,
And yet I thought to do it for the best.
A cousin as a husband's not the aim
Of mothers for their daughters, 'tis confessed.
And even had I yielded, all the same
Your uncle would have never let me rest.
Now, he is just as sorry as am I,
Who ev'ry moment am inclined to cry.

And I suspect you think if you had been
A wealthy cousin with pretentious places
In town and country, then we should have seen
The matter differently, and no grimaces
Made about cousinship. If that you mean,
We should; for circumstances alter cases.
But both a cousin and a poor one! How
Could we so easily the thing allow?

And girls are very changeable, you know,
And we supposed her preference was fancy,
And not, as the results appear to show,
A mixture strange of love and necromancy.
How could we guess that things would turn out so?
As for that villain, it was but by chance he
Was chosen, and the choice *might* have succeeded.
All men do not conduct themselves as *he* did.

'Tis no use arguing, I feel; for you
Will always think us grossly in the wrong.
But, Willie, the real world—you know, 'tis true—
Is not quite like the world one reads in song.
The many must be wiser than the few,
Or how could matters have gone on so long?
But, be this as it may, I'm grieved sincerely
For our mistake you should have paid so dearly.

However, put a brave face on't, and keep
Your spirits up ; for girls are fitful creatures ;
And though she vows she ne'er again could sleep
If she beheld your pale reproachful features,
You the reward of constancy will reap
If only you don't let her patience beat yours.
Woman so keen, to start with, in enlisting
In hard resolves, are poor things at resisting.

But for the present she declares she is
Unworthy of you, and she always was so ;
And when I press her hard with that and this,
Answers me in Italian, *non posso*.
She seems to think that something is amiss
With her fair fame and value, just because so
Worthless a scamp as Bullion, when she granted
His people's urgent prayer for him, levanted.

Now 'tis no good entreating her at present.
Either forget her or appear to do so.
Besides, my dearest nephew, 'tis not pleasant
To have your only child and daughter you so
Love—just as though she were a common peasant—
Play a part like the Héloïse of Rousseau.
That cannot be. The thing, whate'er befall,
Must be done properly or not at all.

Therefore, rely on me to bring her round ;
I'll do the very best for you I can.
If anybody does, I know the ground,
And may be trusted to devise a plan.
But at the paper's end myself I've found,
Although I little thought, when I began,
To write a twentieth part of the above.
Good-bye, dear Will. Your uncle sends his love.

EPILOGUE.

So up to date doth stand this precious Drama,
Enacted in a country which doth boast
A Creed more pure than that of Jove or Brama.
Yet is it plain that Fashion sways our coast,
And money is enthroned the British Lama.
Hence our *persona dramatis*, engrossed
In its prevailing worship, by the stress of it
Have for the present made a pretty mess of it.

FINIS.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

WASPS manufacture comb, but have never come into notice
for their honey. Yet a man thinks he has only to make verses
to be a poet.

A man of spirit can always keep his head out of water, but a
coward in difficulties sinks in spirits and water.

"All men are liars." Of course the other sex is not in-
cluded. What says Miss Becker ?

"The Divinity that hedges a king," must have great confi-
dence to back any one to win in the Bourbon Race.

What's in a name ? William Tell would never have come
down to posterity without it.

Birds in their little nests agree that they do not reciprocate
when they hear man "woudling he were a bird." They lay
six eggs to one man would not know how to fly if he had wings.

A woman who has a good figure does not require too low a
dress to make one aware of it : but a badly made girl cannot
suppose that undressing herself will prove what the bare fact
denies.

Motto for ladies in evening dress. "Bare and forbear."

What an extraordinary thing ! as Calcraft said when two
chaplains came to the execution.

The Empire is Peace. That must be the mouth-piece of
war.

Women are like magazines. They must have their little
romance and their padding to make them perfect.

A friend of mine has been put on the staff and sent to Sierra
Leone. This is like being complimented with the command of
a Forlorn Hope, or flattered with precedence at a barricade.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

It may reasonably be expected that now-a-days, in these times
of political Leotardism and buffoonery, nothing will astonish
the public.

The German popular story of the boy who could not shiver—
frighten everyone around him how you might—finds its counter-
part now in a public that cannot be surprised. But while there
is yet a chance of one single shiver existing, may it not be
claimed for a Premier who does not know what are the con-
stitutional functions of a Secretary of State—for a First Lord
of the Treasury who does not know what "my Lords" of the
Treasury have decided and have ordered, and have defended
in Parliament ?

Yet such is the case, taking only one small item of the
marvellous manifesto which, by an "awful dispensation," our
mountebank Minister has lately addressed to the historic county
of Bucks.

"Her Majesty's Government," says M. Leotard, "by placing
in the hands of a single individual a control over the expenditure
of the War Office, commenced a considerable reform during the
late session in the administration of the army." Now everybody
but M. Leotard knows that there has existed ever since 1856
"a single individual" charged with "the control of the expendi-
ture of the War Office," viz., the Secretary of State for War.
What, then, is this new creation of the Prometheus of
Bucks ? Is he above the Secretary of State, is he under the
Secretary of State, or is he in lieu of the Secretary of State ? Is
Sir John Pakington abolished, superseded, or assisted by the
new marvel, this omnivorous, clerkivorous, ministerivorous
monocrat !

But M. Leotard is First Lord of the Treasury as well as Prime
Minister. What view have the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury
taken of the appointment of the Controller-in-Chief—the officer
referred to by the First Lord ? "My Lords" were pleased, under
date 29th June, 1868, to be "of opinion that the functions of the
Controller-in-Chief should be kept entirely distinct from those
of the financial department of the War Office," and insisted that
he should have beside him, on the same platform, a financial
officer of the third rank (for this manifested monocrat is him-
self to be only of the third rank in the War Office cosmogony)
who shall review his arrangements, control his control, and
advise their common chief as to his proposals.

But perhaps M. Leotard took no part with "my other Lords"
in the discussions at the Treasury on this subject, not being
aware how important the subject was, and how strong a card
he had in his hand, until he came to play it out when "speaking
to Buncombe"—to Buckingham, we should say.

Even this plea cannot be pleaded, unless Hansard has joined
all the rest of the world in turning against our amusing political
acrobat ; for that hitherto credible witness records the part
taken by the Leader of the House in the debate in the House
of Commons on the subject of this very Treasury letter.

How, then, can the statement now made by the same Minister
be explained ? We cannot accept the solution that in the can-
didate he deems it expedient to forget the Minister—the First
Lord—the Leader of the House ; but we can only conclude
that he knows, as well as everyone else does, that not one word
of what he states is true, and that not one word of what he
promises is possible ; but glories in the cleverness by which he
bequeaths to his heir—now very apparent—this "legacy of
insult."

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



* * * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THERE is not the slightest truth in the report that Mr. Mark Lemon will shortly give Readings of *Falstaff* "out of (not in) costume," at the Turkish Baths, Jermyn street.

A VERY great Spanish wag, calling himself Don Juan, has taken advantage of the flight of Queen Isabella to inform the world that he considers the moment has arrived for his own abdication in favour of his son, Don Carlos. This is only one claim similar to some dozen others resulting from the fall of the last Bourbon Crown; or, to quote his Royal Highness's own words, "Spanish *fly* is the stuff to bring out the rightful hairs!"

OF course, somebody has offered the Spanish Crown to Prince Alfred, and strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that Gibraltar and £40,000,000 of English money are to go with the young monarch, the idea is not very popular at Madrid. Surely, some more commanding and elderly individual would have had a greater chance of success. Why does not somebody ask Mr. Stuart, the well-known comic-tragedian of the Theatre Royal New Adelphi? He would, we have no doubt, look the thing to perfection, and do it cheerfully for half the money.

HEADS AND CROWNS.

THOSE enthusiasts who have been exulting over the success of the revolution in Spain have already commenced to modify their prophecies as to the bright future in store for that very unsettled country.

A republic is all very well in theory, but as far as the Spaniards are concerned, it has even now been voted an impossibility in practice; and those who professed the deepest pleasure in the turn events have taken during the last month, are already uneasy about the difficulties which are beginning to present themselves in the remodelling of the dislocated Constitution. On one point all are agreed—viz., that a sovereign is wanted; and although one would have supposed that a great many very eligible people would be ready to accept the throne of Spain, if it were offered to them, yet, as a matter of fact, the Spanish chair of state does not promise to offer any great comfort or repose to its occupant, and the eligible people in question are

already showing unmistakable signs of shyness in having anything to do with it. However, the alarmists need not at once despair of providing a fitting sovereign for the vacant place. Although the Emperor of Brazil, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a few other miscellaneous princes have hinted their intention of declining with thanks any overture that might be made to them, yet there are numbers of Royal personages holding inferior positions, or out of place altogether, who would be ready at a moment's notice to make any number of promises, swear any number of oaths, or undertake any amount of responsibility. Indeed, we happen to be in the possession of exclusive information concerning the persons who have expressed their willingness to fill the Spanish throne; and while we regret our space does not permit us to reproduce the whole number of applications which have been sent in to the Provisional Junta, we are constrained to publish the following, which have been selected from the list, as possessing some interest for the British public.

Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein.—Speaks German and a little French. Knows the King of Portugal. Would make himself generally agreeable. Hates the English.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands.—Is highly moral. Middle aged. Of economical tastes. Would annex her present territory if required.

The Maharajah Duleep Singh.—His Highness is of pleasing appearance. Understands nigger driving. Would find his own regalia and coronation robes. Address D. Singh, Esq., 199 Onslow square, S.W.

Prince I-have-seen-the-world, of Abyssinia.—Considers himself well suited for the place. Feels himself rather in the way in England, and does not want to be educated in the family of a clergyman of the Established Church.

Mr. Henry Cole.—Is just the man wanted. Knows all about everything. Is a C.B. Has lots of sons.

It will be at once seen that the alleged difficulties of finding a fit and proper person to succeed the ex-Queen Isabella have been exaggerated. With such a choice as we have enumerated, if a bright future is not in store for Spain, it is her own fault.

EPIGRAM BY A TIMID LOVER.

YOU may tell, dearest Lucy, when sleep takes your mother,
My heart's in my face, though I'm small, by my sighs:
Yet 'tis useless my cowardly feelings to smother;
My heart's in my mouth when she opens her eyes.

VERY CONSCIENTIOUS.

MR. WARD HUNT, when he succeeded Mr. Disraeli in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, seems to have inherited some of the ready effrontery of his predecessor. The other day, in the course of a speech at an agricultural dinner at Wellingborough, he said that his friends had often asked him why he had taken such an active part in the cattle plague debates in the early part of the session of 1866. His reason had been, he assured his audience, that as Northamptonshire was the county which made itself the most prominent in clamouring for legislation on the subject, he considered it to be his bounden duty as one of its representatives in the House of Commons to ventilate the question.

Evidently Mr. Ward Hunt counted on his hearers having forgotten the part he played on the occasion of which he speaks. Happily, the cattle plague is past and over, and its very existence has almost gone from our memory; but if we succeed in calling to mind the proceedings of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons at the period to which he so boastfully refers, they would certainly tend to show that the honourable gentleman was actuated rather by the spirit of petty opposition to any proposal emanating from the other side of the House, than by a sense of duty to his constituents. However, let Mr. Ward Hunt take all the credit to himself that he can obtain. He is not the only member of the late House of Commons whose respect for the truth is weaker than his anxiety for re-election, nor is he the only member of the present Government who has adopted "Popularity at any price" as a motto.





THE LAST OF THE BOURBONS!
OR,
THE FATE OF A VICTIM

W. H. M. G.

[illegible]

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER VI.—*Canard's Illness. A Day's Shooting. Costume of the Chase. Extracts from a Diary. How to Shoot. Results.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 10, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

You will remember that when I last wrote to you I described in my letter the election of the "Lor-Mayor of London," at the Common Hall. You will recollect that I left off at the point where a presumptuous "counselor" had the audacity to impeach the City magnate. What followed was so horrible that it brought on an immediate attack of brain fever. I was laid up for two days, and when I returned to consciousness remembered nothing but the fact that my salary was in arrears (please see to this). But to return. I have had a great deal of pleasure lately. I have been staying at a most charming country house (I was ordered to Herts for change of air after my illness) and have enjoyed myself immensely. On Monday I went out sporting, and on Tuesday assisted at the great "Cesarewitch-gentlemans-jockey-race" at "Nu-markêt." First about my day's shooting.

I rose very early and dressed myself in the costume of the chase as worn in England. I give you a description of the various garments and accoutrements.

Coat.—Red tail. Blue cuffs. Yellow facings.

Epaulets.—Silver.

Trousers.—Yellow cord.

Boots.—"Hors-gar."

Spurs.—Steel. Long.

Hat.—"Gentlemans-jockey." Red plume.

Arms.—Sword. Carbine. Large French horn. Pistols.

Butterfly net.

"Dogues."—A "boule-dogue," two "Kin-Charles," and a "toy-terriere."

Habited thus I left the house of my host at five o'clock. I said to myself, "These insolent islanders are born 'gentlemans-jockeys,' they are 'sporting-mans' from their infancy. As for me I belong to a nation of soldiers. I know more about *la gloire* than the *perdrix*. I will practice this 'rifle-shootin' by myself, where no one can see me, where no one can smile at my failure." I said this, blew a loud note on my horn, and started for the "cover." I give you some notes from my diary.

6 o'clock.—I have very nearly shot something! I passed by a hay-stack and saw something moving to my left. As the "something" was at least five yards off, I thought my carbine would not carry so far, so I didn't fire. If it had been nearer I certainly should have shot it!

6.5 a.m.—The something turns out to be a boy. So as it happens, it was lucky I couldn't get up near enough to it. The boy, for sixpence, has taught me how to load my carbine. In England they do *not* put in the shot first! Ah! these Englishmen, are they not strange?

6.10 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! I've let off my gun! I pulled the trigger, and it went off suddenly with a loud explosion. I am not killed, but the "boule-dogue" is shot through the head. Ah, this sport is grand!

6.15 a.m.—I'm putting in the powder.

6.20 a.m.—Powder in. I'm putting in the first wad.

6.25 a.m.—Wad in. I'm putting in the shot.

6.33 a.m.—Shot in. I'm putting in the second wad.

6.40 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! The carbine is once more loaded! See, I'm a "gentleman's-jockey" already. Ah, Englishmen, it is Jules who will surprise ye!

7 a.m.—I'm passing by a wood. I've just got to a gate. The farmer's boy told me always to put my carbine "haf coc" when I go over a gate. I am to hold the lock and pull the trigger. Well, this manœuvre is difficult, but I will surmount it.

7.2 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! Again my gun has gone off!

It was unexpected, but it was grand. I am still alive, but I've killed both of the "Kin-Charles." Three "Tales of game" in one hour! Come, this is *le sport*! However, in making the "haf coc," I burnt my fingers. This manœuvre is painful, but pleasing.

7.20 to 8.20 a.m.—Loading my carbine.

8.25 a.m.—I have not met a single bird. I have tried to shoot the "toy-terriere," but he bit my leg as I was taking aim. Who could shoot a dog that bites one's toes?

9 a.m.—I am skirting a hedge. There is something moving over there. I shoot! It is dead. Another "tail of game." *Hold, hold, vive le sport!*

12 a.m.—I have let off my carbine three times—each time it went off! I'm now quite accustomed to this shooting. It is quite simple. All you have to do is to support your carbine on the lower part of your chest, close your eyes, turn away your head, and pull the trigger. If you follow out these directions you may be nearly sure of the gun going off. You must not be surprised if you are knocked down. It is the concussion, or as the English call it, the "kic." Until you get accustomed to the sensation of falling it is as well to place a feather-bed behind you.

1 p.m.—I am on a trail. I have read Cooper's novels, and know that when you find a piece of orange-peel you may be sure that you are near something. I follow up the trail, and am close to a wood.

2 p.m.—Yes, there was something! Now Jules for another shot. I place the carbine against the lower part of my chest, and pull the trigger. I fall, and pick myself up.

2.5 p.m.—Heep, heep, heep! I've found it! My shot took effect! Heep, heep, heep! *O gai!* I'VE SHOT A FOX!

2.30 p.m.—I return home in triumph!

Before concluding this letter, I beg to send you a list of the "tails of game" I found in my "game-carpet-bag."

Contents of M. Canard's "game-carpet-bag."

- 1 Fox,
- 2 "Kin-Charles" poodle-boule-dogues,
- 1 English "boule-dogue,
- 4 Pigs,
- and
- 3 Sheeps.

As I was going into the house I shot a canary I found in a cage to make up the dozen. So my grand total was

TWELVE "TAILS OF GAME!"

Next week I will tell you all about my visit to the "Cesarewitch-gentlemans-jockeys race" at "Nu-markêt."

Till then,

Receive the most distinguished considerations of

JULES CANARD.

ROOM FOR WALKER.

WE are delighted to see that several of the more liberal-minded members of the Medical Profession are aiding the movement to establish female physicians, whose labours shall be chiefly, if not wholly, confined to that province of the art which Nature intended women to perform. No amount of scientific cant, and mercenary agitation can blind us to the fact that, the performance of such duties by men is simply a violation of decency. Women have as steady hands and a more delicate touch than men by nature, and there are plenty of women who can master their feelings when there is need of action. We can hardly believe that those medical men to whom pounds, shillings, and pence represent the only view of their art which they know, will be powerful enough to obstruct a reform which, while it opens an honourable field to Woman's labour and ambition, releases her modesty from a trial, which is as unnecessary as it is severe.

'PAUCA VERBA.'—Some Bath chaps have been introducing pigs' heads into their ritualistic pageants. They would do much better if they studied Bacon, or emigrated to the land of Ham.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—In my last letter I explained to you how it came about that a number of the fair sex have got on to the register in our part of the world, and why I am the person selected for the delicate and confidential but somewhat novel and arduous task of soliciting their votes for the two Conservative candidates. I now propose to give you an account of how I have prospered so far in my interesting labours.

You will readily understand, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that I cannot introduce into my letters the names of the "persons" on whom it has been my duty to call. Some women, it is true, have, now-a-days, a remarkably strong itch for publicity, though I am happy to think that the vast majority of them still contemplate it with the old repugnance; but I should just as little think of gratifying the unseemly taste of the former as of wounding the natural delicacy of the latter. I shall therefore confine myself to a description of the reception I met with at their various hands.

I must confess that my canvassing campaign did not open very brilliantly. The first two names on my list were those of maiden ladies, and the next two of widows; but I equally failed to obtain an interview with any one of them. They were all at home, and I was ushered into their drawing-rooms with perfect urbanity by their domestics; but there my success ended. Why, I will tell you immediately. But I should not be doing my duty if I did not tell you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, how much I was struck, in each of these four cases, with the admirable order of so much of the establishment as I was permitted to see. None of them was a pretentious abode, though all of them possessed that air of permanent comfort which Englishmen associate or used to associate with the idea of home. The approach to them was carefully and even scrupulously kept; you might have dined on the door-steps, so exquisitely clean were their smooth white slabs; a bride need not have hesitated to touch the knocker with her delicate glove; and as for the bell-handle, I declare it shone with such lustrous brilliancy that I saw every feature of my countenance reflected, though, of course, somewhat distortedly, on its burnished concave surface. I was not kept waiting above the space of forty seconds. Indeed, my summons must have been attended to the moment it reached the ears for which it was intended. Nor did the apparition that greeted my gaze as the front door was opened for me in any way belie the marks of a well-regulated household that had already attracted it. The waiting-maid who took my name was as far removed from a hussy as from a slattern. She was dressed with surprising neatness, but she had neither ear-rings nor coquettish airs. I did not fall over her train as she showed me into the drawing-room; neither, as she left me to apprise her mistress of my visit, did she fling me one of those would-be seductive looks as well calculated to upset the virtue of a man as to make him seriously doubt that of a woman. She offered me a seat in grave and deferential tones, and as if with the voice of deputed hospitality, and then, without any loitering, left me to perform her errand. I thus had time to note the inexpressible cleanliness, order, and completeness of the apartment, all of which I thought augured well for the success of my mission. Surely, I said to myself, the woman who rules a house so faultlessly organised, and so admirably regulated as this one, must be a thorough Conservative at heart. I had scarcely arrived at this comforting conclusion when the door opened. I rose from my chair, expecting to see the lady of the house herself enter the room. It proved, however, to be only the maid, who, with my card still in her hand, politely asked me if, as her mistress had not the honour of my acquaintance, I would kindly apprise her of the purport of my visit. There was nothing for me to do but to comply, and the servant once more left me. I now began to think that I had entered an establishment even still more Conservative than I imagined—too Conservative, indeed, for the ends of those who had sent me. My penetration was this time not at fault. The well-behaved domestic speedily returned, and with unchanged courtesy of demeanour informed me that her mistress bade her thank me for my consideration in calling, but that she had been put on the register without any application on her part; that had she known of the intention she should have protested against it; and that under no circumstances should she think of availing herself of a privilege she

did neither covet for herself nor approve for her sex. The message also added that the sender of it was extremely sorry I had been put to any trouble in the matter.

Such, Mr. TOMAHAWK, both in form and language, was the reception I met with at the first house at which I presented myself, but such, in substance, was the result of my application at the next three I have already mentioned. At all four I found an elegant and superintended home, in which cleanliness and order reigned supreme, in which the service was deftly and modestly performed, but where the mistress resolutely refused to entertain the subject of politics, or to confer unnecessarily with a mere political visitor. As a member of the Conservative Committee, and the particular member chosen to canvass the softer portion of the constituency, I, of course, felt baffled and disappointed. But as a member, Mr. TOMAHAWK, of Conservative Society, I felt victorious and exultant. "See," I exclaimed to myself, after my fourth repulse, "how little the dreams of philosophers and the machinations of interested agitators affect the real well-being of the community! Its scum and surface may be cankered, but, thank Heaven! its heart is sweet and sound." How far I have since seen reason, through my later experience as a canvasser of the ladies, to modify this opinion, you shall hear in my ensuing communications.

Meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK, I have the honour to subscribe myself your faithful reader, admirer, and friend,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

COMING as we do in the field of criticism a week after every one else, we shall not be accused of enthusiasm, as many of the gushing gentlemen must be who threw off their salvoes of flattering phrases on coming out of the Lyceum Theatre after the performance of Lord Lytton's new play of *The Rightful Heir*, on Saturday, October 3rd. Our readers will, if they take an interest in dramatic literature, have already read in a dozen journals how the new play of *The Rightful Heir* is a phoenix which has arisen out of the grave of *The Sea Captain*, who died after a month's existence some thirty years ago. Every one who has read Thackeray will remember the rattling hail of his ridicule athwart that same captain's doublet, and how James Yellowplush treated the author in the servants' hall.

That immense interest was taken in the old fiasco with a new face was evident by the crowded audience present; though perhaps the live lord in a stage box added not a little to the pleasurable excitement. Literary London was present: that of course means all the gentlemen who "do" the drama for the daily journals, with their friends; the friends of the illustrious dramatist Lord Lytton; and probably not a few friends of the illustrious manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.

Now no one will venture to say that a box-order, or a glass of champagne in the green-room, will give a shade one way or the other to a criticism which appears in our columns, and the mere fact of our speaking our mind proves that we have had no piece accepted at any of the playhouses in London. We have never been asked to dine at any great dramatist's; nor are we writing a burlesque to be produced at Cremorne next season. This being the case we shall perhaps astonish those playgoers who were not present on this occasion, and who have already formed an opinion on the piece through the criticisms of the Press, when we state that a more DREARY, TEDIOUS PIECE, or more common-place acting (with one exception among the actors) we never had the misfortune to sit out.

Having eased our mind of that, we will pass to extenuating circumstances, which are not legion. It is impossible, without reading a piece in blank verse before seeing it acted, to give an honest criticism on the lines spoken. Shakspeare would not bear it. Still less (with all deference to his lordship) Lord Lytton. There is too great a tension on the senses which have to get at the plot, judge the acting and construction of the drama, and think more of the general effect than of ideas or images. There is many an allusion lost, or simile buried, or a poetic creation cancelled altogether by the bad delivery or thick utterance of an actor, or by some external attraction which prevents the fixing of a reminiscence on the memory.

So that not yet having a copy of the play we do not profess to criticise the beauties or failings in the writing. Many a

truism caught up by the crowd at the moment turns out on reading to be simply common-place, while the real poetry contained in a line may only expand by study in perusal.

Take up any paper of Monday, the 5th, and you will find an elaborate outline of the story. There is the hero, Vyvian, repudiated for a time by his mother, Lady Montreville. There is the inevitable young lady, Evelyn, saved from some danger or another, pirates we think, by the hero. There is the wrongful heir, Lord Beaufort, and there is a presumptuous heir presumptive, Sir Grey de Malpas. Add a pirate with his face corked, a military friend (there is always a military friend, who in this case is a naval officer), a seneschal, and a judge, with the usual number of seafaring supers, and men in brass, and you have the ingredients which, under Lord Lytton's manipulation, have been cooked up into the extraordinarily successful play now performing at the Lyceum Theatre.

The five acts and eight tableaux drag their weary weight along like the coils of a sick serpent. There is one good scene which has not actors engaged in it capable of bearing its weight. We did not see Mr. Bandmann in *Narcisse*: we are sorry for it, for honest critics of judgment praise highly some parts of that performance. We went with the hope of finding our stage possessed of another good romantic actor. Mr. Fechter, though not arrived at the highest art, is a good romantic actor. We were sadly disappointed. Mr. Bandmann has a commanding figure but scarcely an expressive face; has not, by any means, a talent for dressing himself; and, though his accent is less noticeable than that of Mr. Fechter, makes such a noise and has such a German delivery that it is very difficult to catch what he says. His passion consists in shaking his head rapidly from side to side as if it were on springs, and his energy is principally evident in profuse perspiration.

He is quite capable of taking a leading part in popular melodrama, but he has no breadth of style and little distinction beyond what his stature gives. In the scene in which his mother repudiates him he goes as far as he can, but it is below the mark; and the thrill imparted to a sympathetic audience by the art of a great actor does not come.

A great actor would never have allowed himself to act while reading a proclamation. Mr. Bandmann does this to such an extent that one almost imagines that, in spite of his excellent English, he does not understand what he is saying. His general delivery smacks too much of the learnt lesson, and his gesture does not always suit the word.

The character which stands out in the play by the efforts of the actor is that of Sir Grey de Malpas. Mr. Vezin has the instinct of the artist in him. He is never offensive, and very often extremely good, as in the scene where he pictures to himself the chances of his inheriting the title. He really merited the applause which followed his exit. We wish we could say as much for all others concerned.

The scenery was flashy, but artistically bad. We speak of those scenes which were new, for we noticed cloths which had done duty in *The Master of Ravenswood*, under Mr. Fechter's management. The costumes, with a few exceptions, had been raised among the authorities of the Bow-street costumiers.

The piece was listened to with great attention; and had it been utterly bad, the same respect would have been shown to the author of *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*. The critics seem all to have carried away the same line in their retentive memories,—

"Bravery leaves cruel deeds to cowards,"—

which, we submit, is scarcely above the average of the Proverbial Philosopher's verses. Cruelty is cowardly and a brave man is not a coward, or *vice versa*, is all you can make out of that line. But there were many lines which will lead us to read *The Rightful Heir* when we get a copy.

Of the popularity of the play we have no doubt. It will not last up to Christmas.

CRITICISM ON "PINDEE SINGH."—Good is NOT the word! THE WAR-CRY OF THE ALDERMAN ON THE WOODCOCK'S TRAIL.—The *Turtle's Hoop*.

AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Archbishop of Dublin descended to punning about *noes* and *nosa*. Rather undignified for a prelate. He will be known henceforth as the Archbishop of Dublintender.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

A PREFACE.

[Private and Confidential.]

Dashover, Beds, Oct. 13, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR,—A good notion has just occurred to me—to send you the whole thing as it stands. As explanation would be useless, and they are expecting me back in the dining-room to finish the '34, I can only refer you to the enclosed MS., adding at the same time that the main idea was unquestionably the thorough *misunderstanding* of the British people—as a people. But I dare say you will excuse brevity when I tell you I have left my friend, Mr. Banks Johnson, and several leading county men over their wine, to pen this hurried note, and catch the post. Perhaps it would help matters to add also that the conversation turned on the position of the country before Europe, and that I gave them fully *my* views, and told them of the step I had more than contemplated. "Send it off at once," said every one of them, and then Johnson had up two bottles of '34 port, and we drank success to it. Here is the man for the post, but I will explain more fully to-morrow.

In great haste, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MONTAGUE ROCHEFOUCAULD BAKER.

P.S.—As the man says there is ten minutes to spare, I will just try and touch up the thing, and put it a little ship-shape. As to terms, I will write about them to-morrow too.

MS.

Before I begin, what do you say to the *Kaleidoscope Reflections* for a title? I haven't time to explain how it might be appropriate, but I think it is better than the "History of Great Britain and Ireland," Banks Johnson's idea. However, take which you like. Mark please that the MS. begins here* :—

* Never mind when the idea struck me, but it did strike me once, to write a book about England and her political and social institutions. I felt that she was misunderstood as a nation, not only by foreigners universally, but unhappily also by too many of her own children.

†† I just add a line here to say my idea was to go off familiarly and pleasantly, yet at the same time preserve the dignity due to the subject. If you think the first "struck" is too much, cut it out. On looking over it again I see it is the "did strike me" which gives the familiarity to the passage. However, do exactly as you like about both. N.B. Let the printer understand these bits marked †† do not go in. The MS. continues (.) here :—

(.) Influenced by this feeling, for a long time I confess that beyond sketching out plans, and jotting down a note or two, I took no practical step in the matter, and I have now only consented to do so at the earnest solicitation of a distinguished circle of friends who have assured me that the vindication of the national character is a patriotic and important work.

†† The very words used by Banks Johnson and the leading county men. MS. again * * * :—

* * * I have therefore determined upon at once giving the result of my few days' investigation into the subject to the world, and continuing my labour in the most complete and searching manner. Of design or form in the combination of my materials the casual reader may possibly find little or none, but it is to the continued attention of the many that I look for that appreciation which —

†† Haven't a moment. The man says he couldn't wait, even if Banks Johnson wanted to make his will and catch the down mail with it. I post therefore *all in the rough*. Please see to it, and try and tack the bit I send above on to the rest, and make it fit. More to-morrow. Great haste.

ROUGH NOTES.

Feb. 9, 1867.

NOTES made by Montague Rochefoucauld Baker, Esq., of Pump court, Inner Temple, Barrister at law, M.J.L.S., &c., &c., on the character of British institutions and customs, in relation to their influence on the social, physical, and political education of the people. Heading for first chapter, "The Old Times *versus* the New." Idea to be carried out by contrasting the

"good old" coaching days with the modern system of railway travelling. The subject to be skilfully handled, and eventually worked round to show the genial, hardy, generous, and dangerous nature of Englishmen.

Notes continued.

June 1, 1868.

ON reading the above, I cannot see exactly now what I meant by it. It seems to tell the other way on the whole. N.B.—The only method of doing the thing thoroughly is to begin with the Queen and Constitution, and go straight through the list down to the very bottom. Say Chap. I.—The Three Estates, subdivided—(1) the Queen; (2) the Lords; (3) the Commons. Necessity of treating same in an original manner. Try allegorical. Gold head, silver body, and lead legs. Carry out idea fully.

Oct. 4, 1868.

ALLEGORY won't do. Better go straight at the subjects in a familiar manner. Inquire into every matter personally. Do London and the great provincial towns. Look up Banks Johnson and get him to ask some leading county people to meet me. N.B.—Write to B. J. this afternoon.

The subjoined letter reached us when the paper was made up. We, however, publish it in connection with the above:—

(Private.)

Dashover, Beds, 7.30 A.M., Oct. 14, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that some apology is due to you for the unnecessary trouble I fear I may have given you. Under the excitement—I am sure I deeply regret it—of an after-dinner conversation, I forwarded you last night a few materials, together with the design, for a series of papers I once contemplated writing. I need scarcely say that I trust you will kindly regard the whole thing in the light of a pardonable joke, played not wilfully upon you, but rather upon

Yours sincerely, with every apology,

MONTAGUE R. BAKER.

The Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

P.S.—Will you kindly return me my MS.?

O YES! O YES! O YES!

To our faithful and well-beloved Charaders, Enigmaters, Logogriphites, Double Acrosticizers, and all the other Merry Maniacs, greeting:

We have received the following letter from our former contributor of food for your mazy brains, which, spite of its tone of groundless irritation towards ourselves, and equally groundless self-satisfaction, we publish:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—With the true magnanimity of genius, I forgive you your contemptible conduct towards myself; my wrath is appeased by the just punishment which Fate, and not the undersigned, has inflicted on you. So you actually thought you could get on without me. Your pride has been humbled. It was not enough that you should compel me to construct double acrostics, though you knew my aversion to that tricky sort of composition, which nearly every miserable comic paper now doles out to its readers in feeble halting rhymes, and by aid of "Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge." However, I yielded to you on this point, and I even succeeded in reconciling myself to a form of enigma which I saw was capable of poetic and elevated treatment. Sir, as you well know, it has always been my endeavour to instruct more than to amuse (!); and whether it was a charade, an enigma, or an acrostic, I relied less upon the vulgar trick of obscurity than the noble art of poetic diction (?). I did not object either to your associating me with a perpetrator of logogriphes, which, though I deem them to be a childish form of problem, yet were treated by your word-twister with some skill. I undertook at last the somewhat difficult task (under the cloak of a pretty fiction) of attempting to instruct my pupils in Abyssinian. The insolent ingratitude with which that attempt was received I do not wish to record. You, Sir, instead of shielding me from the insults of idiots, laughed at

me, and mocked me with petty taunts, and forwarded me letters full of impertinent and vulgar abuse, with ill-disguised satisfaction. You know the consequences. Hurling at you and that ribald crew a Parthian dart of fiery scorn and gleaming satire in the shape of an "acrostic for boys and girls," I turned my back on you, and left you to shift for yourself.

Awful and speedy was the punishment. I have often reflected on the melancholy spectacle afforded by the figure of Hannibal sitting in the ante-room of the Bithynian tyrant, waiting his patron's pleasure to admit him to kiss his hand. I do not mean to compare you, Sir, for one moment, with the mighty Carthaginian (!), but still, *parvis componere magna*—I know you don't understand Latin (!); but some one will translate it for you—still, I say, I cannot help shuddering as I think of you—whom, spite of your many faults, I consider a young man of considerable promise (!)—sitting in the waiting room of our principal lunatic asylums, waiting for a jabbering maniac who might serve your turn. Well! the column for maniacs grew daily weaker and weaker, till at last it collapsed beneath the weight of its own stupidity (!); then you sent into the highways and by-ways to find a more jovial lunatic, and he produced a charade which you had to print twice over before you could think of the answer; and now you have actually descended so low as "My 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, is a dish of vegetables; my 3, 6, 4, 2, is a bird, &c." Oh, shame! where is thy blush? Why, that sort of thing is even below the *Family Herald* and the *Boy's Magazine*. However, as I said before, genius is magnanimous, and I once more come to your rescue. I have invented a new species of acrostic, about which you shall hear more next week. In the meanwhile I have great pleasure in presenting you with the following

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

By Darwin's theory the mother
Develops further in the son:
Though one too often is the other,
The other never will be one.

The first and dearest word for men.
The Landseer of the classic pen.
The substance of a full AMEN.

LAST WEEK'S NUMERICAL MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.

7, 2, 6, 7, 4, 7, 12, Athamas.
7, 12, 5, 7, 12, 9, 7, Aspasia.
2, 9, 5, 6, 3, 1, Typhis.
4, 9, 5, 6, 9, 2, 9, 1, Miphitis,
9, 5, 6, 9, 1, Iphis.
5, 7, 8, 7, 4, 11, 10, 11, 1, Palamedes.
7, 3, 8, 7, 1, Aylas.
2, 6, 3, 11, 12, 11, 12, Thyestes.
1, 11, 4, 11, 8, 11, Semele.
2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 7, Thalia.
5, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1, Pelias.
2, 11, 2, 6, 3, 12, Tethys.
8, 11, 2, 6, 11, Lethes.
11, 11, 8, 9, 1, 12, 7, Eclissa.
6, 9, 5, 5, 9, 7, 12, Hippias.
5, 8, 11, 9, 7, 10, 11, 12, Pleiades.
5, 3, 2, 6, 9, 7, 4, Pythia.
5, 7, 8, 8, 7, 12, Pallas.
9, 5, 6, 9, 4, 11, 10, 9, 7, Iphimedia.
8, 11, 10, 7, Leda.

ANSWER:—STYMPHALIDES.

ANSWERS have been received from T. H. H. G. H. L. F. O., Java Sparrow, Paffy and Seventeen, H. H. D., J. H. L. Winton, C. B., Sam, Cockroach, L. Becker, Mary Powell, Tommy Dodd, Chocolate Cream, Cinderella, Classical Dic(k), Old John, Ruby's Ghost, J. C. Ashford, A Grecian Crayfish, Hugo von Bomsen, F. C., Samuel E. Thomas, M. T. S., Charles Wren, H. W. Howse, S. H. E. I. L., Buzwig (Ross), Rustic Cheltenham, Dyrba Deyol, Yorkshire Tyke, The Barnet Devils, Barnaby's Kaven, W. M. Robertson, Old Tommy, Linda Princess, A Black Heathen, Edipus, L. J. Wright, W. L. J., J. R. Moor, L. E. S., Willie and Annie, H. J. T., Eureka, M. W., Marie St. Leger, Relampago, Winged Partridge, Longcoldandhungry.

(1) Thank you.—ED. TOM.

(2) You humbug! It's plain from your writing you had to look this sentence out in your Dictionary of Quotations before you knew whether it was "*parvis*" or "*magnis*"!—ED. TOM.

(3) Ditto to you; but you never keep your promises.—ED. TOM.

(4) Very well; we will send this to the "Lunatic of Camberwell Green," and look out for your self the next time you go out for a walk in the country.

(1) Quite true!—ED. TOM.

(2) You were quite right. I see you know enough logic to perceive that the greater includes the less.—ED. TOM.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 77.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

LETTER NO. 3.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.

3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
6th July, 1870.

DEAREST CAMILLA,—The storm has come at last! The thunder-cloud which overshadowed us from the beginning has burst at last in all its terrible ferocity, and the forked lightning plays in fitful gleams of fury over the ruined hopes and crushed ambition of your Leonora.

I forgot to mention that ever since we took our seats as members of the House of Commons, a muffled discontent had manifested itself amongst the vile *men*. Curses "deep but low" were heard in the clubs and in the parlours of the public-houses. Groans, and sometimes—oh, the villains!—naughty language assailed us as we passed to and fro from the Senate-house. It was evident to those who knew the "signs of the times," that the natural brutality of Man was ready to burst out into violence at the slightest provocation.

On the accession of Woman to Ministerial power, there were several demonstrations in different parts of the metropolis. We found ourselves face to face with an united and malignant Opposition, smarting under a sense of shame and obloquy on account of their recent defeat. Our friends, like all MEN, had proved faithless. Even the marble brow of Mill was ruffled with menacing anger, while Gladstone was fresh from public meetings, at which he had poured out floods of virtuous indignation against us, and had proved to the satisfaction of all *men* that he had from the first *conscientiously* and *consistently* opposed Female Suffrage.

I only wish I were Mrs. Gladstone, only just for one day; if I did not goad him into a fever, or half-poison him at dinner—why, you might call me a man for ever!

However, I but torture you with suspense. The first measure of importance that we introduced was the "Married Men's Property Bill." This most excellent measure provided that all the property of the husband should be settled on the wife for her own use, except in the case of money earned by precarious labour, in which case two-thirds only should be paid over to the wife; while the husband was to pay all rates and taxes from the remainder. The Bill also provided that all unmarried men were to pay double taxes, in order to relieve the property of married women from too great a burden of taxation.

You will be surprised to hear, Camilla, that this very just and moderate measure excited the very greatest discontent among all the male creatures, and that on the very day on which I wrote to you last a large meeting was held in Hyde Park, which was the commencement of a fearful revolution!

I can best narrate what followed from the notes in my diary:—

JUNE 30.—*Evening*.—The rioters are reported to be 100,000 strong, and to be marching on the Bank of England. All the Guards were ordered to the Bank at once. The Channel Fleet was telegraphed for.

Midnight.—The Guards have all gone to the Bank, but the rioters have seized their barracks, overpowering the few sentinels

left there. The army is reported to be wavering in its allegiance. The Queen is at Balmoral.

JULY 1.—*Morning*.—A beautiful morning. Miss Becker called to say the parks are quiet. Nearly all the rioters have gone to the Crystal Palace.

Afternoon.—Second reading of the "Married Men's Property Bill." The rioters had not gone to the Crystal Palace. St. James's Park is held by them, also Buckingham Palace.

6.30.—Violent speeches by the *men*. The Government refuse to surrender.

7.30.—All the artillery have been sent for from Woolwich.

9.0.—Arrival of the artillery. Hyde Park is full of rioters, armed. All the cavalry sent for from Aldershot.

9.30.—The artillery receive commands to fire on the rioters.

10.0.—The artillery are told not to use any ammunition. (This was fortunate, for they had not got any.)

12.0.—All the balls and evening parties are stopped by the rioters. Coote and Tinney's band have joined them. The clubs are illuminated.

JULY 2.—*Morning Sitting*.—The troops have been withdrawn, and all the public-houses and hotels thrown open to the rioters.

Afternoon Sitting.—Matters are becoming worse. The male members insist on our withdrawing the Bill. Mr. Gladstone and others have addressed the rioters.

5 o'clock *Tea*.—All London in open revolution. No woman is safe. Miss Becker burnt in effigy at the top of Trafalgar square.

8 o'clock.—Private meeting of the supporters of the Government. Resolve not to surrender. Channel Fleet told to anchor at Westminster Bridge.

9 o'clock.—The troops have thrown down their arms. The policemen in possession of all the kitchens. The mob surround the House.

10 o'clock.—The Government asked what they are going to do. We have sent for the Bishop of Oxford.

11 o'clock.—Furious attack on the Government. Few of our supporters at the House. Vote of censure.

11.30.—Attempt to distribute Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" among the ringleaders of the riot.

12 o'clock.—The Government resign.

On the next day, July 3, a sight was seen which will not easily be forgotten. Miss Becker came down to the House at two o'clock, followed by all her supporters; and after having said that she and her right honourable sisters had in vain tried to legislate for the good of mankind—that the object of this last Bill was only to prevent the wretched men from squandering their wives' and children's bread—she announced that she and the whole of her right honourable colleagues had resolved to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds! Every lady-senator nobly followed their example, and before the evening the Houses of Parliament were once more left to those miserable male creatures. Was not this noble self-sacrifice? True to our principles, we refused to withdraw the Bill, and when we found that the miserable male hirelings of the State would not support the Government, instead of provoking a civil war, we magnanimously retired from public life, never to emerge from our retirement till man, plunging into deeper and deeper misery, in the arrogance of his corrupted heart, shall crawl on his hands and knees before us, craving our pardon for his misdeeds, and

entreating us once more to guide the helm which his trembling hand can no longer direct!

Yes, Camilla, for the present our dream of ambition is over; but a time will come when Woman's Rights shall be vindicated before all the world. Male government is tottering to its fall, and this crisis will but expedite its utter ruin. When it collapses beneath the weight of its own corruption, from its ashes shall arise as a glittering Phoenix the mild, beneficent, wise sway of Woman, and the world shall be regenerated.

I am hesitating whether to join a convent or marry, but I think I have decided on the latter course. Who knows but the blessing of daughters may be vouchsafed to me, whom I may rear up in those glorious sentiments and convictions which I first was taught from your dear lips. Farewell Camilla, dearest, for the present. You shall hear from me when I have decided on my future course. I am too gentle to feel revenge, but it shall go hard with me if I do not force my husband to repent the disastrous day on which I was compelled to sign myself,

Dearest Camilla,

Yours ever devoted,

LEONORA,

Stewardess of the Chiltern Hundreds.

P.S.—That Bernal Osborne says that we must not be cast down; all women may hope to sign themselves M.P. if they will only let the letters stand for Maternal Parent.

BRITANNIA AND HISPANIA;

or,

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

BRITANNIA.—Well, sister, you have really accomplished your revolution very decently. As the guide and model of all free, enlightened, and liberty-loving nations, I shall certainly patronise you, and in fact—

HISPANIA.—Thank you for your notice, but pray pardon me if I scarcely understand you. You wish me to follow in your steps?

BRIT.—Precisely. Be a happy, contented, pious, good, charitable, moral people.

HISP.—Why, last week I read that three wretched women died of starvation in the very midst of London.

BRIT.—Possibly.

HISP.—Then I have heard that your poor are the most degraded and ill-treated in Europe.

BRIT.—Well?

HISP.—And as a nation you do not stand high on the score of sobriety. You are the most drunken people in the world, while as to morality—

BRIT.—Excuse me, but I cannot discuss such an improper subject. It is not decent.

HISP.—As you wish, but your piety then? They say you fatten up societies to convert the heathen beyond the seas, but let infidelity and vice play havoc in your very midst.

BRIT.—The newspapers lie.

HISP.—So your Press is not immaculate? However, granted that a portion of it tells the truth, you seem to be drifting into a pretty state of things with that Prime Minister of yours.

BRIT.—He is the champion of religious liberty—

HISP.—And would, therefore, force the creed of five hundred thousand people in the face of four millions.

BRIT.—He is preaching the gospel of peace—

HISP.—By stirring up the embers of sectarian hatred?

BRIT.—He will vindicate the principles of Church and State at any cost—

HISP.—At the cost of riot, or bloodshed, or worse?

BRIT.—And establish justice and right—

HISP.—By trampling both under foot.

BRIT.—Really, you are incorrigible. I tell you once for all, these are the present blessings vouchsafed to us by English liberty.

HISP.—Then in the name of all that is honest, keep them for yourself. Good morning.

MILITARY REFORM.

"WHICHEVER party may be in power next year," says Mr. Gladstone to the men of Warrington, "one thing I will guarantee you, and that is, that you will have greatly diminished Estimates." And there is no doubt that both sides are agreed that retrenchment shall be the order of the day. Retrenchment in army, in navy, and in civil services. Retrenchment, reasonable or unreasonable, judicious or injudicious; the only question in the race is, which party shall reach the lowest figure—the lowest sum total.

Well, it is very certain that there is great room for retrenchment, and ample field for the judicious use of the pruning knife. But we confess to having great fears that the reductions will be too hurried to be well considered, too much extorted by party motives to be safe and reasonable. However, although even injudicious retrenchment may be better than none, yet it may be worth while to think over some items of possible saving, which might themselves be benefits to the service, while bringing with them the further blessing of diminishing the public expenditure.

One such measure will occur to the mind of every military reformer. Let this opportunity of reduction be seized to rid the army of all bad characters. The recently published statistics of military imprisonment have revealed to the public some extraordinary specialities of military life. Cases are recorded of soldiers tried by court-martial no less than twenty times in one year. Picture that to yourself, non-military reader! Realise what that means, thou uncomplaining taxpayer! It means this: that a soldier may be so bad that he is too bad to be turned out of the service. Fancy one of the Ministers bringing his butler or valet to trial for successive crimes twenty times in one year. Would anyone out of Bedlam,—or in Bedlam, as Mr. Bright says,—think for a moment of so dealing with a servant that he has to pay and feed out of his own pocket. No, the man does not live who would keep a servant in his own house to be thus always *on trial*. And yet there are hundreds of well-intentioned ordinarily-intelligent officers who will tell you that it is an excellent practice as regards her Majesty's servants in the army. In fact, that the service would "go to the dogs, Sir," if you did not insist upon hundreds of soldiers being kept in the army only to be shut up in prison,—if you did not expend £80,000 a-year in supporting 3,650 soldiers in confinement, not to mention the half million of money that you have already spent in building military prisons.

It is true that in the estimates laid before Parliament the cost of the Imprisonment vote is put at £15,000 only, instead of £80,000, and that only £15,000 is voted annually for this service. But this pleasantly modified result is attained by the clever device of deducting from the £80,000 the sum of £65,000, being the unused pay of the 3,650 soldiers always in prison. Thus by an ingenious legerdemain you vote, firstly, 3,650 men more than you want, and £65,000 for pay more than you will pay them, to provide that number of men for perpetual imprisonment, and £65,000 towards the cost of confining them.

Nation of lunatics that we are, would any one venture to ask even the House of Commons for £500,000 to build prisons to shut up badly behaved policemen, and to take £65,000 in the police vote as pay of 3,650 policemen always in prison? And yet without any whisper of a commission of lunacy, the Secretary of State for War actually so deals with the House every year with regard to the pay of the 3,650 imprisoned soldiers.

Is the case desperate—is it wholly without remedy? On the contrary, the remedy is in our own hands, and is a perfectly easy one. Let the main punishment in the army be, as in the police force—DISMISSAL. Let the present occasion of retrenchment and reduction be taken advantage of to get rid of all bad and useless men from the army. Let the pernicious system of Bounty be abolished, so that the men thus discharged would have no inducement to re-enlist, and the brutal system of branding men to prevent them re-enlisting would no longer be necessary. Let it be felt throughout the army and throughout the nation that service in her Majesty's army is an honour, to be lost by misconduct, not a penal servitude, to be endured and held to by force; and for every incorrigible blackguard dismissed the army a dozen respectable young men will be eager to join it, to enter a body of men purged from all that are known to contaminate, and assured that no longer will they be

required to associate with men who are kept in the service because they are too bad to be turned out of it. Then, instead of the whole parish weeping over the lad who disgraced himself by entering the Queen's army, the thrifty farmer, father of six sons, would send three of them to the plough and three to the army; and in a few years the return of those sons, well educated, well disciplined, and accustomed to decent companionship in their regiments, would bring more recruits to the recruiting sergeant in the neighbouring town than all the inveigling, drinking, and bounty-giving of the present system can procure.

Any way, let the plan have a trial. No change can be for the worse. Nothing can well be a greater failure than the present system, with its 3,650 soldiers always in prison, and its twenty courts-martial per annum per man. Let the plan be tried; if it fails, it can be abandoned at any moment. But let it be tried, and never could it be tried at a better moment than the present.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

It seems a silly song about the Honeymoon which begins "Up in a Balloon," but the fact is, it is much more philosophical than appears at first sight.

What elasticity! what aspirations on first starting on the wedding trip! what throwing out of the sand of advice! and how small the foolish creatures on the humdrum surface below! But how soon you want to come down again to the earth, and how lucky if you arrive without an accident!

When Cupid makes use of an old beau he can only hit the mark by tipping his arrows with gold.

The flirt promises, but the jilt compromises.

We heard a poetically-minded gourmand saying his lobster supper was waited on by dreams. These must have been the waiters to the Nightmare and Corporation.

Enamelled Iron is advertised as resisting all weathers. It is to be hoped it will prove a better speculation than the Enamelled Brass which guaranteed its beauty for ever.

WOODEN HEADS AND WOODEN SHIPS.

MAJOR PALLISER is doing good service to the nation in calling attention to the scandalous system of waste which has been, and is probably still, going on in the Admiralty. He has written a letter to the *Army and Navy Gazette* in which he quotes portions of the evidence of the Comptroller of the Navy, taken last Session before the Parliamentary Select Committee on Admiralty Accounts. It is there evident that the Admiralty sold twenty-seven ships, and in each case paid a greater sum of money for the old copper returned than the amount paid for the entire ships. The *Medway*, for example, was sold for £2,180, whilst £4,221 was paid on repurchasing her materials.

What would Mrs. Bull say if John were to sell half-a-dozen pairs of old trousers to Moses for a sovereign, and give two guineas for enough cloth out of the same to make a pair of knickerbockers for his eldest boy? Mrs. Bull might storm, and would certainly have a right to do so, if she knew it. But probably Bull, like the Admiralty, would keep it concealed from the governing power, and would go on wasting his materials as before.

This wooden-headed economy, which economises dockyard labour to add 150 per cent. to Admiralty expenses, is the vice of our administrative departments. But why should it be allowed to go on? Why does a man like John Stuart Mill, who has a head for statistics and the theories of political economy, go pottering about after Woman's rights and Odgers' wrongs, when he might be breaking a lance which would hold him up as a champion whose science was worth having in the House?

Any one of the heads whose brains have imagined this means of reducing a nation's debt would discharge any wretched purser or underling who might be found guilty of such a disre-

gard for common sense as would lead him into spending ten pounds where five ought to be sufficient.

Let us hope, then, that others may follow Major Palliser's example, and, without fear of back-stair disapprobation, boldly lay the finger on the wounds which are nourishing parasites and reducing the pocket of England, without any appearance of healing.

ACCEPTED!

A VISION.

BY AN EMBRYO DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

At last my great drama was accepted, and was actually in rehearsal—so I was told, for of course I never went near the theatre—for, as Trumpets, the manager, said: "My dear sir, the last man we want at rehearsals is the author, he is always in the way, and he always spoils everything, if he is allowed to, by giving instructions, or suggestions, or advice about his own piece—which he knows nothing about." I submitted at once to his better judgment, for, after all, Trumpets has had so much experience, he must know.

My piece was a great work, at least I thought so; it had cost me a great deal of trouble, and I had tried all I could to make the dialogue brilliant and yet natural. I had studied all my characters from nature, and I wanted to show that a piece of strong interest could be produced which should depend more on the intricacies of human action and the play of human passion than on scenic displays and abrupt sensations. I had called it *Life and Death*, a title which I thought at once simple and forcible.

I had spent nearly a month of feverish anxiety in a lonely country village to which I had retired, denying myself even the luxury of newspapers, lest I should be excited by the announcement of my own piece, trying to concentrate myself on a philosophical work which I was writing—but all in vain. I could think of nothing but the piece, and the applause of a full house was always ringing in my ears.

At last a letter came from the manager, telling me the piece would be produced on the following Saturday, and that I might, if I chose, attend the last rehearsal on that day. I must say I thought it a mistake to tire out the performers by making them rehearse on the same day, but of course Trumpets knew best.

I got to the theatre in plenty of time. I could not resist stopping to look at the large posters outside the door. There was my name in green letters on a red ground—but the piece! What was the meaning of this? They had changed the name!

ON SATURDAY NEXT

will be produced, with Marvellous Effects, Splendid Appointments, &c., &c., the Thrilling Romantic Drama of

GORY WOUNDS!

or,

THE CUT-THROATS OF CASTILLE!!!

I was indeed, for the moment, a dumbfounded Spaniard. What on earth my drama had got to do with Castille I could not imagine. However, after all, Trumpets is a man of great experience, and of course he knows best what will draw.

I got on to the stage, after nearly breaking my neck several times, and there was a scene of fearful confusion! Immense pieces of machinery were lying scattered about; a motley crowd of persons, who appeared to represent every branch of the mechanical arts (except acting), were grouped about; large telegraph posts were driven into the stage, and a big, clumsy "diligence" was waiting at one of the wings. The smell was awful—oil, sulphur, resin, tar, gunpowder, all contributed their choicest perfumes; while the odour of several animals, more celebrated for their strength than their beauty, reminded me of the inside of a menagerie. I was seeking refuge from the turmoil through a door, which led me I knew not whither, when I was seized by the arm, and a rough voice cried—"Take care where you're going, that's the Dromedary's dressing-room." I sat down on a large deal box, quite bewildered. "I would not sit there if I was you, sir," said a curious-looking individual, who looked like a rat-catcher. "The badger is a very useful animal, but sometimes he do bite." I got up hastily and retreated gloomily to the foot-lights. Nobody paid the slightest attention

to me, except the scene-shifters, who asked me for a pot of beer. I gave them a shilling and waited the arrival of Trumpets.

At last he came, and with him some of the chief performers. He never introduced me to them, but began at once shouting directions to the carpenters.

The piece began. I could not recognise a word of the original dialogue, except every now and then a few sentences which were drowned by a most irritating fidgeting with their fiddles on the part of the orchestra, which Trumpets said was music.

When the hero came on I found he was a most indifferent actor, and that he squinted fearfully. I asked Trumpets why he had selected this man for the part. "Why, my dear fellow, don't you see what a capital squint he has got?" I did not see what that had got to do with it. "Well," said Trumpets, "the fact is, the part wanted go, so we introduced a squint, just to give it character—and there you are, Skewken's the very man for it. Everybody alludes to his squinting, and the audience immediately see the squint is real." Before such experienced wisdom I was silent. At last the great scene came. It was a valley in Spain, so Trumpets told me. "You see, he said, we altered the *locale* to give it go." The telegraph posts, with real telegraph wires, ran across the stage; a road led along the top of a precipice on one side; on the other was part of a low inn. In this scene several live animals (besides the actors) were introduced; tame rabbits were placed on ledges of the rock; sheep, tied by the neck to posts, grazed on cut grass; while my friend the badger turned head over heels for the amusement of the guests of the inn. The live dromedary was also introduced, and went through some very mild performances. The scene concluded by a real diligence, with real passengers, being plundered by brigands (also real, I should think), who cut the telegraph wires, and tumbled the diligence, with all its inside passengers, over the precipice on to a fearful bank of feather beds. I was fairly overcome with astonishment. "Good heavens! Mr. Trumpets," I said, "where did you get this from—not from my piece?" "My dear fellow," replied Trumpets, "it's your idea, I assure you, though you don't know it. One of your characters talked of going to Spain, and so it at once suggested the idea. Then you called your hero's house 'The Warren': that suggested the rabbits, and the dromedary and the badger I got cheap; and you see to-night if they don't rouse the audience to enthusiasm. Reality's everything now-a-days. I had thought of introducing some live fleas—Spain's a very dirty place, you know—but the band objected, and I gave in; perhaps they would not have gone for much after all!"

I went, disgusted, away; but not before I had heard my heroine singing a comic duet with the villain, introduced, as Trumpets told me, "because he had engaged her for burlesque, and he could not let her voice be idle."

The evening came. I got myself up in my best evening clothes. The piece "went" tremendously. The applause was terrific. I practised bowing between the acts, at the back of my box; and when the curtain came down, amidst "terrific enthusiasm," I confess I felt nervous. The audience called the man with the squint, the lady with the comic song; they called the scene-painter, the carpenter, the gas-man, and the prompter. Then there arose a louder shout than all. I got ready to go on. Somebody cried "Come back!" Too late; I was on, and they were *hissing* me! They were calling, not me, but the performing badger!

MR. BOUCICAULT, PLEASE!

MR. J. ARNOLD CAVE has produced at the Victoria Theatre the original of your *original* drama, *After Dark!* TOMAHAWK is obliged to Mr. Cave for "showing you up." You are thoroughly beaten—even the "Express train" (worth to you some £43,000 isn't it?) is surpassed at "Queen Victoria's Own Theatre." Don't poach again Mr. Boucicault—*cave canem!*

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE FROME.—There was a report that Mr. Tom Hughes had gone over to Rome. We need scarcely contradict it, the only foundation for it being that the honourable gentleman had deserted the archiepiscopal precincts of Lambeth for the charms of (F)rome?

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISHMEN.

BRITISH LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.

BEFORE I commence in earnest, I think I may say that there is no occasion to enter into any particulars of what has passed between us since the publication of my rather confused correspondence in your last number. Suffice it to say, that I am *now* your recognised commissioner, and that holding that important post, I mean to enter upon my labours at once.

Banks Johnson takes the chair to-night at the large political meeting at West Duffington, and he has asked me to *support* him. I am going to support him, for as he very truly says, freedom of speech is one of the birthrights of every Englishman, and its exercise for political purposes is a privilege and a boon that may well excite the envy and the admiration of the world. As there will be speeches on both sides, B. J. thinks the meeting may be lively, and that I had better take my notebook with me. A grand thing, this honest, manly interchange of opinion, and a credit to the innate justice of the rough but honest-hearted English people! The idea was B. J.'s, but I borrowed it, and you see how I have headed this letter. But more at the meeting. Here is the carriage, and we are off.⁽¹⁾

Just arrived at West Duffington. Have been shown into a small committee-room giving on to the platform. B. J. has introduced me to the mayor and several influential local men. Noticed a great crowd and a good deal of shouting outside the hall as we drove, by a rather circuitous route, to the back entrance. B. J. has just asked the mayor something about the police. I wonder why he did that. Just found out that it is a Conservative meeting, and that they expect some opposition. No use telling B. J. that I am liberally inclined? Better not; it might annoy him. Mayor coming across room, smiling, to talk to me. Speaks rather indistinctly, but certainly said something about "showing somebody what we are made of." Wonder what he meant by *that*? Can't have meant that there might be a row in the hall! Better perhaps hint to B. J. that I don't sympathise entirely with Disraeli. I will. Can't catch his eye. I thought so. They are going on to the platform.⁽²⁾

We are on the platform. B. J. is in the chair, the mayor on one side, and I am on the other. Behind us lots of local influential men, cutting off all communication with the door. Hall crammed, and uproar terrible. Applause faint and quickly stifled. Hooting, yelling, and hissing almost threatening. Mayor introduces Banks Johnson in dumb show. B. J. rises and bows repeatedly. Uproar on the increase. B. J. tries to speak, but can't make a word of it heard. Turns to me, but I can't hear what he says. Bawls in my ear that I had better get up and bow. I do. Increased uproar, deafening jeers, and shouts of "No London soap." Very dirty but powerful-looking person is getting on a form at the other end of the hall, and flourishing his fist, I think, at me. I wonder what *he* wants? Diminished noise and momentary attention to powerful-looking person who is making impromptu speech. Powerful-looking person says he knows *me* for "a dandy wig-block of an aristocrat," and that I have been "brought from London for the purpose of being forced down the honest working man's throat like a gag, as I am." He adds also that the men of West Duffington do not require any of my "lies, soft sawder, or fiddlesticks." Great confusion at the other end of the hall, and cries of "put him under the pump." Several objectionable-looking people in fustian seem to be making angrily for the platform. I really think they are after *me*. Better point it out to Banks Johnson. I do, but he can't hear me. I have bawled it out to him, and think I must have been overheard. Police *seem* to be interfering, but the fustian is certainly closer than it was. B. J. strongly advises me to speak, and introduces me in dumb show. I say I won't. B. J. says I must, and forces me on to my legs in the midst of renewed yells. I have

(1) Some VERY wild marks appear here. We have reproduced them to the best of our ability. Our correspondent is evidently a little "strange" to type and printing ink.—ED. TOM.

just experienced a sort of sensation about the forehead, as if I had been struck hard with a well worn kettle drum-stick, and violently but instantaneously shampooed. Somebody has hit me with a rotten egg. I turn to B. J. indignantly, but he suddenly slides off his chair with his glass of water and table-cloth on to the floor. The van of the fustian have got him by the legs. Sticks are now apparently being used freely everywhere, and I struggle with the local influence to get to the door. I have been again instantaneously shampooed, this time in the neck. I tell the Mayor *he* ought to be ashamed of himself, and ask why on earth he does not call out the military. He can't hear me. I wonder what has become of the carriage!

Home again at Dashover. I have a severe contusion on my right eye, and a leech over the left. I notice, too, that both my coat tails are gone. Banks Johnson is having a warm bath, but the doctor says he won't get over the shock for some time to come. B. J. says the meeting was *not* exactly a success, but that it won't be without its results.

B. J. is right. I see I have headed this letter "British Love of Fair Play," and now for my "reflections." None—the thing is all humbug.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—You will allow that the experiences which I detailed to you in my last communication were not very encouraging to me in my capacity of canvasser of the gentle sex, however gratifying they may have been to me as a man of sense and a serious member of society. But invigorating myself with the familiar reflection that "faint heart never won fair lady," at the commencement of the week I resumed my hitherto profitless labours.

The first "Person"—I must request that in future you will do me the favour to print this important word with a capital letter—the first Person to whom I paid my respects on Monday forenoon last was a lady who had lost her husband some two years previously, but whose name, despite the long lapse of time since that grave event, I had never heard mentioned in connection with rumours of a fresh marriage. She lives a quiet, retired existence, and I had always been given to understand that she considered life as robbed of its chief importance for her, when the companion of her youth was withdrawn by one of those inscrutably despotic decrees to which, Mr. TOMAHAWK, Conservatives and Radicals alike must bow. But I am bound to say that she had not on that account abandoned any of the interest in her home which its external appearance had for many years previously led me to see that somebody or other felt in it. In her husband's lifetime its garden and porch had always been models of neatness; and I noticed, as I walked sedately up to its portal, that its grass-plots, gravel-walks, and flower-borders were more scrupulously cared for even than I had imagined.

The interior of her abode was in harmony with the impression that its external aspect was calculated to produce on the observer. In none of the four establishments which I had already visited, and on whose domestic characteristics, you will remember, I thought it my duty last week to dilate, were order, purity, and taste more conspicuous; and the garb and manners of the servant-girl that admitted me were an exact copy of those I have already described. But this time I was destined to have an interview with the mistress.

She entered, with no affectation of ineradicable sorrow on her countenance; but I could see at a glance that sunshine had long departed from her face, and, indeed, from her heart. It was clear that, with the loss of her spouse, she had entered into the evening twilight of existence, and that she was interiorly longing for the blessed night which should restore her to his presence. Nevertheless, she received me with a gracious air, and a look of delicate but unspoken wonder as to what could possibly have prompted my visit. After a brief compliment upon the beauty of some late roses that clambered up her porch, which she accepted with much simple sweetness, I introduced the subject that, I said, had emboldened me to intrude upon her privacy.

"Oh! Mr. Smalltalk!" she exclaimed, "you do not mean to say that they have put my name on the register!"

I assured her that such was the case.

"I had not a notion of it," she continued; "and had I been consulted, I should certainly have used all my influence to prevent anything of the kind being done. I have seen in some of the newspapers that there is a good deal of talk going on about what they call the female franchise; but I quite fancied that the idea was confined to a few fanatical men and a few foolish women. I certainly did not suppose that anything of the sort would occur in this neighbourhood."

I remarked that I presumed she was opposed to women mixing themselves up in politics.

"Indeed I am," she replied. "I am quite sure that my dear husband would have heard of such a practice with horror; and I need scarcely add that, such having been his opinions, they are still also mine."

It was difficult for me, Mr. TOMAHAWK, to argue with a Person with whom I in reality so cordially agreed; but I remembered that I was only an ambassador, and had solely to perform the functions of a deputy. I therefore assured her that, no matter what her private views on that point might be, her name was now on the register, and she was fully entitled to record her vote at the approaching election. Such, I added, being the case, I trusted that she would record it in favour of the Conservative candidates.

I was, of course, about to enlarge upon their personal claims and the indisputable merits of their political opinions, when she pulled me up as short as she had done on first hearing that her name had been so improperly trifled with.

"Vote for the Conservatives, Mr. Smalltalk!" she exclaimed. "That is quite impossible. My dear husband was a Liberal all his life; and I should as soon think of obliterating my remembrance of him as of performing any act, private or public, that could appear to be done in contravention of his wishes or of his principles. I do not want to vote at all, for I feel sure that he would have strongly disapproved of my doing so. But if it is to be a matter of compulsion, and I am forced to vote for one side or the other, I shall assuredly vote for that side which, had he been living, he would have himself supported."

I confess to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that when these words fell from her lips, and she had done speaking, I never felt so much inclined in my life to go down on my knees and propose to a woman as I did then. As I told you the first time I had the honour of addressing you, I am a bachelor, and am generally regarded as an impenitent one; but I believe that I should at that moment have upset all the calculations of my friends but for one deterring consideration, which opportunely came to my aid, and saved me from making a fool of myself. I remembered in time that a woman who was so faithful to the memory of one husband was not likely to take another. I therefore remained for a few moments stupefied and silent with admiration. Ah, Mr. TOMAHAWK! there is something deeper, truer, and more commanding of sympathy than our little Whig and Tory squabbles; for here was I, a Conservative canvasser, on the very point of throwing myself at the feet of a woman because she declared that if she voted at all, she should vote for the Liberal candidate! You may say I am a poor politician and an untrustworthy partisan. But, Mr. TOMAHAWK, *homo sum*, and I am disposed to believe that that is a nobler title than is to be discovered in the whole range of political nomenclature.

"Madam!" I exclaimed, when at length I rose to my feet to take my farewell, "I honour you from my heart. Following the instincts of your own, you can never fail to be right. If I could but think that there were many Persons like yourself, I should still not despair of the Republic."

I fancy the modest creature scarcely understood me, and thought me as extravagant in my parting compliments as she had deemed me unreasonable in my opening request. But, you know, it is of the nature of true virtue to be unconscious of its fine qualities.

I was destined to meet with a rude shock in my next experience, as it was opposed in every conceivable particular to the one I have just narrated. But as this letter has already run to a considerable length, I will reserve an account of it for my next communication; remaining, meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your friend and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"

Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.

Order of any Bookseller.



Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THERE is a good deal of dry humour about the Spanish Revolution. General Prim, it is said, remarked the other day, in reference to the poll-tax, that it had only been imposed for the purpose of proving to the world that Spain was determined to go *a-head*.

IT is absolutely false that Exeter Hall, following the example set in the case of the Royal Alfred Marylebone Theatre, is to be shortly opened as a rival to the Alhambra, under the title of "The Christian," and under the patronage of a certain Royal jocular and popular Prince.

THE Middlesex Magistrates have once again been playing the fool. At the application for licences the other day, they granted dancing certificates to Cremorne and the Alhambra, the Argyll Rooms, &c., and refused a similar favour to the London Pavilion. Really, every sensible person knows that a man only patronises those places "out of curiosity" (to quote Lord Ranelagh). A fellow only goes to music halls to see the legs of the—tables!

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has very properly refused to become a "Free and Accepted Mason." In this country this brotherhood is harmless enough. The members are all good fellows, and their ceremonies mean more or less "dinner and harmony." Abroad it is different—very often the machinery of the combination is used for spreading revolution and bloodshed. The Heir-Apparent to the British throne will get through life well enough without the aid of sham Christianity and Brummagem "Brotherly love."

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.—Not the chignon!

NEWS FOR THE SOUTH MIDDLESEX RIFLES.—Some of Madame Rachel's friends declare it to be very hard that she should be so severely punished for having been unable to put a new complexion on some of the features of an extremely bad case.

LOGIC FOR LANDLORDS.

"TO BE LET,—A gentlemanly residence." Although one reads this announcement almost daily in the advertising columns of the *Times*, we have often felt puzzled to understand or to realise what is the course of conduct that a house could pursue to qualify for the title of gentlemanly. It has been suggested that as a gentleman might be a brick, if he behaved as such, so a house might be gentlemanly with him; but this we could not see. However, the mystery was solved the other day by a witness at a trial in the Court of Common Pleas, who informed the judge that his landlord had behaved very liberally to him, and "had done up his house like a gentleman."

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

THE *Times* has been falling foul of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the well-known "HISTORICUS" and "H." to whom the honours of its largest type are so frequently accorded. Mr. Harcourt has been talking some democratic nonsense at Birmingham, in order to pander to the conceit of the uneducated classes, whose suffrages he is now courting in Oxford city; and for this his great patron has given him a good dressing. Whereupon, Mr. Vernon Harcourt writes a long letter to the *Times* and eats humble pie. He is evidently still sufficiently partial to the educated portion of the community not to wish that the *Times* should drop its "H's."

CREATURES OF RABBIT.

THE electors of East Devon have set an example of some good, sound sense to the county constituencies. Sir Lawrence Palk and Lord Courtenay, the Conservative candidates, last week addressed a monster meeting at Axminster, for the purpose of making an exposition of their views and sentiments. Contrary to the rule on such occasions, the proceedings were of the most orderly nature. Although a large number of Liberals were present, they listened with respectful attention to Sir Lawrence Palk's condemnation of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish Church policy; and they even tolerated a long-winded oration by Lord Courtenay in favour of Sir John Pakington's military administration. Whatever may have been the natural reflections of the Liberal electors who aided and abetted such political heresy, they had agreed to smother their feelings in the knowledge that there existed between themselves and the Conservative candidates a bond of union much nearer to their hearts and homes than that between Church and State. Lord Courtenay's speech, as we have said, was delivered without interruption to a most patient and attentive audience; but when, in conclusion, his Lordship announced that in the "GREAT RABBIT QUESTION" his hearers had nothing to fear, as on his father's estates everyone had a right to kill rabbits when and how they liked, the whole audience became enthusiastic, and it was amidst a perfect hurricane of applause that Lord Courtenay added, that he had reason to believe that his brother candidate had made up his mind to extend the same facilities to his tenants as well.

Although it may sound absurd that an enlightened constituency should be influenced by so low a consideration as rabbits, yet there is something refreshingly practical in the idea. After all, what is the ballot, universal suffrage, religious equality, and every political blessing to the chance of obtaining a good dinner at somebody else's expense? We sympathise with the electors of East Devon. May Palk and Courtenay be returned at the head of the poll!

FOUND NEAR SCOTLAND YARD.

DEAR DIZZY,—You asked me for a riddle the other day. Here is one:—Why is a dog like a woman? Because it wants muzzlin' in the hot weather.

Yours very officially,
DICKY MAYNE.

THE TOMAHAWK, October 24, 1868.



CALLLED TO THE ARENA!
OR,
OPENING THE DOOR TO REVOLUTION.

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER VII.—*Ingratitude. The "Reward" of a Fox-shooter! The "Cours" at "Nu-markét." "Epsom Salts." "Le Ponch Judd." The Race. Why Nelusko was Beaten. Le Perfide Albion.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 16, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH-RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

To my extreme surprise, the day's sport I described to you in my last communication gave great and general dissatisfaction in the "conté." They called me a "vulpecide"—a "müff"—a "hombog." It appears that the fox is an animal held sacred by the English—so much so that when one is killed (which occasionally occurs) its name and pedigree is at once added to a sort of Koran called "The Foxes Book of Martyrs." As I have said before, the habits and customs of these barbarians are most strange and brutal. Be this as it may, my glorious day's "sport," culminating with the shooting of a fox, brought upon me derision and ignominy, instead of fame and "la gloire!" Ah! I was disgusted!

But come, I have something to tell you. If you will remember, I said when I last addressed you that I had been to see the "Gentlemans-Jocké-Cæsarewitch-Steeple-Chase" at "Nu-markét." It is true, and now the time has arrived for describing it.

These barbarous islanders (who can never enjoy themselves except when they are most miserable) always wait for a wet day before going to a "meetin" of "gentlemans-jockés." Such was the case on this occasion. The rain was pouring down, the fog was as thick as butter, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared when the "drag" was brought round to the door. It was a long black carriage on four wheels. It was heavily draped with black velvet, and had a plume of black feathers at each corner. It was drawn by four black horses, also plumed and draped. I am told that when it is used by any one else but the "gentlemans-jockés" it is called a "hears." Upon this "drag" we climbed, covering ourselves with the universal "mac-intosh" and shielding ourselves from the rain by the use of umbrellas. By and by my friend Smith (who was one of our party) called out to me

"Jules, here is something to drink."

"Nay, friend," I replied, "it is too early in the morning for thy 'gingère-pop'—my head is not strong—I have the 'hot coppères!'"

"Never mind," said he, forcing into my hand a white mixture, "here is something to make thee 'sportin.' Come, drink! It is the 'Epsomsalt!'"

I tasted it; it was nasty. I would have declined, but they urged upon me that one could not be a "gentlemans-jocké" without drinking it. It comes from Derbé wholesale, and is sold retail in hampers at a place called "Fortnum-mason." To become "sportin" I drank it.

To our great chagrin, at about twelve the rain ceased, and, to every one's extreme surprise, the sun appeared. It was the first time I had seen him since my arrival in England!

And now we drove on to the "cours." I have been called upon to witness many horrible spectacles, but I have never seen the like of what now met my gaze. I have been to an execution for murder at the "Ole-bailé," to a "burlesq" of Sir Halliday—still neither of these tragedies equalled in intensity the piece (it was a play) presented, on this occasion, to my notice. Read a little further and say, are not these English brutal babarians?

But wait a moment, I wish here to say something about "Nu-markét." The piece is so terrible that I willingly break off for a moment to delay the history of its horrors. So for a second I speak about "Nu-markét."

As a curiosity, perhaps it will be as well to map out for you the "rac-cours" at this celebrated spot. As you may imagine, it is full of "obstacles." Yes, England may be barbarous, but it is "sportin."

To assist you, then, here is

A MAP OF "NU-MARKET RAC-COURS."

BY
JULES CANARD.

THE START.

Two Miles of Ploughed Field.

1st Obstacle.—The "Bul-finch."

Four Miles of "Mac-adam."

2nd Obstacle.—The "Wir-fens."

Four Miles of "Granit."

3rd Obstacle.—The "Hed-ges."

A Mile of "Dis-tans."

THE WINNING POST.

There, that is a very rough sketch, but it will give you some notion what the "cours" of the "Gentlemans-Jocké-Cæsarewitch-Steeple-Chase Race" is like. Oh! certainly, the English are "sportin!"

But now to return to that horrible spectacle which has already been mentioned. To that piece more terrible than an

Chairs of the Judges.

Chairs of the Judges.

execution for murder at the "Ole Bailé"—more horrible than a "burlesq" of Sir Halliday.

The stage represented a street, with houses and shops, as one might see them in "Pelmel," or "Peckadilie." The principal character was dressed in many colours; his face was sombre and diabolical. Smith told me the rôle was played by a M. Phelp, but I cannot always rely on Smith—he is sometimes traitor. With your permission I will give you the dialogue of one of the tableaux of the piece (which was short), as well as, I can remember it. The name of the hero was "M. le Pons," who was discovered on the stage.

LE PONS.—Ah, I am here! Alone! I love it. But see—here comes Madame, my wife.

(Enter Madame le Pons. L.)

MDME. LE PONS.—Ah! Monsieur, how unhappy I am to be with you. Ten years ago you took me away from my parents—from my mother! (Weeps.) It was cruel, Monsieur!

LE PONS.—But, Madame—

MDME. LE PONS.—You do not love me—nor our child, our little one!

LE PONS (with rage).—Madame, be silent! Or is it necessary that I must get my bâton, so that I may beat out your brains?

MDME. LE PONS.—You would not harm me? Nay, Monsieur, think of our child—our little one! (She takes her child to her arms.) See how he smiles! It is thy mother, sweet one, who kisses thee. (She kisses the child.)

LE PONS.—Give me the child! (Movement of Madame.) Madame, it is your husband who commands!

MDME. LE PONS (in tears).—Oh! why was I bought at Smithfield? (She gives up the child.) Here, Monsieur, you see I am obedient!

LE PONS (with joy).—Now for my revenge! (He throws the child brutally to the ground.)

MDME. LE PONS.—Monster!

LE PONS.—Ah! where is my bâton? (He seizes a large stick.)

MDME. LE PONS.—Mercy! mercy!

LE PONS.—It is too late! (He beats her brains out with the stick. Tableau.)

And, would you believe it, these brutal English actually cheered! This disgusting exhibition is called "Le Ponch-judé."

And now we came close to the "cours," of which I have already given you a map. The "ploughed ground" is the best kind of road for a Frenchman to travel upon. It has two merits: it stops your horse from running too fast, and, if you leave hold of the pommel and are consequently thrown, you fall upon soft mud. The First Obstacle, "the bul-finch," means exactly the same thing in French as it does in English, so your readers will easily comprehend the signification of the word. The "wir-fens" is added at the last moment, so that the "gentlemans-jockés" shall know nothing about it. It is invisible to the riders, but dangerous. My map will render any further explanation unnecessary.

The "Gentlemans-Jocké-Cæsarewitch-Steeple-Chase Race" is one of the great "handi-caps" of the year. This word, "handi-cap," is little understood in France; so I think it just as well to tell you its meaning. On account of the ignorance of some of my compatriots, I am certain that many of the great races of my native country are annually carried off by English cab-horses! Of course you know that every "steeple-chase" is won by weight—a fat horse is always the victor. So, to make a race equal, it becomes necessary to make all the horses of the same weight. This duty has to be performed by a naval officer (Britannia loves the sea), who, on account of the effect his decisions are known to have upon the public is called the "Admiral Rows." Just before a race this official goes down to the "paddock," where is hung on these occasions an immense pair of scales. The horses are duly weighed, and if too fat are immediately placed in Turkish Baths until the proper standard has been reached; if too thin they are fed on muffins and crumpets and "Thorley's Food for Cattle" (a very toothsome dish—I frequently dine upon it), until the like result has been attained. On this occasion the horses were exactly the same weight. They got into a line. The band played "Rule Britannia," the "starter" waved the British flag, and they were off!

On they come over the ploughed field like an avalanche, Nélusko (the French horse) doing wonders. The "bul-finch" is soon mastered. Hurrah for La France! Nélusko wins in a "cantère." By this time the hero of the hour is leading by a couple of miles. On, on, on, like a roaring torrent—like a stream of rushing water. But see, here comes the Second Obstacle! Alas! The English set up a hoarse roar as Nélusko charges the "wir-fens" and is cut in half! But see, the "gentlemans-jocké" knows his duty. He jumps off and gives the poor horse a "pil." Hurrah for La belle France! that "pil" of Holloway has saved thy honour! But no, what is this? A "polis-man" approaches. "You go no further," he says. "Nélusko is Frenchman—he shall not win." It is useless—that "polis-man" is the law!

The other horses pass. When they have gone for half an hour Nélusko is allowed to go. Nélusko is third!

It is disgusting!

Oh Perfide Albion!!

Receive the indignant consideration of

JULES CANARD.

A FACT!

or,

CANVASSING THE COUNTRY.

SCENE—An Agricultural Labourer's Cottage.

PERIOD—The Middle of the Nineteenth Century.

ENTER—Rather Unscrupulous and Elderly Lady, of strong modern Tory principles, carrying a Petition to "Her Most Gracious Majesty, praying, &c., &c."

RATHER UNSCRUPULOUS LADY (addressing the assembled household, generally).—Good morning; I am glad I find you in. You have read the little tract I gave you?

VERY SCRUPULOUS HEAD OF FAMILY (truthfully).—Yees, m'm.

R. U.—That is right, and I hope you see fully now what that dreadfully wicked man, Mr. Gladstone, is about?

V. S. (vaguely).—Yees, m'm.

R. U.—You do not wish, then, to have the rack and thumb-screw introduced into your village?

V. S. (not exactly seeing it).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or your little ones burned alive under your very eyes?

V. S. (confused).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or horrid Atheists, Ritualists, and Radicals let loose over this Christian country, seeking whom they may devour?

V. S. (more confused).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or that terrible and impious monster who heads the Liberal party, and is in league with Mr. Bright, Satan, and the Fenians, seizing your wives by their throats and forcing them to worship Baal?

V. S. (more confused still).—Noa, m'm.

R. U.—Or crumbling your beautiful church into the dust, and getting drunk over its ruins in the heart's blood of your rector, quaffed in the golden vessels that have been robbed from the helpless sheep of his flock?

V. S. (quite at sea).—Noa, m'm!

R. U.—Then sign this. (Puts petition before him.)

V. S. (relieved).—Yees, m'm. (Signs.)

(And the business is repeated next door with equally brilliant success.)

SILVER GILT.—Stealing the spoons.

SPAIN'S PAIN!—Geographical question for financiers:—Where is the capital of Spain?

A QUERY.—The Bourbons are at a discount. No country will have them. Their occupation is gone. Would it not be as well if they all took a ship and sought to find a new world where their virtues might be appreciated and their vices unknown?

POT AND KETTLE.

A PRETTY little bit of sparring has been going on between our conceited contemporaries the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Spectator*, which reminds us of the editorial quarrel by the country inn fireside in the "Pickwick Papers." The *Spectator* says that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is "ungentlemanly," and the *Pall Mall* retorts, "You're another." We confess that we are obliged to agree with both of them. The *Spectator's* complaint is founded on the language employed by the *Pall Mall* towards Odger, the working man's candidate for Chelsea; and though we are not such screaming Radicals as to think, with the *Spectator*, that Odger's proper place in creation is the House of Commons, we are certainly of opinion that his attempt to get himself there does not justify the unmanly, to say nothing of the ungentlemanly, insults heaped upon him by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Spectator* adds that the *Pall Mall's* suppression of Professor Fawcett's temperate statement of Mr. Odger's real claims to political confidence obliges it to change its estimate of its contemporary's standard of honour. We must once again allow that if our estimate of the *Pall Mall's* standard of honour had ever been very high, so scurvy a trick would have compelled us also to lower it. But of all the journals entitled to administer such a reproof, the *Spectator* seems to have the slightest qualifications; and in the very number in which it takes upon itself to rebuke the *Pall Mall's* sense of honour, it gives a shocking proof of the ricketiness of its own. One Dr. Inman, whose name even is strange to us, has written a book called "Ancient Faiths," which the *Spectator* reviewed both in a hostile and in an offensive manner. Dr. Inman then writes to the *Spectator*, and the *Spectator* suppresses his letter, giving the following excuse for doing so:—"Dr. Inman, so far from substantiating various misrepresentations of which he complains, so completely misunderstands or perverts what we did say, as to leave us nothing to retract or modify; and his tone is such as would not justify us in inserting his remarks." We wonder what must be the "tone" to which the *Spectator* objects; but it is quite impossible that it should be worse than the accusation of "misunderstanding or perverting," which the *Spectator* flings at the Doctor. In other words, the *Spectator* grossly insults Dr. Inman, and then refuses to let him be heard! And this in the very number in which it accuses the *Pall Mall* of ungentlemanliness and a low standard of honour, for doing precisely the same thing! In making good its case against its contemporary, the *Spectator* has passed a severe judgment on itself; and as TOMAHAWK has noticed of late a very pronounced spirit and attitude of unfairness, to use a mild word under the circumstances, in that weekly journal, he feels himself bound to administer this severe correction. He hopes it will be followed by amendment.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

THAT most prosy but respectable institution, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Foreign Parts, is on the eve of a serious disaster. At its last meeting the sober monotony of its proceedings was interrupted by a noisy discussion on the subject of a grant of £2,000 for the use of the Church in Natal, which it was proposed should be made independently of Bishop Colenso. The Opposition fought hard, but an amendment declining to pledge the Society to any opinion on disputed questions was rejected, and the grant was carried by a majority of 130 to 94. The dissension, however, has not its ending here, for a notice was immediately given for rescinding the vote; and an application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction is shortly to be made.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is a well-to-do institution, and, thanks to its long establishment and a satisfactory balance at its bankers, has hitherto commanded the respect of a large and influential class of the public; but a Chancery suit must weaken the most ample resources, and a party fight must destroy the most legitimate influence. However, the sowers of the seed of dissension, who appear to be in a substantial majority, have but themselves to thank if the funds of their Society are consumed and its prestige is frittered away in a battle of which the public has yet witnessed but the preliminary skirmish.

When the promoters of Christianity (and Christian knowledge we presume to be the same thing) *do* fight, experience has proved them to be the most bloodthirsty, unappeasable, and remorseless of belligerents; and as they are not in the habit of blessing those who attempt to play the part of peace-makers, we consider it the more prudent course to withhold the excellent advice which we might offer to the members of this hitherto much-respected institution. But at the same time, we cannot forbear the expression of a regret that a Society having for its one object the propagation of Christianity in foreign parts should be so lamentably illogical as to arouse feelings of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in the very heart of civilised England.

OPERATIC MUSIC IN GERMANY.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Would you like to have a few observations on the above subject? I hope so, inasmuch as I have nothing else to write about. I have just reached the end of a brief holiday, and I need not remind you of the feelings of disgust with which one grasps the pen after a few weeks of demoralising inactivity.

I found my way, first of all, to Baden-Baden, where they were mounting Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* with much care. There were ever so many connoisseurs, and opinions were, you may be sure, pretty freely expressed. The first infallible judge you met would tell you that such gorgeous and poetical music has never before been heard; whilst infallible judge number two would contend that *Lohengrin* is not music at all. You will not be surprised to hear that both would, to a certain extent, have spoken truth. I will not go into an elaborate criticism of the merits of this work, because your readers will probably be in a position to judge for themselves, as Mr. Mapleson will produce the piece in London next season. There is unquestionably much in *Lohengrin* that is poetical and interesting, but there are also numerous portions of the work in which the music is strained, wearisome, and exaggerated. I should be inclined to doubt its taking a strong hold on the sympathies of an English audience.

Mdlle. Nilsson was also at Baden, achieving a success which amounted well-nigh to frenzy. The critics came to the end of their superlatives, and the language of adulation was exhausted. Assuredly, if the fair head of the young Swedish songstress can be turned, the mischief has now been done. What a pity it is that men, to whom the guidance of public opinion is entrusted, will persist in bringing the office of critic into disrepute by their blind and unreasoning flattery of the artist of the hour, whoever he or she may be! Were it possible for the public to enjoy the inestimable happiness of again hearing Madame Jenny Lind, in the possession of those peerless resources which were hers in 1848, and were a comparison between her and the singers of the present day to be instituted, the result would be almost laughable. Still, the critics would not be able to find language fitting for one of the greatest geniuses who has ever trodden the lyric stage, which has not been already exhausted in bearing senseless tribute to some one or other of the popular singers of to-day. I am in no way a *laudator temporis acti*, but I deplore the present condition of the musical art, and the entire absence of all promise for the future. As long as the critics are ignorant and the public complacent, we shall stop where we are.

In the fulness of time I left Baden; in fact, to remain long in a gambling place where the bank has a "double zero" at *roulette*, and a second *après et quarante*, in its favour, is, to say the least of it, somewhat risky! And so I betook myself to Carlsruhe, where I experienced the rich treat of hearing Mdlle. Orgeni in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. I cannot tell you when I have been more pleased. This lady, whether as actress or singer, is alike an accomplished artist. The power and grace of her acting, together with the completeness and purity of her singing, fit her to take the highest position in the ranks of her profession. She was wretchedly supported; but, like a true artist, she sang as though her comrades were her equals, and she was rewarded, as she deserved to be, by the most signal and unmistakable success.

From Carlsruhe I found my way to Homburg. Mdlle. Patti had been prevailed upon to sing in the Theatre of the Kurhaus

at the modest figure of £200 per representation. *Linda* was the opera played on the night of my arrival, and I was almost on the steps of the theatre, when, happening to glance down the play-bill, I perceived that the part of Carlo was to be undertaken by M. Naudin. I need scarcely say that this fact was sufficient to deter me from any further desire to be present at the performance. A night or two afterwards I went to hear the *Traviata*, and was much pleased with the heroine of the evening, who sang and acted charmingly. The tenor part was entrusted to one Signor Achille Corsi, of whom not much need be said. On the other hand, M. Verger, who undertook the part of that heaviest of fathers, Germont, was entitled to much commendation; he has a pretty voice, and phrases well. Subsequently the opera of *Faust* was essayed, and Mdlle. Patti's performance of the garden scene confirms my opinion that in that portion of the opera she is about the best of all the numerous Marguerites we have heard. Signor Nicolini was heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, and sang the part of Faust. He is a Frenchman, and has made a great success at the *Italiens*, in Paris. This does not mean very much, however, for it suffices to be a Frenchman to succeed there. This gentleman is a fair actor and a fair singer—really nothing more; he has the fault with which many of his countrymen may be reproached, of "making up" his head rather too much like a barber's block. With regard to voice, it may be mentioned that his four highest notes (say up to B natural) have power and penetrating quality, but the rest of the voice is toneless and uninteresting. In the present dearth of tenor singers he may be accepted, but with reluctance. The general execution of *Faust* was really not bad, considering the resources at the disposal of the administration. The scene which suffered most was that which takes place in the cathedral. They had, of course, no organ, and the harmonium employed had not, so far as I could detect, any "double" on it (forgive the technicality; your musical readers will know what I mean). The result was that the instrument sounded rather like an accordion played in the far distance! M. Verger was an excellent Valentine, and Signor Agnese an indifferent Mephistopheles.

On my way home I stopped at Brussels, where I found *Faust* again, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M. Jourdan was engaged to sing the tenor music, and a very clever artist he is too. I used to hear him frequently, about ten years ago, at the Opéra Comique. I noticed at Brussels that they announced the production "incessantly" of Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*; this, of course, means little more than that it will be produced some time within the next six months.

Passing through Paris I found this latest work of Auber's in full cry at the Opéra Comique: the part of the Priestess has for the present been abandoned by Mdlle. Roze, who made a hit in it in the spring, and is now undertaken by Mdlle. Gabrielle Moisset. It is averred that the former lady is hard at work, studying under the guidance of M. Wartel. This is almost too strange to be true, as it is certainly not the fashion amongst singers to continue their training after they have once achieved success before the public.

YOUR MUSICAL REPORTER.

HONESTY!

THE inaccuracies, to use a mild term, which adorned Mr. Gladstone's speech at Warrington, have been ably exposed by many of our contemporaries. The right hon. gentleman's violent paroxysms of honesty and abrupt seizures of conscientiousness are becoming almost as fatiguing to witness as doubtless they are to perform. Let us hope that a good majority will put an end to these tedious exhibitions on the part of the modern Sinon.

TREBLE ENIGMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—So you must be at your games again, must you? Only putting in half my letter, and finishing up with somebody else's Acrostic. I found it out, as I've found *you* out, by a judicious

display of firmness. I first found out who wrote it, and then told him if he did not tell me the answer I'd "A cross stick" him. The answer is Man, Ape. He ran away before I found out the rest. This, by the way, what do you mean by not giving my signature—I intended to send you—but no matter! I send you now a Treble Enigma, and I'll bet you five pounds nobody guesses it. Meantime I sign myself, for the last time, by special permission, from the great Pyramid,

THE GRANDSON OF THE SPHYNX.

P.S.—I shan't pay if I lose, will you?

I SAT in my study deep wrapt in thought,
And I said to myself, "In this world there's nought
Worth having but what's to be bought with gold;
Love, Fame, and Honour, they're all of them sold"
I have brains to invent, and courage to act,
A tongue to plead, and a mind—in fact
I was born to be great, but the Senate's door
Will not open to me,—for though clever,—I'm poor.

If I had been only stupid and rich,
I had needed no labour to carve me a niche;
In the temple of Fame; I had only to pay,
And they'd set up my statue the very next day;
A Peerage, a seat in the Cabinet,—Pheugh!
That's a very strange smell,—the lamp burns blue.
"Who's that?—get away!—what want you here?
Don't grin at me; for I know not fear."

A little prim gentleman clothed in black
Stood bowing and grinning, and arching his back;
I stared at him as he softly said,
"I beg your pardon, don't be afraid;
I have come to grant your dearest wish,
I daresay you think me a very queer fish;
But I hope we shall be on the best terms soon."
"The devil!" I cried—"No, the Man in the Moon."

Oh! sweet were the visions he conjured up,
'Stead of horrors, on glories he bade me sup;
'Twas soon agreed: on my first we went,
And the very next morning we pitched our tent;
"But the money," I groaned. "Leave that to me;
You find my second, I £ s. d."

I scattered my second on every side,
(I tremble e'en now to think how I lied)
Each girl was a Venus, each man an Apollo,
And as for the babies, they beat Capid hollow;
Now, none of your second, but tell me the third,
And you'll tell me what yet has not ever been heard.

LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M amm A
A eso P
N am E

ANSWERS have been received from Linda Princess, Jack Solved It, Bridport Maniac, Samuel E. Thomas, Old John, Slodger and Tiney, Isaac Meanmore, Goodenoughforme, Charles Robinson, Harum-Scarum Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, Happy-go-lucky, Isle of Rockaway, Harris Gibson, George Hayward, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Cabby on Strike, Nobody's Orphan, Lalla Rookh, Camden Starlings and the Members of the Camden Hunt, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Romping Gazelles, Roanmcefsidhtuvryfphbfirst, Charles Edward Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 78.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

UNSOUND MINDS.

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward slinks to death, the brave live on."

WHAT is an unsound mind? Can coroners' juries tell us? What is a sound mind? Can doctors tell us? What is the provocation which is held to make self-murder justifiable, at least so far justifiable that man shrinks from insulting the body which self-inflicted death has rescued from all other earthly punishment. A man is in debt; his creditors are pressing; they are always so when all the juice has been pressed out of the fruit, and nothing but the rind is left; the debtor cannot see his way to satisfying just or unjust claims; the law gives him ten days to pay his debts, but he cheats the law by paying one debt, the one that he owed since his birth, first; and his creditors may lay their writs on his coffin as a pall. He "cut his throat when in an unsound state of mind," say the jury; and he adds one more to his never-to-be-paid debts by being buried at the expense of the parish. But another man, who has many debts, and sees not, nor ever did see, or wished to see, any chance of paying them, applies the razor to his chin instead of his throat, and smug, closely shaved, and respectable, goes—bankrupt; he is of sound mind. He passes the court, which is not difficult to pass, instead of appealing to the highest Court, which is difficult to pass, as that foolish fellow did, and so proves that he is of sound mind.

Take another case. A young girl, unmindful of the advice of the Psalmist, "putteth her trust in man," and finds the man as unworthy of the trust as of the love she has lavished on him. She cannot get the trust back, nor the love; she had arranged a certain future, but she had mistaken the past and the present on which she had based her calculations, so she gives up life as a mistake which she had fallen into, not all of her own fault, but which she had all the power to fall out of when she chose, so she murmurs many prayers for him and one for herself, and then buries the troubles she dare not endure in the nearest river—she drowned herself "when in an unsound state of mind,"—so the coroner's jury says. But her wiser sister patiently abides the issue of her troubles, and taking the child in her arms, appears before another and a very different jury. She recites the history of her wrongs, and of the little mistake as to the trustee she had chosen; she adorns with tearful touches the rude incidents of her story; she gives an inventory of the sighs and the sobs which the little mistake had cost her; she tots up, in fact, the sad expenses to which her feelings had been put; and the jury audit the account, and compare the valuation which the counsel of the poor victim put on his client's sufferings, and that which their own generous hearts put on it; they strike the balance, and make the girl, who of course is of sound mind, a handsome present in the shape of damages.

Ah! what a wonderful thing, what a fortunate thing it is, to have a sound mind! That foolish girl, of unsound mind, could not restore her damaged virtue with the water of the river; but the other one, of sound mind, has got a nice little sum towards the needful repairs, and no doubt, in a year or two, the article will be as good as ever!

It is not an easy problem to solve, this one we have set ourselves. It is the *pons asinorum* that many philosophers stick

at. It is a pity that some people were given minds at all, if they prove to be unsound as soon as they are required for use. We once heard of a man who went mad from thinking that he could not think: he had better have left it alone, and sat down and whistled till fortune, or death, came—it would not have mattered which. If he had the first, he would not have wanted brains; the latter would not have cared if he had brains or not.

These people of unsound mind should be kept out of trouble's way; and as for thinking, why that is so dangerous to them that the Law ought to protect them from it. Is it sad, or is it not sad, to see poor creatures jump out of Life as these two girls did the other day, taking off their hats and coats as the only preparation for Eternity? It is very hard to say, had they lived what would have come to them? Probably evil, or they would have gone to it. Death put it out of their power to degrade themselves further in this world: they had their womanhood still,—it was all the treasure they had, and they buried it in the water rather than lose it. The case was plain enough to them: others had been deceived, they had been deceived; others had never had justice done them, they would never have justice done them; others had given it up, and drifted down into infamy; they would have to give it up, and drift down into infamy. Not very close or subtle reasoning, and yet close enough for persons of unsound mind. It is a cowardly escape, surely; and yet to be brave is so difficult. To face ruin, misery, starvation is brave; but how are these to face it? Were they ever taught how? Does this bravery come of instinct? No: they want sound minds.

"Of unsound mind." The words ring in our ears. Will that be the verdict when we who make laws for these poor creatures stand face to face with them and the Great Judge? May it be so, and not, "Of unsound heart!"

AT HIM, BOYS!

THAT very irritating though senile Jack in office, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (about whom something more will be found in another of these pages), has at last succeeded in arousing the British Lion. The continued oppression of the canine race has led to the foundation of a "Dog Protection Society," which, the prospectus states, has been formed with the following objects:—

- 1st. To legally obtain the abrogation of Sir Richard Mayne's last order, now in force.
- 2nd. To legally obtain an alteration in the Act of Parliament which enables any one man, "if he think fit," to cause such an order to be made.

We cordially concur in the scheme of the Dog Protection Society, so far as it goes, but it is a pity it does not go a little farther. Will not the Council or Board, or whatever the governing body of the Society may be styled, add one more clause to its prospectus—some such as the following?—

- 3rd. To compel the Treasury to pension, superannuate, or otherwise dismiss Sir Richard Mayne, whose brutal decrees and pig-headed obstinacy, being more than flesh or blood can endure, are becoming dangerous to the peace of the metropolis.

We began by calling Sir Richard Mayne a very irritating person. So he is. Even TOMAHAWK is losing his temper over him

CROSSING THE MAYNE.

A SCENE IN THE SANCTUM OF SIR RICHARD.

TIME—NIGHT.

TOMAHAWK (*suddenly entering upon Sir Richard, who is snoozing by the fire in an arm-chair*).—Asleep, of course!

SIR R. M.—Eh! What! Who are you? How have you made your entrance?

TOM.—Don't make a noise; you'll disturb the neighbourhood, and that might be disagreeable, as there are no police about.

SIR R. M.—Dictate to me, the Dictator of this—

TOM.—Metropolis, of course you are going to say. I told you I should not leave you; not long ago. If you suppose that I don't make my appearance where and when I like, you don't know as much as I thought you did.

SIR R. M.—This is strange impertinence. I demand to know why this—

TOM.—Offensive intrusion, you are about to say. All right, old gentleman. Don't precipitate your necessary breaking up by getting into a passion. I am here for a little private conversation.

SIR R. M.—If I were only younger, Sir—

TOM.—I sincerely sympathise with you, and wish you were; as it is, you know you are far too elderly. But I did not come here to bandy compliments.

SIR R. M.—Compliments be—

TOM.—No, no; don't forget yourself, Sir Richard; you are only Dictator, you know, as yet. What I want to say I am going to say in as few words as possible, but don't interrupt me, for I won't stand it.

SIR R. M.—I should very much like to—

TOM.—Muzzle me. Yes, we all know that. But you see, Sir Richard, you are not in Austria. But to business. I have observed that the name of "police" is becoming a jest and a jibe in the mouths of the public.

SIR R. M.—A what, Sir?

TOM.—Don't interrupt. You have to carry out certain laws to protect the public against vice and crime. How do you do it?

SIR R. M.—How?

TOM.—Don't argue. There is a law to protect the person against assault and crime in the streets or public highway:—what happens? When a garotter is loose, the policeman is not to be found; when a quarter is infested with birds of prey, your falcons are asleep. There is a law to check the scandal of houses open at all hours as a resort of the infamous of both sexes:—what happens? The police, if they descend on these haunts, be they in Jermyn street or Seven Dials, enter with their eyes closed by palm oil and their lips made smiling with libations to the goddess of the place. There is a law to protect the virtuous gaze from corruption through disgraceful prints and publications:—what happens? No notice is taken of shops now at the back of a newly-built theatre in a street which forms a thoroughfare from Covent garden to Temple Bar. Are you and your police bribed to seize some and let others go, or are you ignorant of these facts? In the first case, you are aiding and abetting those who break the laws of the land; in the second, your inefficiency is a disgrace to the largest and most immoral capital of Europe. What! you can find time to make paltry attacks on the liberty of the subject by worrying his dog, and, what is worse, rendering yourselves liable to fine by positive cruelty to animals, testified to by dozens of reliable witnesses; and day by day, hour by hour, the daily journals fill with complaints against the men you pretend to have formed, your Mayne-myrmidons—complaints which must make your founder, Sir Robert Peel, tremble with indignation in his tomb.

SIR R. M.—By the powers! But I believe you are reading me—

TOM.—A lecture. Exactly; and I do sincerely hope you will listen to the lesson it inculcates. If you don't I shall appear again, and with all the information you may re-

ceive and act upon, you'll not prevent my presence here. Good night. Don't give yourself the trouble to see me to the door. My brougham is waiting below. (*Exit*.)

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

MEN are said to dress "within an inch of their lives." Women may be said to undress within an inch of their knees.

.

Abuse is not criticism. Arrows of wit are not to be found for the asking, but any one can fling mud by stooping for it.

.

The world is a stage; but how few of us who are given a first part escape making fearful exhibitions of ourselves.

.

Charity in London seems to pay more attention to covering sins than to clothing the multitude whose name is "casual." What a blessing for some of those unhappy beggars if they could only be Secretaries or Treasurers to Relief Funds for one week in the year!

.

"How I loathe the modern system of advertising everything!" said Lady Mackles to us. Her ladyship was expanding her person in the midst of a profusion of silk, jewels, and *poudre de riz*. Her ladyship's two daughters had just stood up to sing a German, French, and Italian song one after the other, young Cormac, their tame cat, had been all over the room singing their virtues, and I had seen the name of every member of the family that morning in the *Times* as subscribers to the Pharisees' Mutual Aid Society, and she loathes advertisements!

.

I never heard of a Pharisee keeping a public in a blind alley, but I know a journal which supplies cheap indignation by the column, and yet retains a dirty corner where the million make appointments "*for a consideration*."

"OVER HEAD AND EARS."

THERE is no greater pleasure after passing weeks of turbulent gaiety and excitement, when your days are taken up with theatres, balls, and parties of all kinds, than that of going quietly to some pleasant country retreat where one or two pleasant men and three or four charming women are passing their simple existence without a thought of London society, or a wish for other sensation than what their country pleasures can give.

Such a change is much what a reader may feel on taking up Mr. Dutton Cook's last novel, entitled "*Over Head and Ears*," after feeding for so long on the romances of the sensational school and the realistic dramas of the stage.

Nothing can be more truthful and touching than the discovery of the *Mouse* mystery, its elucidation, and final solution. We will not give the plot of the novel, which, after all, is not particularly new, but none the less charming for that; but we will advise every one to read it, and we are sure that only *blast* readers who require the spice of one writer and the Cayenne pepper of another to excite their mental palates to an appetite, will leave the book before they arrive at the end of the third volume.

PICKED UP AT CARLISLE.—*Close reasoning*.—The Inquisition. MOTTO FOR ISABELLA OF BOURBON.—What's one woman's pleasure is a country Spain.

CHURCH-MILITARY.—The weak point of the Brighton service.—The *Purchase* system.

A VERY ORIGINAL RAILWAY MOTTO FOR M.P.'S.—*Nulla dies sine linea*.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—Mr. Mark Lemon's real staff in Fleet street is not nearly so good as his Falstaffe at the Gallery of Illustration.

ON TRIAL.

A PRIME MINISTER.

SINCE the opening of the TOMAHAWK Commission, many very disgraceful facts have been brought to light. Our readers have discovered the existence of many social sores—many miserable shams. Still, we imagine what follows immediately will give them greater pain than anything as yet published. That any man in the State should be had is sad; but that the first power of the land should be given over into unprincipled hands is worse than sad—it is lamentable! But we proceed with our report, leaving our readers to comment upon its details.

The Commissioners assembled this morning at a little after ten o'clock. The room was densely crowded, and shortly after the examination commenced it was almost impossible to obtain even standing room. The first witness being summoned, he said:—

I am what is called a Prime Minister.—(Laughter.) I consider the position a fine one. I am not prepared to say what would be the *ideal* duties of the Prime Minister of a great empire, but I know pretty well what are the actual advantages to be gathered from filling such a post. In England, where the road has been thrown open to the highest offices by the unceasing efforts of Tory Administrations, very humble men may soar above their initial circumstances. I was myself, in my youth, articled to an attorney, and now I flatter myself—(the witness, who was proceeding with a contemptuous smile at the Chairman and his brother Commissioners, was here sternly rebuked and reminded that he was called to give evidence as a witness, and not to sing his own praises, as if he were delivering a political manifesto. The examination was then proceeded with.) The witness went on:—

I never had any principles. It is to the absence of these encumbrances that I attribute my success. I consider the one great end and aim of a Parliamentary career to be power. By power, if you require me to give you a less enigmatical term, I simply mean—a hand in the public purse. This “power”—(laughter)—should be secured at any cost. As to consistency, the statesman who entered the arena of public life with a moral weakness of that sort might be said, politically, to be in arms. The duties of a Prime Minister are simple in the extreme. Yes, I can give them if you wish it. The first, then, is that which he owes to his own pocket. The second is, naturally enough, an equally solemn one; it is a consideration for the pocket of his relations. As to the third, it has no abstract beauty of its own, but may be regarded as a sort of “contingent” responsibility: I refer to the necessity of an occasional bribe to political friends, whose support enables one to discharge the other two conscientiously and completely. As to any duty due to one's country—that is, in other words, to the mass of the nation—I would ask the Chairman if one can be supposed to be interested in people one does not know?—(Laughter.) No; I take no higher view of my position than that. How can I take a higher view? As to the terms, *Radical, Liberal, Conservative, and Tory*, they are but the different dresses in which a clever actor plays the same part. I am proud to say I have worn them all.—(Laughter.) I do not consider this a place in which I should be justified in giving any hint of my coming programme, but as I am pressed on the point, I can say confidently that whatever happens I shall stay in power. If necessary, of course I shall throw over the Irish Church. I would as readily throw the English Church after it.—(Laughter.) This is only the result of advanced “political education,” and it is quite sound. At the present moment, for instance, I despise the followers who are rallying round me in the country with a loathing that may be faintly gathered from my early literary efforts. I regard their support, however, as useful to my pocket, and therefore avail myself of it. Yes; if necessary I should bring about a revolution in England. As it is, I intend to give the country an exceedingly “merry” Christmas, and there will probably be plenty of bloodshed; but the Government, I flatter myself, know the use of dragoons, if there should be any occasion to introduce *them* into the political question of the hour. My ideas on many things are expansive. I have been, I think aptly, termed by a penny paper, “the man of the day.” The man of the day should, in my opinion, move on with it, and one day, naturally enough, differs from another. (The Chair-

man here handed a paper to the witness, and asked him if it was in his handwriting, and he, in a jocular tone, readily admitted that it was. Its contents, which consisted of a few rough notes jotted down, and which were read out by the order of the Commissioners, were as follows:—)

My Private Notes.

THE CROWN.

Work up its High Prerogatives. See Blackstone, &c. The Martyr King and the principles of the Cavaliers. Rub them up. Appeal to innate snobbery of the Anglo-Saxon race. Useful “estate” this on either side of the question.

“The King can do no wrong.” Can't he? Good idea for Radical speech. Get up Cromwell and principles of '92.

N.B.—The Crown ought to be the weapon, not the standard of the Prime Minister. A Prime Minister should advise the Crown. Rather!

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“Thank God we have one!” (when the Opposition get a majority of 65). Get up usual clap-trap here. Blood, Normans, hoary-headed Senators, Rome of old, &c., &c. Look over *Alarcos*.

Often in the way, but a useful set of fools on the whole. If likely to prove antagonistic, to be smothered by the creation of a new dozen or two. Fine drag on the Constitution. Must look out that they don't upset it next session.

N.B.—Think it would be a good popular move to abolish the Upper House. If things don't go well next session, certainly shall.

THE COMMONS.

Sick of the subject from this point of view. Used up. Perhaps may pick up some novelties as to their dignity from the new Radical members. Wonder, if we get a majority, how a “Large Borough Disenfranchisement” Bill would do? Half a mind to try it. Good sell for Bright.

The pith, marrow, backbone of the nation—and all that sort of thing.

Private Note A.—A wretched, beggarly, ill-conditioned team, to be bought by the score, if there were only secret service money enough to pay them.

Private Note B.—Find out which way the elections are going. Do Gladstone at any price. Draw up a whole bill of abolitions. Church, State, Lords, Commons, anything!

N.B.—Head the majority *whatever* it's made of.

THE PRESS.

Flatter it and pay it. Stupid, and does more damage than good. Wonder why a Conservative paper never can be light and telling.

Note.—Try and buy up a Radical one.

Liberal papers, some of them, vulgar. Respect my genius all the same. Flatter them too. Say I'm one of them. Always pitching into me as a man of no principle.

N.B.—Liberal Press is pretty sharp. *Times*, though, very thick-headed just now. They talk as if I were going to stick to my colours! Stick to my colours? I'll beat them at their own game.

The above notes having been read, the examination was again continued. The witness said:—I certainly jotted down these notes. They were not originally meant for the public eye, but as they have come under it, I decidedly do not repudiate them. I flatter myself I know how to catch the spirit of the hour and turn it to account. I am at this present moment intently watching the spirit of the hour, and I mean to turn it to the very best account. As long as I fill the office of Prime Minister I am not likely to forget my duty to my country, my connections, and myself, and they will best be subserved by my “keeping in.” I shall therefore keep in. It may be necessary to deluge the country in blood, stir up civil strife, pitch the Constitution into the Channel, go to war with Europe, abolish the income-tax, or admit Fenians into Parliament. I am happy to say I shall be prepared for any issue—in short, eager to carry any measure. I mean to be Prime Minister in perpetuity, and this determination does credit to me as a Churchman, a Radical, a Christian, a Conservative, a Patriot, a Poet, a Liberal, a Diplomast, a Gladstonite, a Tory, a Nonconformist, and an Englishman. (The witness here stood down, and retired convulsed with laughter.)

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A *TORY* paper has likened the Premier to Luther. Surely this must have been a misprint. "Lucre" was evidently the word in its editor's thoughts!

We understand that, owing to the asinine conduct of some of the extreme Conservatives in the University, the chief political cry at Oxford is "Nae mo' Bray."

A new distinction has been gradually growing up in High Society. Formerly a person was spoken of either as *bon ton* or *mauvais ton*. But now there is a degree beyond both these, which is known as *Clin-ton*.

Wrapping ourselves for one moment in the mantle of Dr. Cumming, we are enabled to prophecy that Archdeacon Denison will preach a powerful sermon shortly at Oxford on the Irish Church question, his text being from the book of Joel.

"That which the *palmer*-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker worm eaten; and that which the canker worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten."

The application is obvious. The *palmer* worm is Sir Roundell; the locust, Mr. Gladstone; the canker worm, Dissenters; and the caterpillar, Rome! The sermon will do *great* good!

DURA NECESSITAS.

WE have admired very heartily the creditable efforts made by one of our contemporaries in the cause of the British drama. Devoting a large space in its columns to theatrical matters, it has always fought hard against the degrading tyranny of sensation and burlesque. It has also taken very high ground on the subject of music halls, pointing out the extremely low nature of the amusement provided for the public by these places, both in singing and dancing. Thoroughly sympathising with our contemporary in their laudable efforts to purify and elevate the

character of our national amusements, we were pained to read in the *Sunday Times* of October 18, a laudatory notice of Vance. Considering the character of the songs which this musical(?) buffoon shouts out to his admirers nightly, songs vulgar without fun, and prurient without wit, we cannot imagine any paper, which wishes to advance the cause of public morality, treating of such a person in any other terms than those of contempt and aversion. In another part of the paper we find the dancing of Miss Austin favourably noticed, and that young person spoken of as "nightly receiving well-earned compliments." Now, fortunately for ourselves, we have not seen Miss Austin, but we have heard those who have seen her allude to her dancing as being of the very coarsest and grossest nature, in fact, a vulgar exaggeration of the French *can-can*. It seems to us that our contemporary should be careful to award any encouragement in a performance which degrades the performer and audience alike.

Now the moral that we wish to point is this. No one will for one moment question the high character of the *Sunday Times*; no one can doubt in which direction its sympathies lie. There are few Conservative journals which have done so much in the cause of true social reform. We say this without any prejudice, for very undeservedly we have been the subject of severe strictures in its columns. What we would ask is, how is it that an editor is obliged to admit such notices as those we have referred to—written in a spirit diametrically opposed to the professions and practice of the paper which he edits? Is it not the case that too often the proprietors of a journal force upon their editor, at what cost to political or moral consistency they care not, certain matter which they suppose to be advantageous to their pecuniary interests? Now is this fair upon the Editor of a journal? Is it wise? If by inserting puffs of certain individuals they curry favour with a few, do they not lose it with the many? We would earnestly advise all proprietors of newspapers to lay this fact to heart, that it is far better policy to forego the questionable pleasure of pandering to the vanity of any clique, than to offend the body of their general readers. And that such palpable inconsistency does offend them is certain. Honesty in this case is decidedly, in the long run, the best policy.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT FROM A GOLDEN LILY.

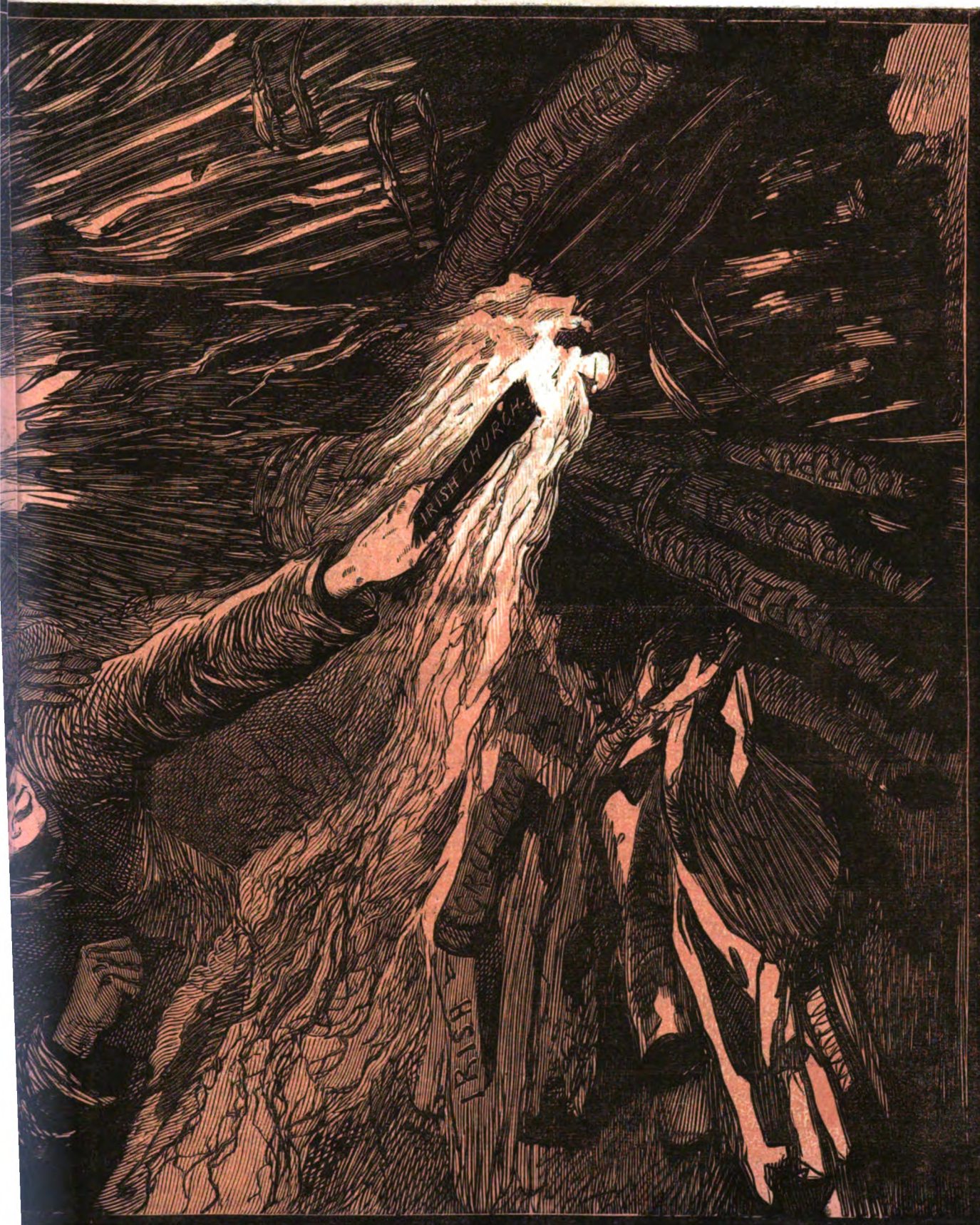
WHEN they whom will this portrait strike
Shall ask with eager word of
The giver, and if it be like
The Lily they have heard of;
If in complexion, feature, it
Be faithful and sufficient,
Perplexed, I shall perforce admit
It is, and yet it isn't.

Is that her hair? Is that her eye?
It is, without their lustre.
Is that her cheek? I can't deny,
No outlines could be juster.
Is it her form? It is, without
Its nameless grace and motion.
Is it her look? Why, just about
The very faintest notion.

But is it like her on the whole—
Her attitude, her presence?
Undoubtedly; without her soul,
Her wit, her self, her essence.
But female beauty scarce could be
More lofty, yet serenest.
Well, as you like; but then, agree,
You haven't—I have—seen her.

NOT FROM THE DEY OF TUNIS.—We understand that a certain horse-trainer, fond of legal proceedings and favourite-scratchings, was heard to observe, a short time ago, that "The Admiral had *roused* the British Lion within him!"





BOUND TO THE STAKE!

CHARACTERS IN THE TRAGEDY:

EXECUTIONER (in the pay of "Mother (Irish) Church")	- - -	by	- - -	B. DISRAELI.
REFORMERS (men who hate "persecution for conscience sake")	- - -	by	- - -	W. E. GLADSTONE and JOHN BRIGHT.
ERIN (the Martyr)	- - -	by	- - -	THE IRISH NATION.

...some little
...measurement
...nearly mac
...ends are n
...and "
...ancient
...but high
...the
...them bla
...shake dow
...you
...as we
...processes re
...army is
...scheme
...subject alt
...that the
...on a
...to the
...than six
...measure
...feeling
...to sho
...a regime
...for two
...which
...we've y
...this is
...expensi
...farough
...; no
...hard line
...merit-ty
...age of scen
...up across
...years no
...the same
...passed in
...turning I
...more i
...a system
...of l
...will it
...the
...This
...in
...recognise
...H
...pre
...long
...short
...of the tr
...material
...or
...especial
...the troop
...pro
...years
...th
...H
...a good
...the th
...night a
...and con
...the
...of g
...the
...the
...the
...the

MILITARY REFORM.

It requires some little courage to discuss, nay, even to reflect upon any measurement of Military Reform after the alarming statement recently made by the "leading journal" to the effect, that men's minds are now agitated by schemes for army "democratization" and "nationalization."

There is an ancient Joe Miller story of the coaching days in which a stout, but highly nervous old lady having made it somewhat difficult for the two gentlemen beside her to find their seats, one of them blandly observed that it didn't signify they should soon shake down and amalgamate. "Lor Sir," the old lady exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that! and is it likely to be fatal?"

It would seem as well to ask the *Times* the same question, for if the processes referred to in those two alarming words mean that the army is to be altogether smashed up and destroyed by any schemes for its reform, then it would be as well to drop the subject altogether. If, however, all those syllables merely mean that the service is to be made popular and its government put on a plain simple footing—then those who wish well, very well, to the service may still persevere quietly and in words of less than six syllables to discuss schemes for Military Reform.

And one measure to make the army more popular—more suited to the feelings of our home-loving people would undoubtedly be to shorten considerably the periods of foreign service.

At present a regiment goes to India or to one of the colonies, there to serve for twelve years. That is, in fact, for the longest period during which the law allows any man to be engaged for the army. Twelve years' banishment from friends and family! For the officer this is mitigated by the power of obtaining a furlough—an expensive luxury, it is true, but yet a luxury. But there are no furloughs from India for the private or non-commissioned officer; no breaking in half of this long period of banishment.

This is "hard lines" for the soldiers, and it is contrasted among the recruit-giving ranks most unfavourably with the constant change of scene and climate which Jack Tar enjoys in his triennial trips across the world. Three years east, three years west, three years north, and three years south, goes Jack the sailor in just the same period of service that Tommy Atkins the soldier has passed in the dull monotony of twelve weary twelve months in burning India.

And a still more important consideration urges strongly the adoption of a system of shorter periods of service abroad—viz., the great saving of human life that would undoubtedly ensue. When, when will it be possible to induce the military authorities to recognise the policy—to say nothing of the duty—of *saving life*! This was the policy of Lord Napier in his glorious campaign in Abyssinia. There the fighting machine, man, was recognised as worth taking the utmost care of. There he was wanted. His enormous value was admitted, and he was most jealously preserved. And this excellent policy should prevail in the long years of peace, as well as in the hour of war.

Let the authorities at the War Office then take up this subject of a long and short period of service in India, and its effects on the health of the troops. Let it be diligently inquired into by a competent tribunal, and on the result of these inquiries let the question stand or fall. All inquiries hitherto made, not with this view especially, but in the general investigation of the health of the troops abroad, point to but one result—viz., that in a body of men proceeding from Europe to India, for the first four or five years the bracing effects of our northern climate serve to protect them against the enervating influences of the climate of India. But after that time the effect wears off, and the protection is gone. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth years of Indian service the sickness, invaliding, and deaths rise to a frightful height, and all, except men of the strongest constitution, succumb and come home,—or die.

If a careful, unprejudiced inquiry serves to establish the truth of this view, then let the period of immunity from disease, and preservation of good health, be adopted as the period for service abroad—viz., five years; and let no consideration of the increased cost of more frequently moving the regiments be allowed to decide the question; for what is that increased cost, in fact, but the price of bringing our men home alive instead of leaving their dead bodies in the sands of India.

"MONTE CRISTO."

TOMAHAWK begs most respectfully to set defiance to the world, the flesh, and—the London Press. With his hand to his heart and his eyes towards the Adelphi Theatre, he begs to declare solemnly and sincerely (in small capitals too) that

"MONTE CRISTO" IS A GOOD PIECE,

WELL ACTED,

WELL PUT UPON THE STAGE.

TOMAHAWK has heard of the *fiasco* of the first night. He has been told how the public took it into their heads to laugh and to jeer. He has been informed that there was great cheering when Mr. Stuart, the eminent comic tragedian, died—loud applause when Mr. Phillips, the well-known stage manager, was run through the heart. He has read, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, how the piece was "*damned*," how amusing was the "*damning*."

Having assisted at the first performance of the colossal comic tragic melodrama, y'clept *Oona*, produced some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, TOMAHAWK knows perfectly well that the public can sometimes be very cruel—very unmerciful. He knows that when once the people laugh, they allow no consideration on earth to stand in the way of their merriment. No thought of the manager's disaster, the actor's grief, ever crosses their minds or interferes with the full enjoyment of their joyous "waggery." Failure means the loss of thousands to the lessee,—still they laugh at him; derision means cruel heartburning to the actor—still they grossly insult him! So TOMAHAWK does not *always* endorse the Pit's opinion of a piece's worth or the Gallery's estimate of a player's acting.

TOMAHAWK knew that "*Monte Cristo*" was a good novel, that Messrs. Webster and Fechter were excellent actors, that Mr. Hawes Craven was a clever scene-painter. Knowing this, he would not believe that the performance at the Adelphi Theatre was utterly worthless. So TOMAHAWK, in spite of the warning of the *Pall Mall* and the sneers of the *Times*, took his seat on the third night of *Monte Cristo* in the Stalls of the Adelphi Theatre.

He does not regret that visit.

From first to last he enjoyed the piece immensely. He was delighted with

Mr. Webster's finished comedy,
Mr. Fechter's charming love-making,
Mrs. Mellon's noble bearing,
Mr. Belmore's admirable drunkenness,
Mrs. Leigh Murray's effective "intensity,"
Miss Carlotta Leclercq's heart-rendering pathos,
and

Mr. Hawes Craven's beautiful scenery.

So well pleased was he that he said to himself, "How came it that this excellent piece was damned on the first night?" And then it struck him that the drama must have been too long—that the public, finding nothing at which to hiss, were obliged, from very weariness, to laugh. Let *Hamlet* be played through from beginning to end, and then see what your audience will do. Why the tragedy would be laughed off the stage! Ophelia's singing duet would be accompanied by the voices of the Gallery. Hamlet's duel would be interrupted by the jeers and insults of the Pit. Certainly on the first night *Monte Cristo* must have been too long.

Was it too long on the third night? No. Mr. Webster, like an experienced manager, had cut it down, after the *fiasco*, to its proper proportions. And the result? Why, a crowded house cheered the play to the echo.

And now why does TOMAHAWK defend *Monte Cristo*—a piece in which appears an attack upon himself and his order? Why (he repeats) does he defend it? Simply because he loves justice, and hates to see good acting laughed to scorn by the illiterate and the Great Unwashed. *Monte Cristo* is an excellent play, and an excellent play should not be driven from the stage by the jeers of fools or the superficial criticism of prejudiced reviewers.

WHAT ALL MUST COME TO (SOME DAY OR OTHER, LET US HOPE).—Their Senses.

ON THE BENCH.

THE Middlesex magistrates want a little looking after every now and then. The august body is slowly but surely getting itself into trouble with the public. It was only the other day that the magistrates distinguished themselves by voting dancing licences for Cremorne and the Argyll Rooms with such obtrusive unanimity that it almost looked as if their worships considered that in so doing they were fulfilling one of the highest duties of their office. Certain it is that the Bench took something more than a judicial interest in the granting of these licences, a fact which has given an opening for the waggishly disposed to suggest motives for the proceeding scarcely compatible with the dignity and respectability of justice.

The public, however, need not be alarmed on the score of the lax morality of the Middlesex magistrates, for though they are occasionally ready to license a little vice and wickedness in a quiet way (it must always be in a quiet way), they are Churchmen almost to a man, and when a question arises affecting in any way the interests of the Church of England, they are ready to battle and squabble till the danger is averted. An instance of this occurred but a few days ago, when Mr. Northall Laurie moved that, in consideration of the large number of Roman Catholic prisoners usually confined in the Middlesex House of Correction and Westminster Bridewell, whose religious instruction according to their own persuasion is dependent at present on gratuitous and voluntary services of Roman Catholic ministers it be referred to the visiting justices to consider and report their opinions as to the amount and mode of appropriation of a reasonable remuneration to be paid to the Roman Catholic ministers officiating in those prisons. Mr. Laurie, in bringing forward the motion, disclaimed all sympathy with the religion of Roman Catholics, but he made the proposal he said as a matter of equity—Catholics paid their share of the expense of Protestant chaplains in prisons, and why, therefore should the Protestants refuse to share the expense of the Catholic chaplains?

A Mr. Kemshead seconded the motion in a few reasonable words, but a storm of opposition arose on every side. Mr. Woodward objected that under Roman Catholic rule there was no toleration whatever, and argued that, therefore, Roman Catholics should not be tolerated in a Protestant land,—a logical deduction in which Mr. Rashleigh and Colonel Jeakes both fully concurred. The motion found one or two supporters, but when put to the vote it was negatived by a substantial majority of fourteen, and the Roman Catholic prisoners are, therefore, to be left without any religious instruction whatever if their priests are not ready to render their services gratuitously and without reward.

It is difficult to deal with men who are dead to every sense of reason and justice. The Government employs a large number of Roman Catholic chaplains both for the army and navy, and why should a batch of Middlesex magistrates take it upon themselves to uphold a principle which the State has long since abandoned as unconstitutional and unjust? The sooner the Bench is brought to its senses the better. The duties the magistrates are called upon to perform are responsible and important, and they disgrace their office as much by exhibiting a spirit of bigotry and intolerance on the one hand, as they do by pandering to licentiousness and vice on the other.

Who are these worthies who have so much power for good or evil? The names we have quoted are one and all unknown to us. This should not be the case. The Bench should be composed of gentlemen of known probity and discretion, in whom the public can repose confidence: not of nobodies, who command only derision and contempt.

GO TO BATH.—Mr. Bright has recently visited Bath. This was rather an unwise proceeding. The Bathites have a nasty way of pelting their Parliamentary representatives with rotten eggs—a few days ago two of the Liberal candidates were literally deluged with these unsavory missiles at a public demonstration. To judge from this autumn's doings, it would appear that it is not only in the *spring* that politicians find themselves in *hot water* at Bath!

BIRDS OF KNOWLEDGE.

EVERY possible publicity has been given to the various offers that have been so handsomely made right and left by the Spanish Government of its not very popular crown. We are not, however, aware that any of the numerous replies that they elicited have as yet found their way into print, and as some of them may have a special interest for our readers, we take this opportunity of presenting them to their notice.

(1.)

From H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Thank you very much for your kind offer, but I regret that I cannot avail myself of it, at least at the present moment. The fact is, they have just opened a theatre in the neighbourhood of the Edgware road under my patronage, and, moreover, the *Field of the Cloth of Gold* is still running at the Strand. I am sure, therefore, my dear General, you will understand my unwillingness to undertake any further responsibilities upon my shoulders at present. I might add that I am shortly going to sea. Why do you not write to Christian?

Believe me, &c.,

EDINBURGH.

To General Prim.

(2.)

From H.I.M. the Emperor of the French.

DEAR GENERAL,

Revolution is the logic of the people, and the cannon is the argument of Emperors. I cannot, therefore, so far sympathise with the events that have recently taken place in Madrid as to allow our "cousin" to mount the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella. He is young in politics, and youth in politics is the destruction of empires. He moreover resembles too nearly my respected uncle, whom, you are aware, the imperial diadem never thoroughly became, at least, my dear General, not so well as it becomes

Yours devotedly,

NAPOLEON.

To General Prim.

(3.)

From H.R.H. Prince Christian.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should be very happy to avail myself of your generous offer, were it not for the gratification I experience at my residence in this generously hearted country. Ovarions, as I dare say you have heard, follow me wheresoever I move, and I can assure you I would not give up the enjoyments, domestic and public, of this dear England not for the Spanish crown—no, not for a Spanish Princess (were my hand free) and seven thousand a year! There.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

CHRISTIAN.

To General Prim.

(4.)

From H.M. the King of Denmark.

Offices of the General European Throne and Marriage Company, Copenhagen.

SIR,

Please send all particulars at once. I know of several parties in my own family that would be willing to undertake the job. Let me have a line by return. I beg to enclose one of my usual forms, which will you kindly fill up and post forthwith?

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTIAN IX. REX.

P.S.—Please be careful to give full particulars as to income, when paid, &c., and also state what religion is required. Is there any marriage business on hand yet? Please drop a line if there is, as I should be happy to assist you in the matter, and am confident of giving every satisfaction.

(5.)

From H.R.H. the King of Portugal to General Prim.

Declined with thanks.

And depend upon it His Majesty is right.

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER VIII.—*Canard's Illness. Disloyalty of "Sportin-man-jockés." The "Welshère." Ma mère. "Sir Paddivick." The "Marquis." The "Earl." The "Admiral-rows." The Duel. The Spider and the Fly!*

To the Editor of the "*Gamin de Paris.*"

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 24, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND VERY MUCH
RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

You must not expect me to be very lively or very instructive this week. My dear friend, I have been very ill. If you will remember the last time I wrote to you it was to describe the "Gentlemen - Jockés - Cæsarewitch - Steeple-Chase Race" at "Nu-markét." Ah! I did not finish the account of my adventures—I did not tell you of my dreadful torture at the hands of a brutal mob! My last letter was gay as a glass of "gingère bierre;" this one must be sombre as a burlesque by Sir Halliday—dreadful as the fun of a Tory comic paper! Yes, my dear friend, I was nearly killed at "Nu-market." Pity me.

Before the great race, which has already been described by me, a man came up to me and said:—

"It has arrived for you to take the odds about a horse?"

I replied, "My friend, it is useless for me to bet; it will be disloyal! I know that Nélusko *must* win."

"Nay, then," replied the "bacca" (a species of "sportin-gentleman-jocké"), "I will take you—200 to 1. What say you?"

"That Nélusko *must* win!" and I turned my back upon him, with a haughty smile.

Last week I described the race to you, and you then learned why the French horse did *not* win! I told you how these brutal islanders stopped him within ten miles of home, until his rivals had gone past him! Well, you know of the perfidy of these English—was that not enough? One would think so.

But no—no sooner was the race over, when the "bacca" came up to me, and said:—

"If you please, sare, you owe me a sovereign."

I turned my back upon him, with a haughty smile.

"Will you not pay?" he cried savagely. "Why, then, you are an apostate! You are a radical! You are a tuft-hunter! You are a subject of the Prince of Wales—a 'welshère!'"

At this denunciation there was a loud shout from the crowd. Cries of "Down with the aristocrat, with the subject of the Prince of Wales—with the 'welshère,'" was heard on every side! The mob tore me to pieces because they believed I was loyal to the heir-apparent to the British throne—because I was a "welshère!"

And yet there are some who say that England is loyal!

I fought as well as I could, but what could I do against so many? No, I was soon overpowered—soon thrust to the ground. Perhaps, that you may understand how badly I was treated, I had better give you a list of the clothes I wore, and the damage done to them. I always make it a point of attending the various "meetings," "unting-foxes," exhibitions, &c., of England in the costume worn by the natives. You will now be able to see what is worn at the "meetin" of "Nu-markét."

Coat.—A beautiful light blue tail-coat with golden buttons; cypher "Royal Thames Yacht Club." Utterly torn to shreds by the mob!

Breeches.—The usual yellow "gentleman-jockés-breeches." Covered with mud and hopelessly ruined!

Hat.—The "Forestère." As worn by the "Ordère of ancient Forestère" at the Palace of Crystal. Brim torn off.

Boots.—The "hors-gars-top." Cut about in the most cruel manner!

Implements.—Fishing-rod broken! Butterfly-net torn!! New French-horn beaten out of shape!!!

Epaullets.—Gold, and—

But there I have not the heart to proceed with the list. Enough to say the damage done to me was something terrible.

I had to pay Nathan ten shillings! Why even the "fals-nose" (no one is admitted to the races without a "fals-nose") was crushed!

I write this letter to you from bed, so you must forgive the tone of sadness which runs through it. And I think of *ma mère*! If she were here, would she not pity her little one? But enough—I am a Frenchman. *Vive la gloire! Ma mère, adieu! Adieu, ma mère! Adieu!*

That my letter may not be altogether uninformative, I wish to tell you a little story about a late turf scandal. You will possibly remember that I mentioned the existence of an official in my last, known as the "Admiral-rows" (on account of his many quarrels). Well, this great "gentleman-jocké" has recently had an altercation with a "sportin-man," known as "Sir Paddivick."

It has been sent to all the English papers, so I am divulging no confidence in telling you the truth of the matter.

Some few years ago William the Conqueror left Normandy to invade England. He took the regular boat from "Folk-es-tone" to Boulogne. It was a very bad passage, and William (who was on the paddle-box) quite lost his head, and instead of giving the command "E's'er 'ed," observed, "Tarn'er arstarn." The result of this order to the crew was most disastrous to the expedition. Instead of going to Boulogne, the steamer suddenly started off for Hastings, where it arrived on the 23rd of February, 1743.

From this date we lose all trace of William the Conqueror until the present summer, when we hear of him keeping race-horses and running them for the "Derbé," under the name and colours of the "Marquis of Hastings." And here we come to the tragic part of the story. The Marquis had a younger brother called "The Earl," who was a very firm friend of "Sir Paddivick." This "Earl" had trusted most implicitly in his friend's sincerity—so much so, that he actually got his brother, the Marquis, to create him "Major-General of the Commissioners." The duty of "Sir Paddivick" was now to take the command of the race-horses of the House of Hastings. All went well for a while, until the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, the "Right Reverend Weatherby, Esquire," got mixed up in the matter. I don't know exactly how, but it vexed the "Earl" immensely.

Naturally "the Earl" was very angry. He called upon "Sir Paddivick," and complained bitterly of his conduct.

"What have I done?" asked "Sir Paddivick."

"What have you done?" echoes "the Earl"—he pulled his quondam friend near him, and whispered into his ear.

"Who told you this?" cried "Sir Paddivick," turning very white.

"The Right Rev. Weatherby, Esq.," answered the young nobleman.

Of course, not another word was said on either side. The next morning they met at "Putné-heath." Swords were the weapons. After a quarter-of-an-hour's fierce fighting "the Earl" fell.

"A mere scratch," observed "Sir Paddivick," wiping his sword.

Upon this the "Admiral-Rows," who had been watching from a hay-rick, exclaimed under his breath, "Ah! this 'Sir Paddivick' will not travel back by the omnibus. *No, the spider prefers the fly!*"

Alas! the exclamation was overheard, and that is the reason why John Day has brought an action against the "Admiral Rows." Now you know all.

And yet there are some people who hint that I haven't the smallest comprehension of sporting matters!

This may be so, but haven't we heard of envy!

Receive, dear Redacteur,

The most distinguished considerations of

JULES CANARD

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—It is with an unwilling hand I take up the pen to execute the promise I made to you last week. I entertain so profound a reverence for women, that I would sooner forswear ink for ever than turn them into gratuitous ridicule. But, Mr. TOMAHAWK, when some of them—Heaven be blest! as yet, but a very few—travesty their own sacred sex

by more fantastic tricks than the most ill-natured 'maligner' of it could imagine, I feel that I have a duty to perform, and I will not shrink from the obnoxious task.

I have already informed you of the ill success I had with all those "Persons" whose homes betrayed at every glance of the eye a scrupulous female supervision. Single or married, they had at least these two features in common: they were admirable housekeepers, and they would not hear of the electoral franchise being thrust upon them. But the sixth Person on whom I called was of a very different stamp from the first five, of whom you will remember, I have already given you a faithful account. I believe this Person would be extremely gratified to see her name in your pages, even if it figured there somewhat ingloriously; but I shall not indulge her itch for being conspicuous, nor expose you to a rejoinder such as I am quite sure she would be delighted to have a pretext for inflicting on you. No: she was the sixth Person I called on, and by the obscure name of the Sixth Person she shall appear in this narrative.

There was a small strip of garden attached to her dwelling, but it contained not a single flower; neither were the walks in it easily distinguishable from the grass, near which nor scythe nor lawn-mower had ever come during her occupation. I will not trouble you with a description of the exterior of the house; I will only say that the window-panes had evidently not been washed for months, for anything I know not for years; the knocker of the front door was missing altogether; and the bell-handle came off into my hand without performing the office for which bell-handles are intended. I suppose I stood on the door-step—and such a door-step!—for the better part of ten minutes, knocking periodically with the hooked end of my walking-stick, before I was admitted. The janitor was a dirty, dishevelled youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, who seemed so utterly cowed by some malign influence, the nature of which I could not as yet divine, that I had much difficulty in making him understand that I wanted to see his mistress. Whilst I was still occupied in endeavouring to convey to his mind this simple proposition, there suddenly appeared in the passage—

Oh! Mr. TOMAHAWK! I assure you I am as brave as most men, and no one would do wisely to hint, to my face, at least, that I am a coward. Yet I confess the sight of an ugly woman—there are very few ugly women, I beg to remark—does somewhat unnerve me; and the sight of one, at once ugly, dirty, slatternly, and of repellent manners, makes me quake in my shoes. The woman I now saw before me was simply—Terrible. I was of half a mind to run away there and then; and I almost think I should have done so had she given me time. But she did not.

"Well, Sir!" she exclaimed, examining me mercilessly from head to foot, "what may be your pleasure? You want to see *me*, I suppose; and this stupid boy does not understand you. The male sex are so dull. I fear I shall have to hire a girl after all, though inferior employments are not fit for us. There!" she added, glancing at the shivering janitor, "get along with you! You're no use. I might just as well open the door myself."

Herewith she banged it to, and pointed to a room she meant me to enter. I waited for her to precede me; and I appeal to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, whether, considering her sex and mine, I was not right in my manners.

"Forward! Mr. Smalltalk!" she said, glancing at the super-scription on my card. "Forward! if you please. No ceremony, I beg. I suppose you are one of those men who think that the slavery of women can be perpetuated by maintaining outward signs of deference. But allow me to tell you, Sir, that the time for that sort of thing has gone by. We are no longer in the Middle Ages, and George III. has ceased to be King. Go in, and sit down and make yourself comfortable, without waiting to see whether I am sitting or standing; and be good enough to consider me, through the whole of our interview, as neither your inferior nor your superior, but, Mr. Smalltalk!"—and as she said this, she drew herself up to her full height, and, metaphorically speaking, overtopped me by several inches—"as your equal!"

I crouched down in a chair, and looked, I dare say, as crushed as I really felt. Perhaps she perceived my condition, and wished to put me more at my ease; for the next thing she said to me was:

"Do you smoke? If you do, light a cigar at once. Never mind me. I sometimes smoke myself."

I was about to protest against my smoking in the presence of a lady, but I checked myself in time; and assuring her that I would have availed myself of her kind permission had I wanted a cigar, I took courage to stammer her out the cause of my visit.

From that moment to the end of our interview, which seemed to me to last an interminable time, I never got in another word. She assumed that I was in favour of women having the franchise, but she was evidently of opinion that I required enlightening on several other points. I can only say that she did enlighten me most amazingly; but you would scarcely thank me for repeating the string of monstrosities that poured perpetually from her mouth.

"You are canvassing for the Conservative candidates," she said, at length returning to the subject of my visit. "I presume, therefore, they are in favour of the Female Suffrage. No one has, as yet, called on me from the other side, and, therefore, I conclude they are opposed to it."

I felt bound to explain that I could not answer for the opinions of the Conservative candidates on this particular point. I was only commissioned to solicit votes for them. This exposed me to a fresh lecture and a fresh torrent of eloquence, the upshot of which was that nobody should have her vote who did not agree with her in the matter—"and, indeed, Mr. Smalltalk, upon all matters."

How I got away from her I cannot distinctly remember; I only recollect nearly tumbling on my nose, in consequence of being tripped up by a hole in the carpet, and of all but losing my balance after slipping on a piece of orange-peel by the door-step, that had evidently been flung out of one of the windows. I did not secure her vote for my party, as you can well understand, and, whether or not I am a Person in the parliamentary sense of the word, I thank God, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that I am man enough to be highly gratified that I did not.

I do not love the Whigs and I abhor the Radicals, but the perpetual reign of King Log or King Stork, or a bad mixture of both, would be to me infinitely preferable to an outrage upon nature such as would transform women from the holy and useful thing they are, to what I will not trust myself to characterise. Shortly before the downfall of the Roman Empire, women, I believe, wrestled in the circus. I forbear from drawing a parallel or an augury, which must be only too apparent to every intelligent individual.

Always, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your faithful servant and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A PROPERTY which sheep and geese partake;
A liquid used our consonants to make.

Before the dazzling door she stood!
Her task accomplished; her reward she would—
So bends it gracefully to show she's good.

ANSWER TO TREBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Canvass. Blarney. Return.

INCORRECT answers have been received from Dyrba Deyol, The Two Dearest Girls in Lichfield, Irish Christopher, and Slodger and Tiney, Charles Lewis, No Railway Monopoly, Charles Chivers and Johnny Rumbold, Pianissimo, Hampson, B. H. (Hampton Court), Pikehurst, jun., Four Romping Gazelles, Roanmcefsidhtuvryfphbfirfi, Charles Edward Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick and F. D.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 79.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTO.

PEOPLE OF FRANCE!

Hushed and expectant, one hand to her listening ear, the other grasping her sword, stands Europe, waiting for the voice of France to speak. France speaks through her ruler, whom the People's voice raised to the throne, whom the People's arms still firmly support, whom the People's heart loves and reveres. War recoils, wearied with exhaustion, sick of her bloody work; while Peace, smiling, passes over the land, and heals the wounds which the sword had made. France wishes for peace, France is determined to have peace, and therefore France trains her million of soldiers, and forges her millions of arms; soldiers who are the sureties of peace, arms which are the sceptres of tranquillity.

Though thus peaceful and secure, France keeps her watchful eyes on the nations that surround her. Prussia, merging her identity in a united Germany, gathers under one rule the small States that surround her, till she presents a formidable phalanx of united peoples against the hosts of the invader. But France views this success of her neighbour with no jealous eye; the People's voice has ever been heard in France, and, as Liberty extends its beneficent sway, and spreads its golden wings gradually over the whole of Europe, the grateful thanksgivings of France mount up to heaven, the heartfelt blessing of France falls upon the liberated people! The silken cords of commerce replace the chains of slavery and the glistening links of an "*entente cordiale*" unite with France, the Mother of Freedom and of Liberal Government, the nations released from the desolating darkness of oppression. But the Ruler of France still remembers with sublime prudence the proneness of all human creatures to err, remembers that fair promises may bring forth evil fruit, and that greed of conquest, or lust of power, may turn the friendly neighbour into a fierce invader; and therefore is it that he provides his beloved People with an army of defence, not of attack—with cannons that ensure respect without exciting apprehension. Answering, once for all, the mischievous and malignant cavillings of those who would, by their angry clamour, deform the guarantee of peace into a menace of war, and would ascribe to the calm self-conscious purity of intention, which We have never lost, that crafty dissimulation which is the habit of their own corrupted hearts, We point with a just pride to those evidences of plenty and happy security which meet the eye at every step in France. Founded on the love of the People, and on the rock of order, sanctified by the holy odour of religion, the Third Empire dreads no traitor at home nor foe abroad.

While it needed the bloody field of Sadowa before the build-

ing of Prussia's power could commence, France, by a series of bloodless victories, has enlarged her frontiers to the widest limits that, even in her proudest time, they ever reached. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean guard her on three sides, while on the fourth the great success of our diplomatic efforts justifies us in the hope that the Rhine may soon be the only barrier between us and a free Germany.

Great ends are reached by costly means; and the vast improvements which have been carried out in every department of the State have necessitated the contraction of a loan on the part of the Government. Those who have the ruin of their country so much at heart that they shut their eyes to her prosperity, and imagine their hopes are realised, have commented with their usual venom on this fact. But they could not poison the hearts of our beloved People; and so eager were they to show their trust in their Ruler that nothing but two or three more loans could give any practical estimate of their generous confidence. When the time comes, France may rely that her Emperor will not forget the stores of wealth which she so nobly proffered him.

The advance of knowledge brings with it the advance of freedom. France sets an example which all nations might well follow. Blest with a beneficent and wise Government; which knows how to make the law respected and the law-giver loved, the People of France value useful restraints above dangerous license. Free they are in the highest sense of the term, because their freedom is protected by provisions which prevent its abuse by those who love revolution better than order. The attacks of licentious libellers, who hate the rod that corrects them, will never move us from our judicious firmness; but the just aspirations of those who would see some of the safeguards removed, with which confirmed tranquillity can dispense, shall ever receive from us the kind attention and gracious concessions which they deserve.

It is therefore with sincere pleasure that we announce to our beloved People that a fresh edict, extending still further the liberties of the Press, and giving to our civil and criminal code a still more popular aspect, will be shortly issued by us, in perfect confidence that the People of France value too much that liberty which our sway has assured to them, to abuse the trust which we thus place in them.

At peace with all her neighbours, happy in herself, seeking no aggrandisement and able to resist any encroachment from others, prosperous without and more prosperous within, France remains the admiration of all countries. Let other rulers cower before the shadow of Revolution which threatens them,—we are firmly enthroned in the hearts of a devoted nation.

NAPOLEON III., Emperor.

UNPACKING. PACKINGTON.

SCENE—On the outskirts of Lord Harry's Cover. Sir John Packington is alone with his double-barrel and the remains of lunch. To him TOMAHAWK.

TOMAHAWK.—Good day, Sir John. Enjoyed your lunch?

SIR JOHN (from his elevated position on the top rail of a stile).—Who the dashil are you? Have you any preconceived conception of the personage to whom you are speaking?

TOM.—Tut-tut, man, there's nobody near to hear us, so don't talk so pompously or look so big, you know me well enough.

SIR JOHN (slightly pacified at the idea of looking big).—Confound you! What do you want here? Why don't you keep to your columns instead of coming into people's preserves?

TOM.—Well, I do like that! How long is it since you left the chair of quarter session for the pen of State for War, I should like to know?

SIR JOHN.—Gad! I believe you are presuming —

TOM.—No presumption, I assure you. I want a chat with you, and this seems a pleasant spot in the autumn sun. Pass the tippie and get off your high horse. By the way, how comes it that you are not down at Shoebury?

SIR JOHN.—Will you oblige me by not referring to things of which you are —

TOM.—Perfectly ignorant? Why, my dear Sir John, how can you give advice of that kind? You get on well enough as Secretary of State for War, and I should much like to know what you know about war?

SIR JOHN.—This is too much —

TOM.—Oh, Sir John! I fear it would be too little. But as you are so good as to be willing to impart some of your immense knowledge, will you be good enough to explain the Moncrieff Gun?

SIR JOHN.—The what, sir?

TOM.—The Moncrieff Gun—the greatest invention in modern warfare.

SIR JOHN.—You need scarcely continue, sir. The Secretary of State for War is probably aware of the invention.

TOM.—Now, don't be grumpy, but explain. You military men — You are a military man, I believe, Sir John?

SIR JOHN (coughing).—Ah, yes—slightly so. Lieut.-Colonel of the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry.

TOM.—Exactly. Well, you military men have such a pull over us civilians in understanding things of this sort at a glance.

SIR JOHN (flattered).—I believe you are right. The fact is, I don't think much of this Moncrieff Gun, as they call it. Any one might have invented it. It's simply the American rocking-chair with a heavy gun attached, the whole rocking in a pit, half-price. I don't see it myself.

TOM.—That's one advantage, Sir John. It's meant to be invisible.

SIR JOHN.—You see, if it is adopted, my work, which is now in the press, will be at a discount.

TOM.—Your work, Sir John?

SIR JOHN.—“On the Advantage of Breech-loading Fortifications as a Counterbalance to Rifle-plated Armour for Ships.”

TOM.—I don't quite catch the title; but it must be a great work. Is it a broadside?

SIR JOHN.—Not exactly. But I had hoped it would have fallen like a shell among the authorities at Woolwich. You see, it might have led to my appointment as Commander-in-Chief of Volunteers.

TOM.—But you don't explain the gun.

SIR JOHN.—Explain? (Aside.) I'll bet he does not know any more about guns than I do. I suppose he won't go till I do explain it.

TOM.—I think you said —

SIR JOHN.—Just so. The Moncrieff Gun, then, is a gun or engine of war, used for the discharge of ponderous weights by the explosive force of gunpowder; and this gun is the invention of an officer named Moncrieff. Confound it, I forget whether he is captain or major in the artillery or engineers, but I know he was in the Crimea, and am certain he was not left dead on the field. By means of a *culasse* adaptation of the existing tompons, a pivot is set working in its own axis, this releases the enormous machine, which recoils on itself; and, by the simple action of an ivory buffer, the gun is laid pointed and rammed home. On

the word “Fire,” No. 3 then takes soap and water, and, applying the lanyard to the capstan —

TOM.—Come, Sir John, you have got back to the Admiralty. “On the word ‘Fire,’ No. 3” —

SIR JOHN.—No. 3 comes to attention, the hammer comes down on the cap, and —

TOM.—And Moncrieff is himself again!

SIR JOHN.—Precisely. I hope that is lucid enough?

TOM.—Quite lucid enough for the public; they ought to be satisfied with the explanation as it comes from you. By the way, when are the volunteers to have the Henry?

SIR JOHN.—Why, you ignorant brute, the army has not got it yet. Now be off, or I'll fire.

TOM.—Fire away; I feel sure your wad went in before the powder!

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO LIBERAL COMMITTEES, REFORM LEAGUES, TOWN COUNCILS, AND ALL BURGHERS.

MESSRS. J. S. Mill, Goldwin Smith, Beales, Bradlaugh, and Co. beg to announce that they have opened their new Registry for Servants, at which persons, with first-rate characters, can be procured to serve in Parliament. Gentlemen of advanced opinions are invited to send in testimonials, specimens of their speeches and writings, and a brief confession of their disbelief. Forms may be had on application. Characters furnished to all such candidates on payment of small fees. Money advanced for expenses on most easy terms. Preference given to sound thorough-going Infidels, with Red Republican tendencies.

Messrs. Mill, G. Smith, and Co. respectfully invite the attention of all Liberal Committees, Town Councils, &c. to their fine assortment of candidates now on view. Can be sent on approval to any place in the United Kingdom. It is not often that such facilities are offered by a firm whose name is a perfect guarantee for the high quality of goods supplied. The disagreeable trouble and anxiety attached to any independent action avoided, and the painful necessity and worry of selecting from the number of candidates who may offer themselves is hereby avoided.

Address,

MESSRS. MILL, GOLDWIN SMITH, AND CO.

(Agents for Political Servants.)

Central Offices, Westminster.

Please to state the sort of candidate, also degree of Liberalism required. These can be indicated for convenience, thus:—A. signifies advanced; V. A. very advanced; O. O. out and outer. No moderates kept.

THE SOONER THE BETTER.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has made up his mind to return to America, and has issued a Farewell Address to his friends and the public. The document, which is dated from “Four Court, Marshalsea,” is in Mr. Train's own peculiarly happy style, and is spiced with a little more than the usual *souffron* of blasphemy which characterizes his literary productions. “With my fingers on the jugular vein of England,” writes Mr. Train, with an oath, “I will never let go till America becomes America, and Ireland has an Irish flag over an Irish Republic from the — injustice of ages. Revenge is wild justice. Ireland shall be revenged. The payment of the Alabama claims and the release of the American citizens has already been balanced by the national insult to the Chinese ambassador because he happens to be an American.”

Mr. Train must be quite at the end of his resources when he has to fall back upon the Chinese ambassador as a *casus belli*. However, he has started an original grievance, which is something; and the sooner he sets out on his mission of annihilation the better. There is one little obstacle to his proceeding, we are sorry to hear, viz., a little matter of eleven hundred pounds due to a Limited Liability Company, which must be paid before he can get away from his present residence. Will not Mr. Train's friends, his enemies subscribe the amount? Nonentity as he is, it would be worth the money to clear him out of Europe.

ON GUARD.

OF all the military stations throughout the wide world where British soldiers are located, one would surely suppose that the hallowed precincts of "Head-Quarters" would be the pattern of convenience and perfection. Surely under the very nose of His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, the soldier must be properly looked after and cared for—especially as such a choice could entail but very little trouble upon the authorities; for the men of the Household Cavalry, who by twos disport themselves on the pavement of Parliament street, number but a paltry detachment of fourteen troopers at a time, and for the four-and-twenty hours that they are on duty at the Horse Guards do not look for or expect anything but the very simplest description of barrack accommodation. Such a luxury however as this is denied them. Our vigilant contemporary, the *Lancet*, ever ready to open up abuses of every description, has despatched its inspector on a visitation to the guard-room at the Horse Guards, and the result of his inspection is somewhat startling. "We passed along the dark corridor, with the glimmering of gas to replace the daylight we had left," says the *Lancet* commissioner, "until we groped our way into a wretched guard-room, with a miserable fire, and a few bare benches and tables, from which the remnants of dinner had been but just removed. Not a single comfort to be seen. The windows small and dark, and the place more conformable to the back kitchen of a pothouse than to a place where decent men, in a clean and splendid uniform, might be expected to abide. There were thirteen men on guard; two corporals being lodged in separate rooms—one in a solitary cell below, the other in a dirty and neglected room above, where, most erroneously, he is supposed to sleep. Ascending an open staircase, we reached a large and comfortable barrack-room, where several weary warriors were resting on their beds, encased in uniform, not, we may reasonably suppose, in expectation of being called to sudden duty, but simply because the day was cold, and a single gaslight did scant duty for a fire. Nor was their kitchen in a better state. Descending below the surface of the earth, we found ourselves beneath an ancient-looking crypt, reminding us strongly of cathedral vaults. Three coppers and a table constitute its furniture. All the food is boiled, and, to our astonishment, these fine guardsmen, like woodcocks, live by suction, although our Scotch conductor assured us that the soup was 'vera gude.' We were told that an oven had been promised several years ago; but, alas! it was an extravagance beyond the public means."

And this within a few yards of the apartment in which the Commander-in-Chief daily transacts the business of his office! How is it that the Duke of Cambridge, in his annual tour of inspection, which he so punctually performs, omits to walk round the building which is the centre of his duty? Is it not strange that curiosity, if nothing else, should not have impelled His Royal Highness to stroll into the little barrack which he contemplates as he sits in his own comfortable bureau? Do not inspections, like charity, begin at home? and are not the men of Her Majesty's Household Cavalry the soldiers, above all others, who might reasonably expect common attention to their wants and requirements?

We much fear that the Life Guardsman neither commands the respect nor even the sympathy of the general public. He is looked upon in private life as the Don Giovanni of the area steps, and in his public capacity as the very acme of military indolence; but this is no reason that he should be kennelled like a dog. In point of fact, the public judge him harshly. The Life Guardsman has his fair share of hard, not to say of dirty, work, and the hospital rolls of the three regiments of Household Cavalry prove that hanging about the damp streets of London on horseback and in full uniform is not uncondusive to rheumatism, and that chest diseases are very common, and, as a rule, commence in bad colds which owe their origin to the substitution of the cuirass for a great coat, the former article of apparel being an imposing but a somewhat draughty substitute for the warm wrap of the Line regiments. The *Lancet* has done good service in laying bare the Life Guardsman's grievance. Let us hope that the operation may prove successful.

A CRUISE THAT WE HOPE WILL NEVER FAIL.—The cruise of the "Galatea." [This is more to do with oil than butter.—ED. TOM.]

WHO'S FOR SPAIN?

JUAN PRIM has *ecarted* his queen, but finds it impossible to turn up a king. The game has been going all his own way, but Spain wants a king! A kingdom for a king! As kings are not to be obtained like governesses, by applying at the Soho Bazaar between the hours of ten and four, the country of the Cid has no head to crown, and Bavioca neighs in vain for a royal rider.

The Emperor would not hear of such a thing as allowing the Duke of Montpensier to ascend that throne or any other.

The Duke of Edinburgh prefers ruling the waves in "a more absolute throne," as the *Sea-captain* has it, "than Cæsar filled—his war-ship." (The idea of calling Cæsar "his wor-ship."—ED.)

The King of the Belgians has been brought up peacefully, and likes to cultivate his Brussels sprouts without a lot of Spanish flies buzzing round his ears.

The King of Portugal will see Spain further.

Who, then, will appear to settle in that field of thistles which divinity hedges, and which at present is more like an empty pound than a national throne?

There's Plon-Plon—but then he is much more useful at present as a special diplomatist across the Alps than he could be on the other side of the Pyrenees. There's Peabody—but he is too great a philanthropist, and has property in Hungary. Austria might not like that. There's Sala (G. A.), who knows Madrid as well as he does Nijni Novgorod or San Francisco—but he has so many friends all over the Continent, in Jerusalem and Madagascar, that the balance of power would be upset. No, Sala is out of the question. There's Charles Lever—the very man! he has been educating himself and his readers for the highest diplomatic position attainable; he has become an average bore, and— No! he has too many cardinal virtues, and just now the cardinals are not quite so popular in Spain as they might be.

Who, then, is to be King of Spain? Echo answers "Payne!" Of course! as soon as the pantomime season is over, let the vacant throne be offered to old Payne, and just see how he will fill it. As well as most kings as far as appearance goes; and for business—well! we don't know any dummy answering to the name of king who can come near him for business.

Room for El Ré Zapateado! Payne for ever!!

THE BRIGHTON PROBLEM.

OLD Archimedes, engineer, of science picked a dull crumb: Said he, "I'd move the world with ease if you'd give me a fulcrum."

The problem all reversed, is found within the English Church, as

Good Chichester would give the world for power to move his Purchas.

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

"THE GREAT VANCE," as he is pleased to call himself, or to declare that other people call him, is going about the country, giving entertainments, and covering the walls of provincial towns with flaring portraits of his vulgar person, and flaring advertisements of his vulgar songs. However, as the French say, *les murailles sont le papier de la canaille*; and therefore that is all right, and exactly as it should be. But what we want to know is this. Is it true that "The Great Vance" is authorised to parade and recommend himself as, "Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales"? He says so, and prints it at the top of his bills. As, however, the Great Vance, in London at least, indulges, in his performances, in the very grossest double-entendres, we cannot believe it to be true. For the honour of the Head of English Society, we should much like this matter to be cleared up. We are quite sure that this wandering clown is taking an atrocious liberty with an illustrious name.

CONSOLATION FOR DOULTON.—More dolt than Knave, Eh?

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

It has just occurred to me that I have not yet offered any explanation of the heading I have chosen for these papers. Well, then, here it is. A Kaleidoscope is, as you know, a sort of a scientific toy, in which a few odds and ends of coloured glass, slate pencil, and hair-pins are, by the application of a simple principle in optics, converted into a gorgeous and pleasing hexagonal pattern. In a word, put a shirt button into a Kaleidoscope and it becomes a Cathedral window—you cannot take a better view of it. On this principle, then, it was my wish to look, as most Englishmen always do, at my native country—I hoped to take the best view of everything. I have, I own, made a bad beginning; but I am not disheartened yet, and mean to cling to my original determination as cheerfully as ever. I have granted that “British love of fair play” is a myth, but this, as the Mayor of West Duffington truly remarked, is but one weakness amid a thousand virtues. But to proceed. To-night I dine at “the Hall.” Banks Johnson has got me an invite, and says everybody in the county will be there. I shall, therefore, still continue the subject of the “Characteristics of Englishmen,” and will please call this reflection,

POLITICAL INTELLECT IN THE COUNTIES.

I shall have a fine opportunity of hearing the freely-expressed political convictions of some of the very first county men, and I can assure you I anticipate a rich intellectual feast. My note-book will accompany me, and I shall post this together with its contents at West Duffington on our way home after the dinner.

N.B.—We have just taken our seats at table. For the sake of precision and clearness, I shall subdivide my notes according to the courses, and begin with,

SOUP.

Nothing particular yet. I am next to a clergyman's wife. Other side of me Lord Something-or-other, I think, couldn't catch his name. Conversation reserved. One cannot expect men of intelligence to waste their words—over mere soup. Elderly gentleman opposite me but five on the other side has said something about Disraeli to Banks Johnson. Couldn't catch it.

FISH.

Sherry all round. Clergyman's wife begins to talk to military man on the other side of her. Sure it isn't politics. I venture a remark to Lord Something-or-other, and he says, “Yes, thanks,” and takes the salt away from me. When *will* they begin to *talk*! Wish these asses of servants would pass round the hock; things might then get a little more lively. Somebody at the other end of the table (can't see who) says something about Bright. Can't catch it. Ah! here's the hock.

ENTREES.

Capital hock. Ask Lord Something-or-other what he thinks of Gladstone's last speech. Says he hasn't read it. I express surprise. He says he never reads any of Gladstone's speeches. I hint politely that it's odd, and ask what he thinks of the question of the day. He replies that “Padwick was a great fool to go into print.” Don't follow him. Listen to conversation commencing generally all about me. Champagne. Clergyman's wife, fine woman. Dare say, now, she knows a good deal about politics. A good deal more than one would suppose, I'll be bound. Will try her. Talk about Irish Church. Does not say so in so many words, but decidedly hints that Gladstone is the—

ROASTS.

Find myself talking controversy. Champagne. Clergyman's wife a decided fool. Half a mind to tell her so. General and loud conversation all round the table, all about Disraeli and Gladstone. Can't catch anything. Somebody on the other side says *he* will take good care all *his* tenants vote *his* way of thinking. Important to find out *what* he is. Can't. More champagne. Capital wine—wonder where *what's-his-name* gets it! Ask Lord Thingammy. Doesn't know—I don't believe he's a Lord at all. Never could stand the aristocracy. Give him a bit of my mind, and say that Disraeli and his supporters are an “unprincipled crew.” Says “Ah! yes,” and

talks to somebody the other side of him. Call *him* a politician? Gammon! Military man says Bright's a snob, you know. Argue it out with him across clergyman's wife. Got the best of *that* anyhow.

SWEETS.

Somebody or other says the constitution is in danger. Somebody says it isn't. Everybody talks at once. Fine opportunity of getting general opinion. Take notes as fast as I can. Here come notes. Gladstone says he gets majority, Disraeli don't care twopence if never passed reform bill, if, old Palmerston was the man, Sir, not believe a word of it, Bright, stump oratory, and turn him out for Oxford, pretty piece of business put elections off, buy up *Times* and who's Odger, should like to know? ‘Stablish Irish Church firm basis, can't be done, Sir, ‘peal country—no argument, not gentlemanly, come now argument's argument, Gladstone's scoundrel, no—exceeding limits, that'll do—grace.

DESSERT.

No use taking general notes. Clergyman's wife says she doesn't understand Irish Church, but's a firm Tory all same. Good that. Like it. Give the idea to old Banky going home. Ladies rise; good riddance; now'll talk pol'tics like one 'clock. Pass port—firs-ra-port—none of your Gladstone's claret. Gladstone no fnancier—eh? Twelve guineas a dozen—that's the stuff. Bet guinea talking pol'tics down there: done. Told you so; old Banky says Dizzy's acrobat! What d'you say, Lord What's-your-name? Beg pardon—Lord—? Fellow's deaf's a post. Military man thinks so too. ‘Xchange cards. Tells a good story—firs-ra! Capit'l f'low; ‘stands pol'tics too: says knows Dizzy: says not half bad f'low when come t'know him. I'blieve him. What's use fighting 'bout Irish Church? What's use o'pol'tics? What's use, that's what I want t'know—what's use?

Coming home. Can't go into matter very well now, but should say, on the whole, the Political Intellect in the counties stands low—that's reflection on spur of moment—b'lieve its sound all 'same. Good night. Old Banky's 'sleep.

THE NIGGER CONTROVERSY.

THOSE original Christy's Minstrels “who never perform out of London” must tremble in their shoes. The Christy's Coloured Comedians, who call themselves the “C.C.C.,” because they are the only genuine minstrels in the world, must extinguish themselves without further delay, for the Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels (who, by the way, appear never to perform *in* London), have at length made good their pretension to be the Christy's Minstrels *par excellence*. The following advertisement, which appears in the *Times*, is evidently intended to entirely annihilate the rival companies:—

IMPORTANT.—The Royal and Original CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS (Proprietors, Messrs. Willson and Montague) appeared by special command before the Queen and Court, at Balmoral Castle, on Friday, October 16th last, on which occasion Her Majesty was graciously pleased to express to Mr. Montague, through Lord Charles Fitzroy, her unqualified satisfaction with the entire performance, and made a further selection at the termination of the lengthy programme of another plaintive song and chorus. The signal honour thus conferred upon Messrs. Willson and Montague (theirs being the only Company of Christy's Minstrels that have appeared before the Queen) induces them to adopt the Registered Title of Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels.

What a pity it is that the British public is incapable of judging for itself what is good and what is bad! At the present moment St. James's Hall is nightly crowded by enthusiastic audiences, who evince the keenest delight in the entertainment provided for them. But they are quite wrong. Those columns of contradictory advertisements from the three companies, each claiming the title of “The Genuine,” which profited the newspapers, but sadly perplexed the public, are now no longer necessary. Her Majesty the Queen has come to the rescue, and has proclaimed the Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels to all the world as the only genuine and original article. What higher authority could we have?

MILITARY REFORM.

It appears to be now admitted on all hands that Mr. Disraeli, in his recent manifesto, made a little mistake in his account of the functions of the new Controller-in-Chief at the War Office.

This mistake was made on the well-known Johnsonian principle of "simple ignorance, Sir," yet there have not been wanting admiring Boswells in the Tory Press ready to declare that no mistake has been made at all, but that M. Leotard, still engaged in his favourite occupation of "educating" his party, had induced the Chancellor of the Exchequer and my other Lords of the Treasury to change their views and to accord to the Military Controller the control of military finance, so earnestly desired by the authorities at the Horse Guards.

Such, however, is not the case. The civilians at Whitehall and in Pall Mall know too well the history of civil control over army expenditure to let any modern party "education" touch a principle so intimately interwoven into our Constitution. Mountebanks may amuse and astonish by their agile *tours de force*, their rapid change of front, their daring manœuvres, their amusing pretensions; but they seldom shine in old world knowledge, or in understanding the foundations or building up of the platform on which they are performing.

The history of civil control over military expenditure is very short and easily explained. From the earliest time, when Parliament permitted the existence of a standing army and voted the large aids or grants to the Crown to defray the cost of its maintenance, the Commons appointed their own commissioners to examine the accounts of the expenditure of the sums thus granted, and the audit of such accounts was duly reported to the House and earnestly debated therein when fresh grants were asked for. In the course of time, when the Commons found out their really absolute power in the appointment of the Ministers of the Crown, and discovered the King's Ministers were really their nominees, the House came to the conclusion that those Ministers might safely be entrusted with the audit on behalf of Parliament of the grants placed at the disposal of their several offices for the military services, and thus the examination of the accounts by the Parliamentary Commissioners merged into the offices of the Parliamentary Minister.

Under these circumstances, the blindest advocate of military financial control can scarcely fail to see what very dangerous ground he is venturing upon in endeavouring to bring the military element into predominance in the offices of the Ministry, thus acting as trustees, or auditors, for the House of Commons. We need not waste words on the noble Lord who has given notice that if he has a seat in the next Parliament he intends to move that all the civil clerks in the office of the Secretary of State for War should be replaced by soldier clerks. We will only suggest to him to get a return from the Horse Guards of the number of regiments who in their 1,000 rank and file can find a single man fit to take the position of copying clerk in the regimental orderly-room or regimental pay office, and a further return of the number of regimental clerks who are yearly confined for drunkenness. When he has got these returns, he will need no advice from TOMAHAWK to prevent his bringing forward his motion to man a Government office from that class of society. But we may perhaps usefully warn those who advocate military control in finance to beware how they lead the House of Commons to doubt whether military officers are in any way efficient trustees or commissioners of finance *on their behalf*, and if once this mistrust takes possession of the House the recoil against military influence of any sort in the civil administration of the army may prove so severe as to settle for a long time all question as to the *dual government* of the army.

At present, moderate measures have been decided upon. The Treasury letter of the 29th June last is a very remarkable paper. It is remarkable in one special feature, viz., that it goes out of the ordinary Treasury track of merely deciding upon a proposal submitted to that office, and approving it or refusing it. It originates a scheme quite different from that proposed to it, and as superior to the proposed scheme as the official experience of the civil officers of the Crown and the Treasury is to that of the newly created and, on this subject, inexperienced authorities in the control department at Pall Mall.

The Treasury letter enjoins emphatically the maintenance of a high civil financial officer in the War Office. It distinctly affirms the principle that in that office there must be a fit

representative of the original Parliamentary Commission, acting purely on behalf of the House of Commons. The hand that drafted that letter knew better than many recent Ministers the real relation between the House that voted the supplies and the office that administered and audited their expenditure. That letter, despite all the pretended improvements on it suggested by the half "educated" Tory Press, ought to be firmly adhered to by the constitutionalists on both sides of the House. The scheme laid down is the best, the soundest, and the most practical yet proposed, simply because it adheres closely to constitutional principles, and brings back the vagaries of recent changes to the old starting-point and original intentions of Parliament.

One word must be added against a ridiculous idea that has been promulgated in some suspicious quarters, namely, that the Treasury scheme contemplates the appointment, as chief financial officer, of some professional accountant—some certificated actuary—some financier of the modern school. Nothing of the sort is required for the duties of the chief financial officer at the War Office. He need not be a De Morgan, nor a Babbage, nor a Peto. He need no more be a City accountant, acquainted with book-keeping and double entry, than a Lord Chancellor need be competent to engross a deed. What is wanted is a man of good average abilities, not of too amiable or yielding a disposition, of some position in the social world, and of complete independence of military patronage. A man with these qualifications would admirably fill the situation sketched by the Treasury, and would do the State good service, provided one thing is honestly done, viz., that you give him a real position and real power to act. That is the true secret of the weakness of our financial control. Many excellent men are entrusted with the duties, none of them are entrusted with the *power* to enforce their views. Placed in inferior positions, all their abilities are frittered away in vain contests with the superior authorities, and they are left powerless and useless.

So long as the financial authority is tied and overwhelmed by military predominance, so long will it be powerless, and so long will our army accounts continue to exhibit the maximum of expenditure with the minimum of expense.

SCOTCHED; NOT KILLED.

THEY say that burnt children dread the fire; but grown-up people are evidently free from the influence of any such wholesome terror. The feats of Madame Rachel, and the fate of Mrs. Borrodaile, are still fresh in the memory of the community; yet, if we are to believe in the law which makes supply and demand almost correlative terms, we are driven to the conclusion that part, at least, of the Jewish hag's trade may still be practised with profit. If not, what is the *raison d'être* of the following advertisement, which we cull from *The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper*?

"TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND!"

MISS TALBOT, thirty years Lady's-maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward full directions in the new and beautiful art of Getting-up the FACE and EYES in the most brilliant style, with other Recipes for the Toilette, standing unrivalled. Thirty stamps. Address Miss E. F. TALBOT, Folkingham, Lincolnshire.

As though the recent loathsome *cause célèbre* had rather advanced than damaged the profession of the criminal, here we have the very phrases of her art, "Getting up the Face and Eyes," used once more, and thrust into notice by the aid of big and prominent type. Another advertisement, close to it, in the same *Lady's Newspaper*, offers "single curls, from 2s. to 30s. each, sent by post to any part, *secure from observation*." This last clause we suppose we must accept as an act of homage paid by vice to virtue. It clearly shows that those who cater to the degraded and degrading tastes of a certain portion of the female public, are aware that the latter are ashamed of their own infirmities. Another of the dirty trade announces that Enamelling is Superseded, by the Queen of Cosmetic, the Tapa Root, "which is now used by *all the Ladies of the Courts of Europe*." In the name of all that's clean, and pure, and womanly, cannot this thing end? Why don't the real ladies of England refuse to subscribe to the newspaper which makes a parade of being especially theirs, until such garbage as the above is refused admittance into its advertising sheets.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

THE WEEK.

A GENTLEMAN advertises "Vegetable Hair, from Algiers." We have not seen the article; but, as we presume that, like other vegetables, it requires a somewhat moist soil, we can honestly recommend it to the notice of people who have got water on the brain.

THE roughs of London are about to present a testimonial to Sir Richard Mayne, as some slight acknowledgment of the manner in which he has assisted them in their violent efforts to get a living. We believe the testimonial will take the shape of a fool's-cap of beaten gold, with a hood to cover the eyes and protect the ears. The bells will be muzzled.

NOTHING so cruel or unjust has ever been said of the working men as has just been said by their friend, Mr. Mill. It is the deliberate judgment of the great philosopher that Mr. Bradlaugh (a coarse blasphemer) "represents the feelings and opinions of the working classes." On this point, surely, Mr. Mill cannot be said to represent the million.

POLITICAL blood seems to be like the waters, regularly on the boil at Bath. A local paper hints that the ill-feeling has grown to such a pitch, that the recorder had actually to sit between the two rival candidates in the Abbey Church the other day. Whether they came to actual blows or only indulged in disagreeable and irritating chaff at each other in a whisper, is not stated, but as the event came off in the *corporation* pew, perhaps after all it may turn out to be a mere *mayor's* nest.

MR. LABOUCHERE has been treating the electors of Windsor to some very facetious remarks about Colonel Gardiner, the Conservative candidate, comparing that gentleman "to a monkey on the top of an organ, with a red coat on, and a hole cut behind for his tail to go through." Whether Mr. Labouchere is preparing a burlesque for Christmas we do not know; but if he is he had better keep such wit as he has by him for that occasion. We know nothing about Colonel Gardiner, nor

do we support his candidature; but we do desire to see some regard paid to decency and courtesy by all speakers on whatever side of the question. Mr. Labouchere is a useful man in his way, but he should be the last person to provoke an "*argumentum ad hominem*." He has not yet succeeded to the family title. Let him keep such taunts till he is Lord Taunton.

WRONG IN THE MAYNE.

WE understand that the rate levied in the Metropolitan District (Sir R. Mayne's) for the police force is now *raised* to 6½d. in the pound, to which is added 2½d. in the pound from the Consolidated Fund, making the cost of the metropolitan police 9d. in the pound on the rateable value.

The rate for the City of London police force (over which Sir R. Mayne has no authority) has hitherto been 6d. in the pound, is now about to be *reduced* to 5d., and this is not supplemented by any aid from the Consolidated Fund.

The number of the force provided in the Metropolitan District for the *larger rate* is less than half that provided by the *smaller rate* in the city, in comparison to area.

Sir Richard will kindly explain.

THOROUGHLY AT SEE.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following correspondence:—

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Could anything be more unfortunate? Here, on the very eve of the elections, just, too, as I have thrown the last handful of dust into the eyes of all my beloved religious supporters, an Archbishopric becomes vacant. How am I to get out of it?

Say I give it to Samuel (of course, he hasn't a chance of it), why, I should have every Evangelical hound in England barking at my heels.

Take a man of the *Close* type (Heaven forbid!), and then I should lose all these Ritualistic fellows who are going in for rank Orangeism, with their heads (I made it for them), in a bag.

Then there's the third issue—Stanley, or some of his set. That would never do, would it? I should let slip every man Jack of Nos. 1 and 2 at once.

Can you assist me?

Yours ever,
B. DISRAELI.

DEAR DISRAELI,—Nothing could be more unfortunate. However, there is one way of getting out of your difficulty—Advertise. I have drawn up the following, and think it is the sort of thing you want.

Yours ever,
TOMAHAWK.

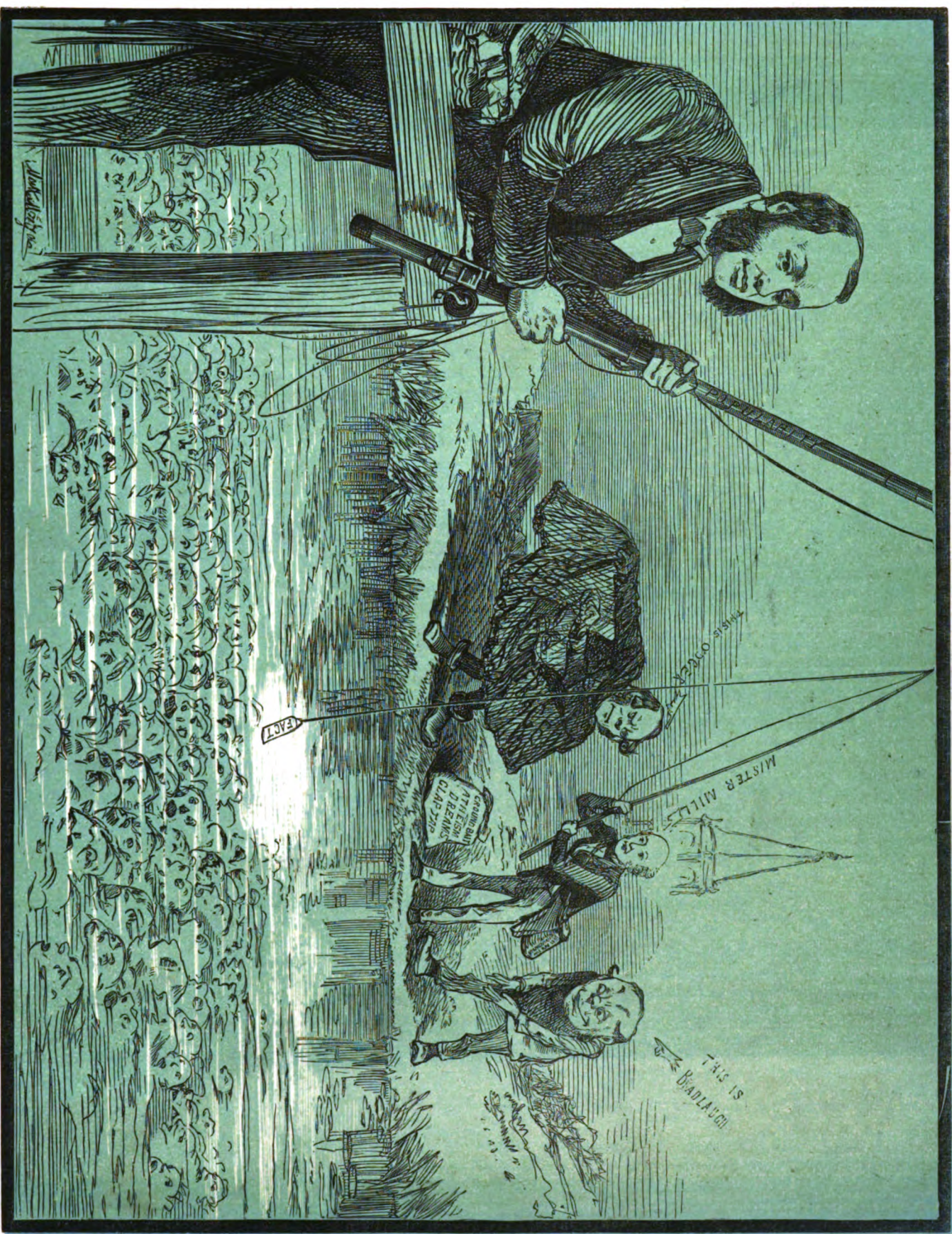
[ADVERTISEMENT.]

ARCHBISHOP.—WANTED, to fill this desirable situation, a decent, willing, respectably-aged Man, who thoroughly understands his work. He must have married into a titled family, and possess no distinct views on any of the important questions of the day. He will be expected on all occasions, whether of a public or private character, when grave religious issues happen to be raised, to give no opinion of any sort whatever. He must be well-instructed in the art of self-mystification, and understand that peculiar use of the language better known as "Archbishop's English," which avoids the subject-matter in hand, and makes up for the omission in vague generalities. He is not required to be a good speaker, able theologian, or profound scholar; on the contrary, an indefinite, indistinct, and generally mediocre turn of mind may be considered an essential requisite from any applicant desirous of filling the post. He should be able to know a good glass of port wine, give a good dinner, and move in the best society. Salary advantageous. Apply to B. D., Downing street, S.W.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Great thanks. I have tried it, and am inundated with applications. How you would laugh were you to see the list of names!

Yours ever,
B. DISRAELI.

THE TOMAHAWK, November 7, 1868.



"NOT FOR JO" (HN STUART MILL),

OR,

MADLLE. MINNIE HAUCK.

ON Monday, the 26th, shone forth a new star in the operatic firmament. Madlle. Minnie Hauck made her first appearance before the British public in Bellini's *Sonnambula*; she came to us laden with good reports, and she received (as a new comer always will) an impartial hearing from her audience. It may be fairly chronicled that she achieved a success, and it may be added that she deserved, to a certain extent, her good fortune: her good qualities are her own, and her shortcomings should be laid to the door of others. Those to whom has been trusted the management of Madlle. Hauck's career have done ill by their charge in bringing her forward so early; they should have allowed her to live out more of her childhood before calling upon her to appear before the world in a theatre, the size of which is unsuited to her means, and in an opera which must necessarily provoke comparisons between the *debutante* and so many other artists, past and present. We have no hesitation in asserting that a serious and lasting injury has been done to Madlle. Hauck's professional prospects by the precocious training which she has undergone. Her voice has already been unnaturally forced, and in her acting she appears to be doing what she has been taught, rather than to be following the impulse of her own intelligence. In certain tricks of vocalisation, and in portions of her by-play, she recalls the manner of Madlle. Patti, indicating (as we fancy is the case) that the instruction of both *prime donne* springs from the same source.

We have written the foregoing in bare justice to Madlle. Hauck, for she has a rare amount of intelligence, and she might have taken, and we trust may still take, a high position amongst artists. Her voice has but little sonority in the lower and middle registers, but her upper notes are bright, liquid, and are delivered, moreover, without any sort of effort. Her execution is, in some respects, very good, but it ought to be better, for the voice is facile, and to run up and down a scale should be nothing more to her than the signing of her name. In many portions of the opera Madlle. Hauck evinced much sensibility, and in the recitative which precedes the slow movement *Ah! non credea mirarti*, her singing was that of an artist. By the time that she reached the worthless *Rondo* which brings Bellini's otherwise lovely opera to an end, Madlle. Hauck had arrived at the limit of her physical means, and failed to do herself justice. Before this time, however, she had done enough to enlist the sympathy of her audience and she was recalled with acclamations.

We would direct the young lady's attention to a fault which is gravely noticeable in her Italian pronunciation, namely, her singing of the closed vowel "e;" she renders the words *care compagne* as though they were written *carei compagnei*. Than this no greater fault of pronunciation exists, and any real Italian will be driven out of his mind when he hears it. Madlle. Hauck's articulation and pronunciation are in other respects excellent.

It may seem that we are treating the new *prima donna* somewhat niggardly as to praise, or even encouragement. This is very far from our desire, and we shall watch the career of this promising and talented young lady with genuine interest; still we cannot overlook the fact that results, not processes, are for the world, and we regret that Madlle. Hauck should have appeared in England before years and experience have enabled her to do herself full justice.

Signor Mongini undertook the part of *Elvino*, and the beauty of his voice and the fervour of his singing induce us to forgive him many of his faults. There is one thing, by the way, for which we will not forgive him, and that is the alteration which he has thought fit to make in the first phrase of the duet *Prendi l'anel ti dono*. It is right that Signor Mongini should know that there are passages of Bellini's which neither he, nor any one else can change without destroying, and the phrase in question is one of them.

The general performance at Covent Garden is very good, and is a great boon to those whom choice or necessity has kept in town; but it seems at first, rather strange to see Signor Arditi mount the throne heretofore graced by Mr. Costa, as also to see Mr. Mapleson occupying the box which Mr. Gye reserves for himself!

ONE DECIDED HORN OF THE CHURCH'S DILEMMA.—The *Cornu-cope-ia*!

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By

JULES CANARD.

LETTER LAST (FOR THE PRESENT).—*Adieu to London. The Cause of Canard's Departure. The British Government and the Price of "Cat-is-meet." Anecdotes of the English People. Jones's Hat. A Sly Fruiterer. Madam Chose. Old Wives and Young Husbands. Canard's Song. Conclusion.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Nov. 1, 1868.

MY DEAR AND MUCH-RESPECTED REDACTEUR,

This is the last letter that you will receive from me for perhaps months—may be years. I am utterly depressed by the wretched climate of this miserable country—can no longer tolerate the brutal manners of its barbarous inhabitants. But I would have stayed at my post had the British Government permitted it. Yes, you should have had no reason to complain of him who now addresses you. Jules Canard is loyal. He may have his faults, but it is only when a Tyrant orders that he obeys. So the British Government is afraid of my pen!

It would seem so.

It is wrong to be positive, but then one must not be too confiding!

But there, I can explain the matter in a moment. I have been driven out of London, not by the military, not by the police, but by the Hunger! Yes, I can no longer buy food! I must starve, for "*cat-is-meet*" is now too dear for me. Who raised the price of this toothsome viand?

Was it the British Government? You must tell me: I am not good at riddles!

Then for the present I bid *perfidie Albion* farewell!

I shake the dust off my feet. I kiss my hand to the great "Lor-Mayor," bow a salute to the "Admiral-rows." Yes, in spite of the advice of my friends (who offered to carry me about in state on the 5th of November in recognition of my services), I leave London for the land of the brave and the free. I go to Paris! Joyful news! I see my friends—I kiss their cheeks. I press my Rédacteur to my heart and embrace him.

It appears to me that it will be happiness. Mr. — says "it is good to be happy!" Why does he not add "it is also happy to be good?" Do you know?

But there, I have done. Before closing this letter I give you a few social anecdotes which I have picked up here and there. If they amuse you, read them. If they do not—well, I leave that to you.

It hurts no one to go to sleep! Laudanum is not only used as a poison! At least so says Smith.

..

Brown and Jones were walking down Regent street. It began to rain. As fate would have it, neither of them possessed umbrellas. They entered a shop, but had to leave it. Shop people do not like to shelter men without umbrellas. So they walked on until they got wet to the skin. By and bye Brown began to smile.

"Why do you smile?" asked Jones.

"I was thinking, my good comrade," replied Brown, trying to look serious, "that this seems a bad time for hats!"

Jones wore a hat! Brown, on the contrary, had got on a cap. Was it not cruel? You would not have said this!

..

It is well understood that Madam Smith is fond of chesnuts.

If all the world does not know this it is the world's fault, not Madam Smith's.

The other day this excellent lady was in Covent Garden Market. As one might have expected, she asked for some chesnuts.

"I have none," said a fruiterer.

Was the fruiterer speaking the truth?

..

Sir Tennyson has said, "Honesty is the best policy;" but

then everyone knows that Sir Tennyson is a philosopher. The other day Robinson was at a ball at Madam Chose's. It was a delightful evening. Good music, lovely women, an excellent supper. (Ah! who does not like an excellent supper?)

There was one drawback—the rooms were warm; rude people would have said they were *hot*! But then we are not rude people.

Madam Chose (who is very fond of diamonds) sailed up to Robinson, blazing with flashing gems, and covered from "top to toe" in her favourite jewels. He was not surprised. We are surprised at nothing in the Great World.

"You must let me get you a partner," said the hostess to her guest.

"I am a little fatigued," replied Robinson, with a deferential bow. "I have danced every dance, and have come into this conservatory to recover myself."

Now, the conservatory was cooler than the rooms. Is honesty *always* the best policy?

Woman is sometimes called lovely.

"How can I make myself look pretty?" said an old woman to her young husband.

"Can your toilette glass give you no information?"

It was cruel, but then old women should not marry young husbands!

And with this *piquante* little story I bring my First Series of letters on "London, its Manners and its People" to a close. It is not impossible that when the Season commences I may run over to this inhospitable country once more. I do not relish the idea. "Cat-is-meet" is toothsome, but grows monotonous. "*Toujours cat-is-meet*" is no better than "*Toujours perdrix*."

So now, "*Perfide Albion*," adieu! Adieu, miserable land of shopkeepers and mountebanks! Adieu, cold country of barbarous etiquette and still more barbarous joviality! Jules Canard is *en voyage*. As he leaves thee, O Albion the White-cliffed and the Perfidious, he sings thee a little song written in thine own barbarous tongue:

Good bye, good bye, old England dear,
Good bye, good bye, Ros-bif;
No more I drink the bittère bière—
I leave my "Cat-is-meet."

Till we see one another,

Receive the distinguished considerations of
JULES CANARD.

EPISCOPAL TRUSTEES.

"The connection of religion with the exercise of political authority is one of the main safeguards of the civilisation of man."—*Mr. Disraeli's Manifesto.*

WHILE the people of this country are debating in anticipation, and in fact in dictation, of the debates that are to occupy the coming Parliament relative to the advantages and the disadvantages of an Established Church, it is not an inappropriate moment to look up a few cases in which the peculiar blessings of the system of Church Establishments come out. The following is not a very recent case, but it admirably illustrates the care of their immediate flock—their families—which the present *régime* enables our bishops and patrons to exercise, and the extraordinary latitude which episcopal trustees feel entitled to take when dealing with the trust funds placed in their hands for the benefit of their Church and the advancement of their religion.

Some years ago an Act was passed transferring from the diocese of Lincoln to that of Oxford the "fat" living of Stoney Middleton, and the Act recited that the transfer was made to enable the bishop of the latter diocese to make better provision for the reward of long and meritorious service on the part of the curates under him.

Not long ago the living fell vacant, and many were the expectations and conjectures raised in the minds of numerous curates, with from fifteen to twenty-two years of good and faithful service, as to the aged Simeon to whom the promotion would be awarded. The number of candidates qualified by

longer service than Dr. Wilberforce had given when he was made a bishop was very great, so great indeed that the good bishop was quite perplexed as to whom to select—there were so many good and experienced men who might fairly look for advancement.

In this perplexity the Episcopal Trustee, unable to determine who was the most deserving priest in his diocese, decided to give it to the least deserving. Unwilling to promote the oldest priest, he made up his mind to promote the youngest, and as luck would have it, the youngest priest in his diocese happened to be his own son. To him, a priest of three months' standing, the father of his flock presented the living; and he is still a standing beacon of paternal affection, and of the probity and justice with which an Establishment bishop of the highest tendencies can establish his family through the admissible institution without which Mr. Disraeli tells us no good government can exist.

TAKING THE WIND OUT OF A SALE.

MESSRS. Christie and Manson will have the honour of selling, at their Auction Rooms, King street, St. James's, early in the ensuing month, the following choice collection of objects of Art and Vertu:—

A Spanish throne, unique; has been thoroughly cleaned and fumigated since the departure of the late occupant; *to be sold cheap.*

A rare specimen of the Salique law in Spanish; *very chaste.*

Pieces of the oath broken on the 3rd of December, picked up in Paris; *richly gilt.*

A Parisian button-hole without the Legion of Honour; *extremely scarce.*

A railway director's conscience; *the only specimen known.*

A portrait of William of Borodaille; *proof before letters.*

Also several seats in the forthcoming election. Amateurs are informed that this is a splendid occasion for adding to their collections some of the rarest gems of modern or antique art. All will be sold without reserve.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE

THE following protest has been addressed to the Editor of a certain (American?) journal by the gentlemen on the staff. The example deserves to be followed, and we are sure that all those who have at heart the dignity and purity of the Press will applaud such a noble and unselfish step on the part of those who are too often accused of sacrificing their principles to their pockets:—

"To the Editor of the ———."

"SIR,—We, the undersigned, being members of the permanent staff or frequent contributors to your journal, beg most solemnly and earnestly to protest against the character of the advertisements which are permitted to appear in the columns of the ———. We have often before, singly and individually, remonstrated with you on the questionable policy, to say nothing of the morality, of affording facilities in one portion of your paper to those very quacks, impostors, and immoral persons whom we, at your invitation, have been vigorously denouncing in another portion. We have repeatedly endeavoured to impress you with a sense of the fact, which many of our contemporaries have forcibly urged, namely, that these traders on the folly and vice of mankind would be unable to pursue their infamous calling, were it not for the publicity which they are able to gain by the carelessness and want of principle on the part of some journals. As you, Sir, have ever boasted that your paper was devoted to the cause of true morality, we feel sure that you cannot wish to continue a practice which is calculated directly to injure public morality.

"But it is chiefly on the aspect of the question as it affects ourselves that we would wish now to dwell. There can be no doubt that advocating, as you do so consistently, those great liberal doctrines and principles which have made this nation what it is, and the support of which has added no little to the circulation of your journal, you must be anxious to have on your staff men of the highest integrity and the most scrupulous

honour. We would ask you to consider, Sir, how we can go on writing the most fervid denunciations of immorality while we know that our readers have only to turn over the page to find some advertisement, the object of which can be nothing else than immoral. What hypocrites we must appear to ourselves, and what a disgrace we must feel it to be that the large circulation, to the establishment of which our humble talents have contributed somewhat, is being employed as a means of disseminating the impudent lies of quacks or shameless communications between women and their paramours. It is impossible that any man of honour can receive money for diatribes written against vice, when he knows that part of that money is derived from those who minister, directly or indirectly, to vice. Now we humbly submit, is it fair on us to expose us to the obloquy of our brethren of the Press on account of an inconsistency the power of remedying which lies, Sir, with you alone? Men who have wives and families to support may be asked to sacrifice some of their prejudices on the altar of Mammon; but even in this age there is a point beyond which no one who deserves the name of man can be expected to go; and it would only be at the price of the utter loss of all self-respect and honour that we could continue to write for your journal, if you persist in admitting such advertisements as justly draw down upon you the animadversion and contempt of all decent and honourable men.

"We are encouraged to utter this somewhat bold remonstrance, seeing that after our contemporaries had frequently drawn your attention to certain advertisements in your journal, you, with a noble promptitude, excluded them, thereby proving that the admission of such objectionable matter arose, not from a sordid desire of gain, but from an unsuspicious nature and a frank carelessness, which, like the blemishes in old china, are testimonies to your worth.

"It is but a few days since two advertisements appeared in the columns of the ——— which were severely commented on by some other journals, and which too manifestly emanated from that class of women whose vices it has been our proud duty to expose and to chastise. Anxious as we are to continue in that course of severe and uncompromising morality which has ever distinguished the contributors to your journal, we feel sure that you will not mistake our purpose when we respectfully demand a solemn assurance on your part that such advertisements shall never appear again in your columns. To lash the follies and sins of youth, to swoop down with relentless ferocity on the young aristocrat who outsteps the bounds of propriety, to moralise over the body of some too confiding young female who has sought in death a solution of the problem of life, to guide our statesmen, and to play the mentor to our ministers—these and such like duties we shall ever be too proud to fulfil on your behalf, and in the widely circulated pages of the ——— but directly or indirectly to countenance any impropriety, much less immorality, is what we can never bring ourselves to do, and what as honest, conscientious writers you, gentlemen, will surely never ask of us.

"Hoping, then, that by a rigorous censorship of the advertisements submitted for insertion you will in future avoid any such scandal as that to which we have alluded, and so, hoping that with perfect honour we may be able to continue our relations with the ———,

"We remain, Sir,

"Your humble, obedient servants,

H. TWADDLE (Politics).
J. GUSHER (Social).
TOM ADAPTER (Drama).
A. ROYALTY (Music).
GIL. BRANDY-NEAT (Reporter).
STEEL MONEY-BAG (City).

TO SOME NORTH WARWICKSHIRE ELECTORS.

A WORD with you, you country sirs!
You've neither heart nor nouse.
What choke a *Temple*, coward curs!
Just try it on the *house*.

THE SONG OF THE STUMP.

Stump—stump—stump—
Through market-place, pothouse, and dirt;
Stump—stump—stump—
With a greasy mob fast to his skirt;
Having changed his coat to secure their vote,
Mr. Gladstone now changes his shirt.
And if he but ends as he does begin,
There is little doubt he will change his skin,
On the stump—stump—stump.

Stump—stump—stump—
Through Ormskirk, St. Helen's, and Newton,
Whilst after him shout a rabble rout
Of electors "Ain't he a cute 'un?"
Stump—stump—stump—
With the aid of rhetorical steam,
Till over his speeches we fall asleep,
And hear him stump in a dream;
Stump—stump—stump—
For ever upon our ear.
Alas! that principle 's so cheap,
And office is so dear!
Stump—stump—stump.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

I ALWAYS think the Priest and Levite who passed by on the other side to make room for the amiable Samaritan, must have been staunch Ritualists. They had no time to give to such a trifling case as a brutal assault—when phylacteries had to be ordered and chasubles designed.

Besides, the Ritualistic Faith is candles and mummary, and they are justified by their faith and not their works.

"—Isabella,
With the gingham umbrella."

This must be a satire on Marfori; for the ex-Queen does not seem to put him down though the reign is over.

Take up any Ministerial paper in the morning and read the articles on Disraeli, and you will have a "real substitute for butter at breakfast."

An archbishopric is vacant. How many humble shepherds are praying the Lord of Misrule to give them strength to brave the perils of the See.

"Gush" is generally a sign of youth. There is no harm in the froth which first comes off a bottle of champagne, but sensible men allow it to escape before trying the wine.

Unqualified praise where there is a call for blame is worse than unmitigated censure: too much plum-pudding will hurt a child more than an overdose of rhubarb.

QUESTION FOR THE CLEVER.

Why is the *Rightful Heir* like Mr. Disraeli's Manifesto?
1st Prize.—One Penny.
2nd " —An Original Burlesque.
3rd " —Mr. Whalley.
4th " —Three Elephants.
5th " —Clerkship in the Savings' Bank Department, Post Office.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"When first I knew my darling first,"
 Thus ran my sister's song,
 "I deemed him but a dull old dog,
 But I was very wrong.
 I little knew the noble heart
 That beat beneath his shirt;
 I thought he cared not for us girls
 Because he would not flirt.

"But now I know him as he is,
 And who than him more dear?
 I love him. I could kiss him—Fred,
 I wish you would not sneer."
 "How bravely he has urged our cause!
 I ne'er could have believed."
 That he would prove my second, dear;
 "'Tis true—I know you're grieved."

"Oh Fred! you surely don't mean that?
 It is your envy speaks"—
 "Envy, my dear; you can't have read
 The *Times* for several weeks,
 Or else you must have seen that he"—
 I whispered in her ear—
 "What praise that nasty, horrid—Hem!
 Oh Fred, 'tis true, I fear!"

1.

Alone with all he loves most dearly,
 Yet no word he dares to speak.
 He should be warm; then why so chilling?
 The heart is strong—the tongue is weak.

2.

That quaint old chest, with iron bound!
 That quaint old chamber! not a sound,
 Save sweet soft breath from chaste lips stealing;
 Chaste, though by unchaste kiss soiled,
 Guilt by time shall yet be foiled;
 What though triumphs now his treason?
 Time shall teach thy husband reason;
 Oh then what bitter anguish feeling,
 Shall he his shamed cheek hide
 On the pure breast of his much wronged bride.

3.

I might have won—but then the game
 Was called by your seductive name;
 I never saw how Fortune smiled,
 My eyes *your* witching smiles beguiled.

4.

'Tis what we've always tried to be,
 And yet folks say we're no such thing;
 They're wrong! where true hearts truth would see,
 Their malice pictures treason's sting.

ANSWER TO TREBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

P er I
 E ar N
 N ec K

ANSWERS have been received from Linda Princess, Jack Solved It, Cinderella, Kitty Broiler, Mr. and Mrs. P., Dobson, sen., Pretty Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, W. McD., Slochd-a-mhadaidh, M. P. N., Le Vienk Adolphe, 13 Bitter Ale Street, S. J. H., Henry George Elgie, Tommy and Joey, F. M., A Dundas, Alice A., Frances,

Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, Happy-tablishment of the Irish Church, Cabby on Strike, Nobody's Orphan, Lalla Rookh, Camden Starlings and the Members of the Camden Hunt, C. E. Monk, C. D., O. D. E., R. E. (Rochester), John Mereweather, Fast Girl of the Period, Ceylon Planter (Kensington), Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Kiss-me-Quick, F. D., Isle of Rockaway, George Hayward, Charl s Robinson, The Broker, The Corporal, and The Bloomer (Liverpool), G. G. (Croydon), G. (Iver), Florence, The Malden Road Greyhound, Midas, Rataplan, Eugenie, Two Malvernites, The Prophet (Worcester), Christopher Tadpole, T. B. G. (Newbury), Alfred (Torquay), A Stanch Supporter of Mr. Gladstone, M. Stillman Walter (Birmingham), Henrietta (Greenwich), J. M'Gill (Brecon), B. Smallwood, Harry Gough, Louisa (Leamington), Blucher, Charles B. (Cheltenham), Two Chathamites, John and Annie, The Wendover Wonders, Samuel E. Thomas, Grant for Marylebone, The Belle of Scarborough, Bonnie Dundee, Young Snooks, Ned (Manchester), F. Thomas (Liverpool), Pretty Mary Ann, G. Smith, Thomas Evans, W. Young, J. Hyde George Sydney Russell Jackson, (Coleford), Castlebar Terrier, William O'Hara, O, Jumping Moses, The Rattling Skull and Cross-bones of Kensal Green, The Howling Maniac of Harrow and the Parson's Daughter, A Groan from the Cobden Statue (Camden Town), Pero Gomez Phil, A Snivvelerstringaomuesgwrohuv, Dominic for Dublin, Hip! Hip! Hurrah! for the Acrostic Solver, Ich Dien, Charles Livesay, A Cockney Hippophagists, Down with the Reform Leaguers, Patsy Philip on his Way through the Earth, Chronic Lunatic in St. Paul's Churchyard, Madame Rachel and Sweet Jeames, A Crooked Lane is Bad Luck, A Vacant Palace is to be Filled by Mrs. Gamp, W. Hall (Hammersmith), C. D. S., F. D. Lyell, Alfredus (Glasgow), Mouse (Ledbury, Herefordshire), F. M. T. (Croydon), Fiddle, Ned Bags, Diogenes (Dover).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR correspondence has of late become so weighty [that it is just as well to administer a little mild snubbing. Some people seem to think that Editors of papers have nothing better to do than to receive the praise of — (well, never mind those who praise), the suggestions of fools, and the abuse of conceited and utterly incapable puppies. To our work then.

A CONSERVATIVE says that we are a disgrace to journalism. Send *real* name and address and we shall be happy to teach you how to deal with a gentleman.

AN ADMIRER OF THE TOMAHAWK.—Keep your admiration to yourself. Thanks for the advice—we have no need of it.

TRUE BLUE.—You are vulgar, abusive, and a fool. You spell badly, and your grammar would disgrace a washerwoman. *Now* are you satisfied?

A HATER OF HUMBUG.—You admire us? *Eh bien, apres?*

SOME FELLOW LIVING IN WARDOUR STREET (!).—So you want to forgive us? *Don't!*

THE TYRANT OF TURNHAM.—If your parents, or the people who are unfortunate enough to be your legal guardians, would charge you sixpence for every sheet of note-paper you used, you would think twice before you sent us ten sides of what you call "advice." We are not at all proud of your admiration; quite the contrary.

ISABELLA WHITING.—You are "a lady," we presume; not a woman, we hope.

OLD TORY.—If our paper makes you sick, why do you read it. You may send the "pickles" without the rod, if you like. We prefer West India.

GEORGE ARTHUR GROGGINS.—Oh you precious fool!

JERUSALEM (Islington).—We send you back your poem, spelling corrected. We shan't charge anything this time.

GERTRUDE, LUCY, &c., &c.—No. The author of Jules Canard *is* married. Better luck next time.

THE REST OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WHO PRAISE US.—Rest and be thankful.

THE REMAINDER WHO HATE US.—*Miserable* fools!

There!

(ED. TOMAHAWK.)

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 80.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WHERE WILL HE STOP?

OUR friend, Sir Richard Mayne, has, we are informed, become jealous of the name which M. Haussman, the Prefect of the Seine, has obtained for innovations, and is consequently determined that his reign in Scotland Yard shall be marked by a series of acts which shall be henceforth remembered as the Code Mayne. Not being quite certain, after his little repulse in Hyde Park, when the mob returned railing for railing, as to how such an arbitrary proceeding might succeed, he began with the now famous muzzle law, and, extremely pleased at the abject reception of the same, followed it up with the grand conception which is now notorious as the Hoop Arrestation Act. Sir Richard is now drawing up a list of nuisances which he has determined to put down, and, as usual, "from information we have received," we are enabled to present our readers with details of his intention.

1. Whereas it is a notorious fact that horses have been known to kick persons with great violence, and whereas Sir Richard himself had his eye nearly put out by the whisk of a pony's tail, this is to give notice that the police will have power to seize and hamstring any horse, pony, or mule appearing in the public streets without its feet being hobbled and its tail cut off at the root.
2. Also, it having come to his knowledge that many unprincipled women conceal hoops in or upon their crinolines, this is to authorize the police to seize any and all such offenders, and appropriate the hoops thus discovered on the spot.
3. And whereas it is absolutely certain that the present style of hat worn by men is incommodious, ugly, and unmeaning, the police have orders to bonnet any person or persons wearing such hats, or knock off the objectionable head-piece for their own use or profit.
4. Great complaints having been made regarding the abuse of vehicles known as perambulators, this is to give notice that the members of the police force have orders to sit upon all babies taking exercise in such vehicles. Any mothers or nurses interfering will be deposited in the nearest police station till they are called for, and the expenses of their keep defrayed by the owners.
5. Mrs. Mayne having complained lately of the noise made by cabs and omnibuses through the streets of the metropolis, Sir Richard further enacts that any such public carriage appearing in the thoroughfares of London unless at the time used by himself or the force, will be seized, broken up for firewood, and burnt in the different stations belonging to Sir Richard Mayne.
6. Also, whereas a scurrilous paper, called the TOMAHAWK, has dared to criticise the acts of us, the lawful Dictator, attaching ridicule to our name, be it enacted that any person or persons purchasing such paper, or taken in the act of reading such scandalous publication, shall be tattooed at once by the nearest superintendent, and made amenable to the force in a fine of five pounds.
7. It having come to the prominent ears of Sir Richard that Buckingham Palace is at present without an occupant, he has thought good to take up his residence within its

walls until such time as he, in his good pleasure, shall think fit.

8. All volunteers arrested in uniform will be retained until further orders as a guard of honour at the palace.

Given by us,

RICHARD MAYNE,
At our Palace of Scotland Yard.

UTRUM HORUM MAVIS, ACCIPE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been brought to book by the *Times* for a singularly inaccurate anecdote, by which the great critic Bentley was made to say that there was no better exercise than to turn a page of Gibbon into English. Perhaps the writer meant *Bentley's Miscellany*. However, it does not much matter. The *Pall Mall* retorts with slight asperity: "We hope the time may come when the *Pall Mall* will be always accurate in anecdote and the *Times* will always write politics on principle." This is rather hard on Jupiter senior, who has always acted on one principle, and that the simplest, if not the purest of all—self-interest. But there is no denying that the *Pall Mall* is very carelessly edited. On Friday, October 30th, it published in its summary of news the following appalling fact:—

"An accident has happened to Mr. Barry Sullivan. While acting . . . on Tuesday night, Mr. Sullivan set his right foot down a stage slip; the consequence was that he sprained his ankle."

Now, we are very sorry to hear that Mr. Barry Sullivan sprained his ankle, but of what possible interest can the fact be to anyone but Mr. Barry Sullivan's friends, and a small theatrical circle in which his name, no doubt, stands high?

That a very moderate actor of some colonial and provincial reputation can claim to be a person of such importance as to require the world to be informed whenever he meets with any slight accident, is a supposition more flattering to Mr. Barry Sullivan's vanity than to the importance of the world. We shall next see an announcement in the *Times* that "Mr. John Buggins, the talented grocer of Duffington-cum-wold, cut his finger when at breakfast on Monday morning last." The *Pall Mall* seems to have been conscious that the paragraph wanted a little excuse for its admission; accordingly, in the next number, we read amongst "This Evening's News:—"

"With regard to the accident to Mr. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, reported yesterday, we are informed that, although Mr. Sullivan will have to keep his bed for some time, there is reason to hope that he has sustained no permanent injury."

This is rather baffling. Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the greatest of our young English composers, is not the same person as Mr. Barry Sullivan the actor; and it is rather hard that his very numerous admirers should be agitated by a report of his being confined to his bed by an accident, which accident was nothing more nor less than an oversight of the Editor of the *Pall Mall*. We hope that if this mistake has put Mr. Arthur Sullivan out of temper, it has not put him out of tune.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—I could not muster courage to write to you last week, and now that I take up my pen to inform you how I fared in my further canvass of the ladies, you must really excuse me if I make this my last letter on the subject. It is only the reflection that, were I altogether silent, you might accuse me of no longer reposing confidence in you, that induces me to write these few farewell words of painful confession.

To make a long matter short, I am threatened with two distinct actions, for—what do you think? I defy any man to guess. I could sooner make out fifty of your most perplexing acrostics than you could divine the matter that has entangled me in the meshes of the law. I am not accused of treating, of bribery, of intimidation. No; it is none of these with which I am charged. Will you believe it? The upshot of my canvassing the ladies of my district in the Conservative interest is, that I have to defend a couple of actions for—Breach of Promise of Marriage!

I vow to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, I am as innocent as a babe unborn. I have done nothing, said nothing, looked nothing, to justify this fearful visitation. It is a plot—a plant, a wicked conspiracy—that, and nothing more! Were I not too sadly acquainted with the innate cruelty of the female heart, I should attribute my misfortune to those vile Liberals having sprung a mine on me. Yet why should the latter owe me a grudge? You know how ill I fared in my canvass, and that I have not robbed them of a single vote. No, no; I fear this nefarious plot is wholly due to feminine machinations. Yet, after all, is it not one and the same thing, for was not Eve the first Radical?

Why am I to be persecuted thus? One of my pursuers is a widow of faded charms, though the other, I will own, is a most bewitching little jade. Yet neither of them, I swear to you, did I give to suppose that I entertained in their regard the most distant idea of matrimony. I remember a mighty deal of coquetry on their part; my being asked by them to return, and to return once more, and even yet again, and argue the matter out with them; nor will I deny that I was closeted with each of them on several occasions, and for no short length of time. But I declare I talked politics the whole visit, though the widow has the impudence to declare that I never even so much as mentioned them. She even goes so far as to say that I asked her to be ever at my side, and that I promised to conduct her to the altar; whereas, the very nearest approach to anything of the kind that I can recall, is a request that she would vote on my side—a very different matter, as you will perceive—and a pledge that I would myself see her safely to the polling-booth when the time came for voting. As for the other little minx, she has the audacity to say that I took her hand in mine and warmly fondled it. Why does she not say at once that I took her on my knee? I did nothing of the kind, Mr. TOMAHAWK, though I own I should much like to do so now, though more with the object of paying her certain paternal attentions, occasionally extended to the young by indignant papas, than of showing her any that could possibly be construed into avowals of love. And whilst I am on the subject, why should I not make a clean breast of it? Why should I hide her most unbecoming forwardness, when she charges me most falsely with liberties I never took? It was she, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that seized my hand, and not I hers. She affected to do it in the heat of argument—I saw her, the designing young monkey—as though it were the most natural thing in the world; and how could I, now I put it to you, how could I encounter her would-be innocent familiarity with an unmanly rebuff? I have already said to you *homo sum*, and so I am. I thought her conduct forward, but I should not be honest if I did not confess that it was not altogether disagreeable to me. And then, think of my years and of hers! It is monstrous, atrocious, “infamous and odious,” as Mr. Bright says of the minority clause. And then, to crown all, this unprincipled young creature, whom I went on purpose to convert to sound Christian views and to a proper conception of the utility of the Protestant Establishment, says that I talked of nothing but Church the whole time! And so, too, says the widow. She declares that, in every visit I made, I did nothing but urge upon her the happy union of her and me according to the authorised and beautiful services of our beloved Church. This is what comes of canvassing for Mr. Disraeli and the support of our Protestant Institutions.

Will nothing protect me? Are my long years of celibacy and my blameless life to go for nothing? I can call a whole host of witnesses to character, and I trust that you will allow my previous communications to you to be put in, to show my real sentiments on the subject of matrimony. Yet who can hope to outswear a resolute woman? Besides, there is a maiden aunt ready to take her Bible oath that she saw me, through the key-hole, seated with her niece for full ten minutes, her hand tightly clasped in mine. This is true enough; but I have already given you a complete explanation of that ambiguous attitude.

I have laid the foregoing particulars before our local Conservative Committee, at whose urgent request I undertook the arduous office which has cost me so dear, and have given them to understand that I shall expect them to defend both actions for me, and if I am cast in damages that they will pay them. Will you believe it? They flatly refuse to do anything of the kind; saying, that it would be different if I had been more successful in my canvass, but that as I have not obtained them a single distinct female promise, I have no claim upon them whatsoever. Think of the ingratitude of Party! One insolent young sprig had the face to add that I might well have been so unsuccessful in obtaining votes, seeing the pretty pranks I had been up to. There was a Brutus for you! I am too indignant to write more.

Will you take up my cause, or at least put down these political pretensions in favour of the women? One thing at least is clear, that if women are to be canvassed, women must canvass them. No man is safe. If I am not, I should like to know who is? It strikes me that Mr. Mill is a deeper and shrewder philosopher than I previously gave him credit for. He is all for giving women the franchise; but—note this!—*he refuses to canvass them*. I know he professes to object to canvassing altogether; but I think I have now discovered his real reason. He is afraid of actions for breaches of promise from his pet clients! Would that I had been as wise. Let all canvassers take warning by my miserable example.

From, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your faithfully but much troubled friend and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

P.S.—Do you think I should mend matters by marrying the girl and defying the widow? I should thus get rid of one action. And I confess the young creature's hand *was* very warm and soft, and that sort of thing, and her manner remarkably engaging. Give me your advice; and be pleased to regard this postscript as *private and confidential*, as in case I did *not* marry her, it *might be used against me* at the trial.

WATTS FOR JO.

How can dear little Fanny J . . .
Improve her Holborn nights,
If only Honey gets the play
And only Byron writes?

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

“A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet.” Practically I fear this is not the case—call it garlic and try.

.*

The late enameller to the ladies of Europe has arrived at the honour of being made a Guy of this 5th of November. This is the law of retaliation—though she made fools as well as guys of her clients.

.*

An undertaker informed me the other day that he was very particular about the uniform appearance of his mutes. “He liked cemetery in all his arrangements.”

.*

When grief comes to an honest man he shows a clean balance-sheet. When a scamp comes to grief he shows a clean pair of heels.

ON TRIAL.

A FEW FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours at an early hour this morning. A good deal of feeling was manifested in that portion of the room set apart for the public, as the enquiry proceeded, but order was, on the whole, efficiently preserved by the Chairman. The first witness being summoned—he said:—I am what is called a Free and Independent voter. I have just been stuck down on to the list under the new Act. I call that having a voice in the country. I means to use that “voice” too, unless somebody will come down with a five-pun-note for it. No, I should not mind parting with my voice for money. If I sells it, it's my business, ain't it? (*The Chairman here reminded the witness that he had not been summoned to elicit, but to give evidence.*) Well, I wouldn't mind coming down to three-pun-ten, if things wasn't as brisk as they ought to be. By “brisk as they ought to be,” I means what I means, and that is lots of agents and plenty of tin about. Would sooner sell my voice to the Radicals, only they don't pay so well as the other parties. Wish I could take my five-pun-note from one lot, and give my voice to the tother—yes, that's why I'm for the ballot. I likes the Radicals becoss they knows what they're after. I have'n't no fixed opinions though, and don't mean to have any, being guided in politics by the commercial value of my voice. If you presses me I can give you the leading points like a free and independent voter ought—Buckingham palace, Windsor castle, and such like places ought to be turned into publics and open all day long on Sundays. There should'n't be no taxes, nor nob's carriages in Hyde park, nor clubs where peers and marquises has their gin and water on the sly, nor 'Ouses of Lords, nor running down of working-men, nor country swells, nor beer over a penny a quart, nor pleecemen, nor kings, Emperors and such like, nor rising of butchers' meat, nor aristocracy in Parliament, nor hanging for murder, nor duties on baccar, nor parsons—in fact, no gammon at all. Yes, though that's my ideas in the rough, I should be glad of a 'andsome offer for my voice. If nothing turns up before the 'lection I shall come the free and independent voter strong. I shall vote with my party, that is to say, with the party that goes in for the most cabs and beer. I hope to have a good spree at the polling shop and knock in a few heads as votes opposite. Mean to heave a brickbat at both of the candidates, 'cos I think it does them good. Hope, however, to sell my voice first, which I will do now at a milder figger. That's what I call free and independent votin'. (*The witness was here ordered to stand down.*)

The next witness being called, said:—I have also a vote under the new Act, but it is of no use to me whatever. I am a tenant of Lord (Muzzleborough's. His lordship's agents come and tell me which way I am to vote, and I have to do it. The family is a Tory one, and my views are all for Gladstone and Bright, but that doesn't matter. Of course, it is stifling one's conscience to have to vote against it, and degrades a man to himself, his family, and his friends, but his lordship doesn't care five farthings about that. He sends the notice round, and if we don't poll for his man out we go the first quarter-day he can touch us. I call it rankest bribery. The reason I call it rankest bribery is because he makes your vote the price of the continuance of your tenancy. I should call it worse than a bribe, because a man needn't take that, which is a positive gain to him, while on his lordship's estate you get nothing for your vote, but ruin if you act like an honest man. No, this sort of thing is not new. I could name several places in England where it is being openly carried out at the present moment. I, and many like me, would rather have no vote at all. I think it is better to be without the franchise than to have its conscientious exercise made the price of your ruin. When I do give my vote I do it with my head hanging like a broken man, for I feel myself a sneak. The roof I sleep under, the ground I dig, and the bread I give my wife and children are all the wages of my disgrace and humiliation. It ought to be stopped—somehow.

[*Our parcel left here.*]

LEMON-ADE (NOT SPARKLING).—Mr. Mark Lemon's professional assistants at St. George's Hall.

TO A MODERN MESSALINA.

THE gloss is fading from your hair,
The glamour from your brow;
The light your eyes were wont to wear
Attracts no gazer now.

O'er sunny forehead, smiling lips,
And cheeks of rosy roundness, slips
A cruel, premature eclipse,
Time should not yet allow.

I think of one whose homestead lies
A stone's throw from your own,
Who, spite the sorrow in her eyes,
Hath but more comely grown;
Who, robbed whilst scarce a four years' bride,
Of him, her husband, joy and pride,
Whilst yours still labours at your side,
Is lovely, though alone.

For know, 'tis not from loss of state,
Nor e'en from loved one's death,
Nor any stroke of Time or Fate
That true Grace suffereth;
That Virtue hath a secret charm,
Age cannot wither, sorrow harm,
Which keepeth even Beauty warm
After surcease of breath.

Know, furthermore, that wants debased,
Void restlessness in crime,
Have almost wholly now defaced
What had been spared by Time;
That, soul shut in, while sense ajar,
Joys which, not mending Nature, mar,
Entered, and left you what you are—
A Ruin—ere your prime!

TO A VERY VENERABLE ARCHDEACON.

A PROCLAMATION,

By TOMAHAWK, *Corrector-in-Chief of Shams and Abuses.*

WHEREAS, Mr. Archdeacon, you did heretofore publish a *Book of Sermons*, wherein were divers statements well worthy to be written by any faithful Roman Catholic Teacher.

AND WHEREAS you did declare that you were anxious that the orthodoxy of the same should be tried in the Courts of the Church of England.

AND WHEREAS the said Courts did adjudge the said statements to be not orthodox.

AND WHEREAS you did appeal against such judgment, and did plead that the said proceedings were not commenced until fourteen days after the expiration of the period allowed by law, whereas your own able contentions had caused such delay.

AND WHEREAS it is on record that you have been recently challenged by a body of English Churchmen to republish the said statements, and to have your fitness to remain a paid dignitary of the Church of England tried on the merits.

NOW TAKE NOTICE that, unless you consent to take measures to have the question fairly tried, you are forbidden by US, in our capacity of Corrector-General of Shams, ever again to declare yourself to be anything else than a heretic, UNDER PENALTY of being exhibited as an illustration in our gallery of the blessings of the establishment.

Given in our Wigwam in the Strand this 9th day of November, 1868.

RE-PUBLICANISM.—The reform of the licensing system.
WHAT (W) RITUALISM GENERALLY LEADS TO.—Execution.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*

*KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT
ecnepeerhT ecirP*

*TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
Price Threepence.*



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. BRIGHT is going to publish an illuminated History of England, which will throw Mr. Hume's, Lord Mahon's, and all other Tory productions into the shade.

THE *Field of the Cloth of Gold* evidently has made a great impression on His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. He could not even get out of Plymouth Harbour without *Strand-ing* his ship.

NOBODY can say that the representation of minorities is not carried out to perfection in America. General Butler has been returned to Congress, and we question very much whether the minority of scoundrelism could find a more representative man. Mr. Morrissey, ex-pugilist, has been re-elected. We suppose he is known in the House as "the Fancy man." His opponent was George Train, of insolvent notoriety, which may account, in some measure, for his easy victory.

POOR Odgers, the working-class candidate for Chelsea, had the simplicity to suppose that such thorough-going Radicals as Mr. Peter Taylor, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Hughes would prefer him to a baronet! Unsophisticated soul! Their decision in favour of Sir Henry Hoare, Bart., ought to undeceive him. When will he and his fellow-workmen learn that the Liberals require monkeys to pull the chestnuts out of the political fire for them? A Conservative working-man may possibly be a curiosity; but a Radical swell is a sheer imposture.

POLLAKY'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

POLLAKY, the Benefactor of Mysterious Mankind, is evidently under the impression that he is not so well known as he deserves to be. He is consequently publishing in the daily papers condensed romances, which will make hum-drum prozers shudder, and suggest whole plots to the mind of a Boucicault or a Byron. One day we have the startling incident of an elderly nobleman of the British type, with projecting teeth and fair whiskers, running off with a young French lady of engaging exterior: another day brings us intelligence of a heart-rending occurrence on the Rhine, a young lady who plunges into the river from the deck of a steamer—we are left in suspense as to whether she is picked up or remains with the Loreley. What an admirable idea this would be for obtaining stories for a Christmas Annual. Advertise for parties who witnessed such and such fancy circumstances, and immediately you would receive dozens of letters from individuals who imagined they had been witnesses to the acts described. For instance, we insert the following advertisement:

SWALLOWS.—Any lady or gentleman who was present at the Charing-cross Terminus, when a Spanish-looking volunteer, of Herculean mould, swallowed a small black and tan carpet-bag, will be rendering great service to the heartbroken advertisers by forwarding his or her name to Rollicky, Colney-Hatch.

Two days after, a shoal of letters arrives from persons of both sexes who have been witnesses to different acts of deglutition at various railway stations in London. Though, of course, not one has any reference to the absolute fact of a volunteer swallowing a carpet-bag, all detail something more or less curious; and, putting the ideas together, would, in the hands of experienced writers, make very good sensation.

After this hint, if Pollaky brings out an Annual, he will be expected to leave a copy at our office, with the half of any profits in the sale thereof; and should he supply Mr. Dion Reade or Mr. Charles Boucicault with the ingredients of an original drama, perhaps he will let us know at his earliest convenience.

DISORGANISED HYPOCRISY.

A NUMBER of Radical candidates have been endeavouring to work upon the feelings of honest men who are dead to the stale cries of party, by assuring them that Radicalism and Purity of election are synonymous. No one has tried to play this card more boldly than Mr. Thomas Hughes, the present member for Lambeth. Finding that he cannot make head in that constituency against two brother Radicals with longer purses than his own, and not at all minded to be a martyr to his principles, he seeks refuge in a less expensive quarter. Forthwith a Mr. Littler, also a Radical, comes forward at Lambeth to supply his place, and offers himself as a candidate "on Mr. Hughes's principles" of purity of election, no paid agents, no canvassers, no public-house influence, and so on. Under these circumstances what does Mr. Hughes do? Why, he writes to the electors of Lambeth, begging them not to divide the Radical party by voting for Mr. Littler, but to give all their votes to the two Radicals before whom he himself has had to retire because they do the very things he denounces! His reason for this fast and loose behaviour is, that he does not want "Lambeth to be disgraced by a Conservative member!" Lambeth, that returned Mr. Roupell and Mr. Doulton, and will no longer return Mr. Hughes, because he cannot afford to imitate their precious example. If this be not hypocrisy, what is? And Mr. Bouverie's famous "Rabble" seems to be doing the same sort of thing all the country over. But hypocrisy is no better for being disorganised. Indeed, it is rather worse, if possible, for it is more sure of being found out. In fact, we are driven to put this question,—“Is there a single politician who has a shred of character left?” Some of them may be desperately wronged; but there is not one of them that may not be convicted on their neighbour's testimony, or—their own. Mr. Hughes clearly comes in the latter category.

A FREE GRANT.—The President (elect) of the United States.



WITH THE COURT.

WHICH W

Digitized by Google
THE LONDO



WITHOUT THE COURT.

ILL IT BE?

OR,
SEASON. 1868-9.

LUCRE AND LUCREZIA.

SCENE.—*Outside the Holborn Theatre after the performance. The author of the play, the author of the burlesque, the author—in fact Mr. H. J. BYRON is setting his face homeward.*

TOMAHAWK (*taking his arm*).—Don't be alarmed, Mr. Byron, there is no violence intended.

BYRON.—Violins? You are not in the orchestra, are you?

TOM.—Come, you know me well enough; and I have a few words to say for you to sleep on.

BYRON.—In that case (pillow case) don't let them be hard words.

TOM.—A truce to puns. I have been to see *Lucretia*.

BYRON.—Ah! and you found *Lucretia* bored yer.

TOM (*aghast*).—Bor—oh! ah! If you continue you shall have Blow for Blow.

BYRON.—No, no, anything but that. What have you got to say?

TOM.—First of all, Do you suppose that such a piece as the burlesque of *Lucretia* can do any good to yourself?

BYRON.—Do I suppose? Why, it's paid for.

TOM.—So as long as you get paid you don't mind what rubbish, unmitigated rubbish you put your name to?

BYRON.—Come, don't be abusive. Do you mean to say you didn't laugh once?

TOM.—Laugh! Did any one laugh? What was there to make the weakest idiot laugh? Is it funny to keep referring to the names of medicines from the beginning of the first scene to the end of the last? Is it funny to dress up a man with a bass voice in woman's clothes?

BYRON.—Funny? Well! if Honey—

TOM.—Cease, vain jester! Is it laughable to introduce the same young ladies, wearing the identical dresses, or at any rate dresses of the same type as usual, singing the same tedious music-hall songs, with the same choruses which the street boys sicken us with from morning to night? Is it witty to fill your lines with puns which everyone has heard since he knew what a play on words meant? Is it humorous to torture syllables into sounds which they do not possess, in order to make them resemble other words with which they have no affinity?

BYRON.—The daily papers—

TOM.—The daily papers, with the best will, have said more of what they think than they generally do. Even the Popular Pennygaff condemns you with his faintest praise and his shortest syllables.

BYRON.—That proves that you have not seen the *Illus*—

TOM.—That will do. Don't advertise I have seen the only criticism which speaks with absolute favour of the performance; but we should probably discover that the critic wrote burlesques himself, and then what would his notice be worth?

BYRON.—But isn't it a good notion to make the chorus at the finale turn out to be nigger minstrels?

TOM.—So very new. Why, the nigger has been so used on the burlesque stage that he is quite white down all his seams, and his "Yah! yah!" can no longer be called, even by your friends, original.

BYRON.—The Christys call themselves original.

TOM.—So does Sin, but you need scarcely desire to follow the lead of one or the other. Mr. Byron, let us be serious. *Lucretia Borgis* is very very bad, look at it how you will. *Blow for Blow* is little better. Can you not write anything better? We sincerely trust you can and will, for we have a sneaking kindness for you, and there are so few dramatic writers in England that we would fain hope that in you lie the germs of a future Shakespeare or a sucking Jonson. Hallo! he has bolted. Well, I thought his native modesty could not swallow all that.

[Exit into Evans's.]

A VERY CLEVER JOKE.—*All men ax's* for the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK for 1869, price 3d., which may be obtained shortly, with the two missing letters from the joke, at every respectable Newsvendor in Town and in Country. There!

A STILL CLEVERER JOKE.—The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK will be published at the TOMAHAWK office, 199 Strand, W.C.

A "LUB" OF A CLUB.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY has been lately publishing some funny (!) stories in *Belgravia* about "Clubs" and their members. As this very (!!) amusing *litterateur* has omitted several important establishments from his list, we will supply the deficiency to the best of our ability. It is not an easy matter to sink to the level of Mr. Thornbury, still we will make an attempt to copy his style.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Founded 18—. Situated in Pall Mall. It was here that the well-known General Smith used to dine four days of the week. Many very good stories are told of this club. Thackeray and Tom Hood were once asked to dine here, and after dinner were conducted to the smoking-room. Tom Hood left the door open behind him.

"Why, my dear Hood," said Thackeray, "is that open door like a receptacle for marmalade?"

"Because," Hood replied, after some minutes thought, "*because it's a jar!*"

From that moment Thackeray and Hood became sworn friends.

But enough: it is scarcely fair to take the wind out of Mr. Thornbury's sails.

A.B.C. FOR A.B.A.

WE predicted in these columns, some time since, what would be the result of throwing open an Oxford University degree to what is termed, by the enthusiastic champions of the penny press, "the pith and marrow of England's middle-class youth," and our prediction has been fully verified. We pointed out that there had been a good deal of frothy nonsense talked about the blessings of a university "education," in the broadest signification of that word, and that middle-class Englishmen were not such a set of fools as to hurry their promising boys off to Oxford for the purpose of wasting three precious years of their lives, even though that privilege were offered them for the moderate sum of £16 10s. However, the fact is now established, for to the mighty call of respectable and exclusive Oxford there have been in all England only seventeen responses. We have not space to devote to any elaboration of the subject, but the main causes of this failure must be patent to everyone. The class, to which the supposed advantages of an Oxford life directly appeal, is a class which can afford to pay for them. The class, to which they are now offered freely for a trifle under £20, is, on the other hand, a class which has neither a halfpenny to spare nor a moment of working time to lose. Youths, who must soon grapple with bookkeeping by double entry, bricks and mortar, and boot making, had better be doing anything, when they arrive at the interesting age of eighteen, than breaking their heads over the only sort of work an Oxford don has to give them. Such is the wise view that the proprietors of "the pith and marrow of England's middle-class youth" have taken of the question, and they are to be congratulated for their common sense. No, if Oxford really wishes to reach the heart of the nation, she must become a little more practical, and give such a prospectus of advantages to the common herd, that they cannot fail to see that no time will be lost in an aimless struggle with the construction of a couple of dead languages. We are not of course running down these accomplishments, but are merely pointing out that they are really *accomplishments*—that is, as far as a set of ambitious bakers, butchers, and candlestick makers, are concerned. Naturally, therefore, the 500 sets of rooms, prepared by the anxious lodging-house keepers, have been licensed in vain, and Oxford is still quite up to the true mark in Snobdom proper. It is still an exclusive and aristocratic retreat, and no doubt will take its revenge on the unfortunate *seventeen scholares non adscripti*, by cutting them, wounding them, and making them "feel" it generally, as thorough and high bred Oxford always does. As to the little band of outsiders we cannot help sympathising with them, though if they are not of the genuine stuff that can go in and win a scholarship or two, we can tell them they would be far better employed elsewhere. A youth, whose ultimate destination is the counter, had far better practise the art of smiling, as he asks imaginary customers "what may be the next *article*," than split his head over its peculiar use with the participle in the fifth chorus of the

Agamemnon of Æschylus. And so on to the end of the chapter. On a future occasion we will point out, in a friendly and lively way of course, to Oxford what it had better do, *if* it wishes to enlarge the number of its sons. For the moment it had best behave itself like a gentleman to its seventeen *non-adscriptos*, and they had best get off as soon as they conveniently can, unless they are gentii, snobs, or maniacs.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL'S return for Chelsea seems to be next to a certainty. Not only has he received assurances of support from every Conservative in the borough, but even a number of the Liberal electors have promised to vote for him.

The gallant correspondent must exercise some supernatural influence over men's minds. It is no doubt very terrible to play the traitor to the true cause, but if TOMAHAWK, disagreeing as he does with Dr. Russell in every important article of his political faith, lived in Chelsea, which perhaps it is as well for TOMAHAWK that he does not, even he—with shame and remorse he admits it—really believes he would give Dr. Russell not only his vote, but his interest into the bargain.

After all, perhaps "Russell and Respectability" is a worthier motto than either "Dilke and Democracy" or "Odger and Onions."

ONCE MORE SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has once more proved himself equal to the occasion. Our first article this week shall be about him and so shall our last. He shall be the Alpha and Omega of our thoughts. Writers in the public press have had the audacity to suggest to his Commissionership that some special rules and regulations should be framed for the preservation of order for the duration of the forthcoming troublous times. We are glad to be able to announce that Sir Richard is not offended, but, having taken the hint in the very best possible part, has drawn up the following decree which we have reason to believe will shortly be published, and will remain in force until London has regained its wonted appearance of dulness and stagnation.

Instructions to the Police for the better Preservation of the Peace of the Metropolis during the forthcoming Elections:—

- 1.—During the progress of the elections, at least two officers will attend at all the public houses and beer shops within each borough, where their presence is intended to act as a check on the malpractices of committee men and others who are understood to be in the habit of supplying beer and other liquors to the electors. These officers will report in writing to their inspector any flagrant cases of bribery and corruption that may thus come under their notice.
- 2.—The police are strictly enjoined to take no part in any disturbance that may arise from party feeling. They are to observe the strictest neutrality and hold themselves aloof from all fights and electioneering brawls. Stone-throwing may, however, be discouraged so long as the foregoing provision is strictly adhered to.
- 3.—The police are to avoid presenting themselves in the neighbourhood of the polling-places during the progress of the election. The arrangements for the voting will be left entirely under the supervision and control of the parochial authorities.
- 4.—As it is expected that the extra duty entailed on the police, during the period referred to, will be extremely arduous, officers are to understand that they will not be expected to attend to their ordinary duties, so far as cases of drunkenness, petty larceny, furious driving, and other unimportant offences are concerned.
- 5.—It is specially to be understood that the above exceptions do not extend to cases of unmuzzled dogs found in the public thoroughfares. On the contrary, the police are enjoined to redouble their vigilance in carrying out the provisions of the existing decree on this subject.
- 6.—As during the progress of the elections the whole body of the Police Force will be amply employed during the day,

for the present, night duty will be suspended. The public are therefore cautioned to observe that, the doors and windows of their premises are securely fastened and protected at 6 p.m.

By order,

(Signed) RICHARD MAYNE.

Scotland Yard,
9th November, 1868.

Who says the Chief Commissioner is waxing too old for his place. The document above quoted is surely worthy of that master intellect which asserted itself, and became great, in controlling the "shilling day" crowds of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Public must wait another ten years or so, before it talks of superannuation.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

How sweet upon the one to watch the other playing
Half timidly defying the power of that foe
That now, with gleaming smiles her trustful guest betraying,
Lulls memory's sad warning of the death that lies below.
Or now with passion foaming and deadly menace roaring,
Frights valiant and gentle hearts alike from life's last hope,
And o'er her victims leaping, her ruthless joy outpouring,
Brings noble-hearted heroes to the felon's end—a rope.

1.

A naughty word is this I fear,
And yet a word we joyed to hear
When spoken by that strange sad jester
Whom Death so early snatched away,
Ere Fortune taught him to be gay.

2.

Within this humble dwelling lived
The pet I loved the best,
Whose ears (no ass's though so long)
I lovingly caressed.

3.

Upon the lofty rocks she stands,
Her treasure clasped within her arms;
One shudder at the blood-stained wall;
And Neptune claims her fatal charms.

4.

O Benjamin, what cruel pen
Compared thee to this poor old man?
Thy conscience, not thy wit's diseased:
Those souls may pity thee who can.

5.

A name some men usurp it seems,
Who least its meaning care to know;
The god whose attributes they share,
Reigns not above us—but below.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M uf F
I achim O (Cymbeline, Act II.)
L o O
L oya L

CORRECT answers by Ruby's Ghost, Hero and Leander, The Man who didn't like "Maids of Honour" at Richmond, and A Worried Elector.

INCORRECT answers by A Confounded Foreigner (South Norwood), Lizzie and Owl, Σμ, Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, Harry Gough, Louisa (Leamington), Blucher, and Charles B. (Cheltenham).

THE TOMAHAWK: A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 81.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

AN HUMBLE PETITION.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

THE near approach of the first session of a new Parliament which threatens to be one of the most eventful which this age has seen, must be our excuse for intruding on your valuable time, and once more entreating your Majesty's attention to a certain grievance, under which some of your subjects imagine themselves to be suffering.

The season of Christmas, which is now so near, is from its associations some warrant for the liberty we are taking in again attempting to suggest to your Majesty a calm consideration of that course of conduct, in which your Majesty has been confirmed by time, and from which the respectful remonstrances of your faithful subjects have hitherto failed to move you. It cannot be but that one so deeply religious, and so truly charitable, as your Majesty has often proved yourself, must earnestly desire to do all that lies in her power to diminish the sorrows and increase the joys of those around her. It is therefore at the risk of repeating arguments and entreaties which have hitherto proved of little avail, that we venture humbly to urge on your Majesty whether it is not possible for your subjects to hope, without a certainty of disappointment, that the coming session of Parliament will be marked by, at any rate, a *partial* resumption on your Majesty's part of those duties and privileges which your Majesty has for so long been compelled to leave to others.

It would be disrespectful alike to the common sense and to the memory of your Majesty to recapitulate the many urgent reasons which exist for this hope on the part of your subjects. Their desire is father to the hope. Of course your Majesty will find plenty of advisers who, both in print and in speech, will flatter your Majesty with the assurance that your retirement from Society is a matter which purely concerns yourself; and that the only persons who urge your Majesty's return are West-end tradesmen, who find their profits unaccountably diminishing, and those idle pleasure-seekers, who miss the splendour of a Court, and to whom a great sorrow is an utterly incomprehensible thing. Besides these advisers, there are those judicious medical authorities who are always ready to assure the public that your Majesty's state of health absolutely requires continual absence from the metropolis, and a consistent avoidance of all those social duties which are the unfortunate penalties of sovereign power—in fact, a virtual abdication of your Majesty's position as head of Society, and an utter abnegation of all the

great opportunities for doing good, which are the privileges of such a position.

We would humbly entreat your Majesty to believe that there are many of your subjects, neither interested in West-end millinery warehouses, or slavish worshippers at the shrine of Society, yet who cannot bring themselves to acquiesce in the persistent absence of their Queen from her natural residence. There are those who, remembering what the Court of Victoria used to be, how, after many years of Royal profligacy, England beheld the unusual and inestimable blessing of a Court where the domestic affections were developed in their purest and loveliest perfection; where the fascinating example of the Sovereign lured the leaders of Society into virtuous paths; a Court which taught the young and the frivolous that, after all, good habits were as easy to imitate as bad; a Court which practically raised a more powerful barrier against immorality than all the churches in the land,—there are those, we say, who, remembering all this, and looking round with a sorrowful wonderment at the gradual undermining of all purity which is going on around them,—the result of an unreasoning imitation of all that is bad in a foreign Court, and in a foreign Society,—cannot help yearning for the frequent appearance amongst us of one who wears not the mere crown of earthly sovereignty, but the far higher crown of perfect purity; one who has the power and the will to check the growing supremacy of frivolity; one who can make her voice heard throughout every home in the land, when she bids those who are young, and who should be pure, discard the contemptible affectation of adopting the garments and the manners of the impure. That your grief abides with you, that the body is weakened by the sufferings of the soul, we do not for one moment doubt; but, speaking in the name of those who hold truth higher than the courtier's art, we entreat your Majesty to come among us once more, and to save us from ourselves. We entreat your Majesty to attempt a course of self-sacrifice which cannot but meet with its reward; to claim once more that passionate devotion which only now lies rusting in the armoury of our hearts, but which in the sunshine of your Majesty's presence would shine as brightly as it did when there was one by your side to share it.

If your Majesty considers the effect of your absence from your post, even from the lowest point of view, is it not a deplorable evil? Is it nothing that men and women should be thrown out of employ, and that the modest plenty, which had gladdened many a household, should be suddenly changed into a grim penury; that all the countless comforts, which a brisk season and ample employment mean for the honest labouring poor

among us, should one by one melt from their sight? Is it nothing that in far-off country places the pleasant music of the looms should be silenced, and that from dire necessity, and no fault of his own, the once cheerful and active labourer should sit cowering over the scanty ashes on his gloomy hearth, while the poor worn-out wife gazes with despair at the empty cupboard, which contains all that she has wherewith to feed her hungry children?

This may seem to your Majesty an exaggerated picture, and you may say (or your courtiers may say for you), what is this to me? But this is what a sad Court and a deserted palace really mean to many of your humbler subjects. Reflect, your Majesty, that your eldest son and his Princess are shortly about to leave England for a long foreign tour; no one grudges them the pleasure. But your second son is away on duty; the others are too young to take the place of the elder. What is to become of the first estate of the realm? Is the wife of a Prussian prince, or is a hero like Prince Christian to represent the Sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland, and India? Much as all your subjects love and respect your Majesty's children, they cannot always extend that love and respect to their husbands; nor can they allow that those who have cast their lot with foreigners are fit representatives of the British Crown.

Your Majesty cannot close your eyes to the gravity of the approaching struggle in Parliament. The air is big with portents—an important measure is proposed as to which your Majesty must have both feelings and desires. That your Majesty will listen to the voice of the people as expressed through their representatives, we all know; but we would prefer that, by your own presence at the opening of Parliament, you gave to all the tangible assurance that England possesses a Sovereign, whose only wish is the welfare of the country over which she rules. Such an opportunity may never occur again of casting off that gloom which has so long oppressed your Majesty. Surely, could the dead speak, he, for whom you mourn, would solemnly adjure you to do that which is clearly your duty, at whatever cost to your own comfort and inclination. Let your Majesty come forth now: every act of condescension, every gracious smile which your Majesty may bestow on your subjects will be doubly valued, when they see that self-devotion has triumphed over mental and bodily suffering alike. Heaven forbid that the day should ever come when men wearied with disappointment might listen to the voice of angry recrimination, not of respectful remonstrance; and when those who hate monarchy should ask with ruthless persistence—"Where is the Sovereign, the paid servant of the State? Why should we vote annually a sum for certain purposes which are still every year unfulfilled?" Your Majesty, the thought of such a possibility, while it shocks and grieves us, gives us new strength in thus humbly praying of your Majesty that this Christmas Carol may be sung throughout the land:—"God bless the Queen! God bless Victoria, who has once more come among us! God bless our beloved Sovereign, who has overcome selfish grief with self-denying energy; who has arisen from the palsy of sorrow, inspired by the voice of duty; who has inherited a new life from the grave of him whom she loved, even as her people love her!"

THE STAFF OF THE TOMAHAWK.

INCENTIVE TO CRIME.—Ruling that Felony dissolves the marriage tie.

NEW AND MORE ACCURATE DEFINITIONS OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.—M.P.icism.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES—particularly reduced circumstances.

MILITARY REFORM.

"REDUCTIONS! We must insist upon reductions, especially in the Army."

Such is the cry alike of electors and elected all over the country this week; but there the unanimity ceases. Reduce the Staff, says one, but spare the Regiments. Reduce the Regimental Officers, says another, but spare the Scientific Corps. Reduce the expenses for scientific experiments, says a third, but give us at once the best armed and the most efficient troops at the lowest possible cost. Above all, says a fourth, reduce the Depot Battalions, for they are wholly useless, and there is no one interested in keeping them up except the Horse Guards, who like to have a number of comfortable home appointments for officers who have seen much service abroad and don't want to go out again. And a very natural "don't want" too, when it is remembered that "going out again" means another period of twelve or fourteen years' transportation. If the authorities could only be induced to try the experiment of shorter periods of foreign service, they would find themselves much less tormented by "influential friends" who "don't want" their relatives to go out again.

But, until common sense rules on this point (and how hard to expect such an exceptional occurrence!), Depot Battalions will be a favourite resource of the authorities at the Horse Guards for providing for "stay at home" friends.

The question, however, that the would-be reducers of public expense should get answered is whether, besides this home accommodation to favoured officers, there are any such advantages attending the system of Depot Battalions as can justify the expense of their maintenance.

The answer, so far as the pleas as yet put forward for the existence of these Battalions go, cannot, it is conceived, be satisfactory to the tax-payer. They mainly rest upon the necessity of making the raw recruit and the young officer become from the first a part of their Regiment by sending them to the depot of the corps to which they may be appointed. The object supposed to be gained by this is the early formation of an *esprit de corps*, which is assumed to be the essence and life of the Regimental System, which again is supposed to be the mainstay and chief support of the whole British Army.

This feeling is, we have no hesitation in saying, greatly exaggerated and over-estimated. It is a part of the unfortunate system of our Army to keep the men and officers alike from any intelligent discharge of their duty, and to confine them to a blind following of old watchwords and the narrow limits of devotion, not to their Sovereign, their country, and their duty, but to their Corps and their Regimental Colours. *Esprit de corps* is a strong band only where intelligence and rational service are weak ones; and it cannot be doubted, that if the system of general enlistment of recruits was carried out far more generally than at present, and was followed by their being collected for drill and instruction in a few large General depôts—to which young officers on first appointment might also be sent to learn their duties—much improved discipline would be ensured, much quicker progress in instruction would be obtained, and a vast deal of the expense of the present system of Depot Battalions would be saved.

Moreover, on abolishing the system of Regimental Depôts, it will be possible to put an end to that fruitful source of trouble, misery, and extravagant expense—namely, the reduction of officers to half-pay on their Regiments coming home from foreign service. The Establishment of a Regiment is increased on going abroad, and two of its companies are left at home as a depot. Promotions are made, and extra expenses thereby incurred. When the Regiment comes home again, the added officers, or those who have succeeded to their places, are put upon half-pay, and a permanent burden is thus added to the half-pay list, while young and active officers are shelved to idleness, and their prospects of advancement in their profession blighted. All these variations of establishment for home and foreign service would cease, were the Regimental Depot system abolished; and much expense to the public, and great hardships to the officers, would be prevented.

To reduce the Depot Battalions, and to institute General Depôts for recruits among both officers and men, appears, therefore, to be as feasible a cry as has yet been raised for diminishing the expense of the Army, while at the same time increasing its efficiency.

THE CAMBRIDGE STRIKE.

THAT we must eat in order that we may live, is a proposition that seems, somehow or other, to be under frequent discussion at our two great Universities. Not so long since there was, as the undergraduate world well knows, a bread and butter riot within the walls of Christ Church, Oxford; while now it appears that at least a couple of the leading Colleges at Cambridge there has been a sort of strike on the equally intellectual subject of butchers' meat. We forget the precise nature of the Oxford grievance, but, as far as we can remember, we fancy it had its origin in a most decidedly praiseworthy disinclination on the part of the members of the House to pay fourpence for exactly twopenny worth of bread, and purchase indifferent butter at the rather aristocratic figure of three shillings and eightpence the pound. However, it matters little what were the causes of the revolution; suffice it to say, it was rapidly subdued by the good sense of Dean Liddell, who, by thoroughly investigating the affair, set a pattern that all College authorities would, under similar circumstances, do well to imitate.

Unfortunately, the Cambridge "heads" seem thicker or, more correctly speaking, harder than those of the sister University, and so at the hour of our going to press the war still wages with unabated fury. The fray has been carried into the very heart of Trinity itself; and at the moment of our penning these words, hundreds of the flower of our English youth are paying one shilling and tenpence-halfpenny for a dinner, for which, though they say a devout Latin grace, they scorn to touch, and quitting their dining-hall in bodies for the purpose of paying for, but eating a second dinner elsewhere. In a word, the College food is so bad at the price, and served up so disgracefully, that no man accustomed to the slightest approach to a decently-appointed dinner can attempt to eat it. Against this gross imposition the sufferers have protested hitherto, of course, without any result; and so, tired of seeking redress where none seems to be forthcoming, they have adopted the only alternative they can have recourse to, and have endeavoured to shame their superiors out of their lethargy by self-starvation.

Now the matter is neither very grave, nor very comic, nor very new. It is merely a good downright, common-place, vulgar scandal, quite within the province and the lashing work of the penny press; and if we are not much mistaken, it will have been half set to rights amidst the thunders of leading articles before these lines find their way into print. We, however, take note of it, because it is one of the links in a vast chain of similar abuses, which, spite the recent cheap-jack generosity of Oxford, and the more talky but less practical solicitude of Cambridge, are the real matters which imperatively demand a sweeping University reform. Were it announced that a true and correct list of all the salaries, fees, emoluments, and donations received by every College official in Oxford or Cambridge, from the Principals down to the door porters, would be published unreservedly in next Monday's *Times*, there would be a wonderful shaking in a great many pairs of highly respectable shoes. And no wonder. The whole system of University education, as understood by these *Alma Matres*, is based on a general monetary bleeding of the aspirants for their degrees. It used to be said at Christ Church that, according to emolument, the cook came in a good first, the butler a fair second, and the Dean a bad third, and that he got about £6,000 a year. *Tempora mutantur* wonderfully, and this may now be literally not quite true; but we may depend upon it the more rioting there is in the kitchen or the buttery at Oxford or Cambridge, the better it will be for the interests of sound national education.

EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

ONE of the Swiss cantons has just forbidden young men under eighteen to smoke, whilst in one of the American states it is proposed to give them the suffrage at that age. Both are Republican ideas, and seem to have something in common. We quite understand that a man should not be allowed to smoke until he has a vote; for then he can put the latter in his pipe and smoke it. It would puzzle a good many people to know what else to do with it.

TOMAHAWK'S EXCHANGE COLUMN.

William Ewart Gladstone. Has got a place in the cold. Would be happy to exchange it for an office seat. Also some rather shady acquaintances, which he would throw in with the foregoing if he could have the seat by Christmas.

Mrs. Henry Wood, authoress of "East Lynne." Has a heart-rending plot at her disposal. Would like to exchange it for an English grammar.

The Girl of the Period. Is willing to give all the back numbers of the *Saturday Review* in exchange for a little accurate information about herself. Also several sketches of herself by eminent hands, which she would send to anybody who has never seen her, in return for a photograph from life of a hippogriff.

John Bright. Has a number of rather used expletives and abusive epithets. Would exchange them with any stuttering Whig with a small vocabulary for a genealogical tree and a social position of acknowledged superiority, where insolence would be the thing and could not be resented. Also some speeches against the Factory Act, which he would give away gratis, if anybody will promise to burn them.

Lydia Becker. Has a number of old petticoats and other articles of female attire. To be had in exchange for what silly people call "unmentionables," but which, as she hates all unwomanly nonsense, she plainly designates as breeches. Also her sex; which she will exchange for the other, if the thing can be arranged.

Editor of the "Times" Newspaper. Has a number of worn-out contributors, whom he will exchange for a wise woman who can tell him which way the wind is going to blow.

Goldwin Smith. Has a lot of hard words, which he will exchange with anybody. Also an intention of going to America, which he will exchange for a good offer that will make it worth his while to stay at home.

A Humorist. Has all the back numbers of *Punch* for 1867-8, which he will gladly swop for any half-dozen a few years older.

A. C. Swinburne. Has a perfect mania for making himself conspicuous. Will exchange it with anybody who will enable him to do so.

Mr. Charles Reade. Has several translations from new French plays, which he will emasculate and exchange for hard cash.

Bernal Osborne. Has several copies of "Joe Miller," which he will exchange with George Whalley, of Peterborough, for an old song.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Has a press, which is rather in the way; also a big bed (of thorns). Will exchange them for sound Rhine wine and some Dutch cheese. Will not enter into any bargain with Carl Otto von Bismark.

John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett, and Edwin Chadwick. Have some very pretty compliments to exchange with anyone who will give handsome ones in return: quantity unlimited, and quality warranted.

Benjamin Disraeli. Has a seat on the Treasury Bench, which he will not exchange with anybody.

ASKING FOR BREAD AND GETTING A STONE.

THE other day a Radical candidate was addressing a number of his constituents, and descanting in the usual rotund fashion about the blessings of the franchise, the dignity of man, and the precious gifts of modern progress, when a voice cried out, "There's twenty thousand of us, down here, starving." This unseemly interruption rather marred the effect of the orator's discourse; but he did not yet attempt to grapple with the suggested difficulty, save by intimating that the Government ought to employ them. This too, five minutes after he had been accusing the Government of extravagance! Verily our legislators are an illogical lot. Byron says "A book's a book, although there's nothing in it." Perhaps also a vote's a vote, although there's nothing in it, or to be got out of it. It is not surprising, however, if twenty thousand starving people should think differently.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—When will Sir Richard Mayne resign?

THE PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME.

THEATRICAL workshops are all agog with preparations for the coming pantomimes. Masks are being created; fairies are having their wings tried; scene painters are up to their eyes in ochre and foil; and a general spirit of bustle pervades the flies, while traps are being oiled and ropes repaired. Before long we shall have the usual preludes in the theatrical columns of the daily papers, descriptive of the scenery and incidents of the promised entertainments. We have been favoured with the synopsis of the Grand Historical Pantomime to be given at the opening of the old Westminster Theatre, though there is still some doubt as to the absolute management engaged. Whether Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone becomes lessee, the performance will be much the same, so we may safely publish the programme.

Harlequin Dizzy Dog-in-the-Manger. The Great Spectacular Pantomime for 1869. Burlesque opening. The Dismal Domains of the Demon Debaters. Arrival of the Cadi of the Caucasus. Judgment of Alarcos. Forging of the chain of Erin. Sudden entrance of the Fairy Reform. Off to the haunted Mill. The Mill haunted with the Ghosts of Theories. Ballet of Amazons; *pas seul* by Signora Beckerini. Sudden disappearance of the Mill. Screams of the Amazons. Charge of the Light Brigade under Doctor Russell (if he gets engaged). The Orange Groves of the Emerald Isle. Descent of Gladstone in a halo of light. Sudden Transformation. Harlequin, Bendizzi; Columbine, Madlle Gladstone; Clown, the old favourite, Bright; Pantaloon, Whalley; Sprites, the Adullam Family. General rally. Here we are again! Which is up and which down? Stealing a march. "Never again with you robbing." Here's Sir Richard again. Change to Model Parliament. Female Suffrage. Babel and Babies. A Row and a Mill. Tom Hughes to the rescue. What will he do with it? Clown's solo on a Brummagem Teapot—"Bright were my dreams." On we go again. Change to the Pakington Toy-shop. Pop-guns and Impostors. Moncrieff et Mon Droit. Clown puts the Secretary through his exercises. Sir John rammed into a mortar and fired. Hoist with his own petard. State of War and State for War. *Pas de Dustinhiseyeso*, by Harlequin and Columbine. Off again to the Land of Muddle and Tape. How not to do it. Comic Interlude by the celebrated wag, B. Osborne. Song, "Up in a Balloon." Down again in a hurry. Foreign Arrivals. "My Nap's on the Rhine." American Notions. Say Never-die-Reverdy. How will it end? Clown and Pantaloon, &c. &c. &c. Return of the characters to Fairyland under the auspices of the Peri Prorogation.

N.B.—Seats may be retained in advance. No money returned.

"ARCADES AMBO-SADORS."

THE great success which has attended the Hon. Reverdy Johnson's appointment as American Minister at the Court of St. James', has suggested to Her Majesty's Government the propriety of immediately despatching the following gentlemen as Ambassadors to the various capitals of Europe. It will be noticed that a neat compliment is paid to the literary talent of England in the annexed list:—

<i>Court.</i>	<i>Ambassador.</i>
America . . .	Mr. Arthur Sketchley.
France } . . .	The Staff of the TOMAHAWK.
Prussia } . . .	
Russia } . . .	
Italy . . .	Father John Henry Newman.
Rome . . .	Mr. A. C. Swinburne.
Spain . . .	The Editor of the <i>Tablet</i> .
Jericho (by desire) . . .	Mr. M. F. Tupper.

THE LONDON SEASON 1868-9.

BUCKINGHAM Palace . . .	Empty!
St. James's Palace . . .	Empty!!
Marlborough House . . .	Empty!!!
The Workhouse . . .	Full.

THE SONG OF THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

I'm a Member of Parliament now,
A fig for your meetings and stuff!
I am sick of your tumult and row;
Of your cheers I've had more than enough.
For months you have forced me to crawl,
But my head I now carry erect;
If more you expect me to bawl,
At present, you fools! then expect!

A week ago I was your slave,
But now, dear electors, you're mine;
My duty it then was to crave;
To-day it is your turn to whine.
To each in rotation I bowed
Respectfully down to the earth;
And now you all come in a crowd,
To beg me to get you a berth.

What a bevy of insults I bore,
And all the time had to be blind!
At one place they pushed me before,
At another they kicked me behind.
One day I was pelted with eggs,
On another was covered with dirt;
They knocked me at noon off my legs,
And at nightfall they tore off my shirt.

I kissed all the brats in the place,
Each ruffian shook by the hand,
Vulgarity greeted with grace,
And to foulest of insults was bland.
I drank of their gooseberry wine,
Of their home-made plum buns did I eat,
And swore that they both were divine,
And begged I might have the receipt.

I told them a parcel of lies;
Praised Bright, who, I think, should be swung,
And Gladstone extolled to the skies,
Who's the greatest of humbugs unsung.
I savagely railed at the Pope,
Who's the only man left I esteem,
Washed John Stuart Mill in soft soap,
And democracy dished up in cream.

I was called a rogue, liar, and cheat;
They swore I once plundered the mail;
They declared that my father sold meat,
And added my mother was frail.
They said my name was not my own,
They averred I was deeply in debt,
And in prison I soon should be thrown
If my due I were really to get.

But what does it all matter now?
I can write M.P. after my name,
I'm a man of importance, allow,
And hold a good place in the game.
I have spent an immense lot of cash,
Which is rather a nuisance I own,
But wanting to cut a great dash,
I must not the outlay bemoan.

My wife to the levées will go,
My daughters presented will be,
No more can they sing "Not for Joe"
'Neath my windows, and mean it for me.
You must break eggs when omelets are made;
To win, must not scruple to chouse;
And through dirt and dishonour must wade,
If you wish for a seat in the House.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Sir Richard Mayne has not resigned!
WHAT THE DICKENS!—Why may the author of *Pickwick*
be associated with the Bucks of England? Because he gets
capital out of *Reading*!

JUST TRY IT!

HERE is something worth reading!—

"EXPLOSIVE MISSILES IN WAR.

"St. Petersburg, Nov. 11.

"At the Conference held here, on the non-employment of explosive missiles in war, it has been decided that no explosive projectiles weighing less than 400 grammes shall be used.

"The sitting at which this decision was come to was held on Monday last, at two p.m., and lasted two hours, the Russian Minister of War presiding. The Conference has adjourned till the 13th inst.; the drawing up of the protocol being, in the meantime, entrusted to Baron Jomini."

Without wishing to cast the slightest reflection on Baron Jomini, let us for a moment imagine that his protocol has been drawn up to the very best of his abilities, and that war has, spite the humane tendencies of the conference, somehow or other, burst upon Europe. A pitched battle then having just taken place, has been immediately productive of the following correspondence:—

**THE GENERAL COMMANDING HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S
FORCES TO FIELD-MARSHAL KLOPSCHITZCHOF.**

French Camp.

SIR,—I have just discovered that you have been taking a very unfair advantage of me indeed, in having had recourse, in your recent attack, to explosive projectiles weighing more than 400 grammes; I beg, therefore, to remind you that in so doing you have violated Article 13 of the "International Humane Society's Treaty," by which the employment of such formidable engines of war is strictly forbidden. Several of our rear guard, who witnessed the explosion of the missiles to which I refer, having had reason to suspect that they were over the authorised weight, have taken the trouble to collect the pieces, and I am therefore in a position to make good the charge I bring against you. I need scarcely point out that it will be useless to evade the matter by urging that you have mislaid your scales, as by Article 123, to which I also beg to direct your attention, you will observe that each commander is bound to carry a full-sized set, *with all the necessary weights*, in his coat pocket. As, therefore, you cannot have the remotest shadow of an excuse to offer for your extremely dishonourable conduct, I beg, in conclusion, to refer you to Article 239, which obliges you to write to the leading European newspapers a letter to the effect that you have fairly lost the battle; and, at the same time, retire from the position your total disregard of Article 13 alone has secured.

You are aware, of course, that you are further bound by the rules of the game to hand over to the bearer of this letter, or his representatives, as many of the projectiles in question as you happen to have in your possession.

Finally, let me state most distinctly that as Frenchmen can only fight with men of nice honour, I must decline all further communication with you, whatever; at least, on the field of battle. The man who takes two strokes at billiards, when his adversary is not looking, is of the same stamp as the general who uses explosive projectiles that weigh more than 400 grammes. He cannot expect his opponent to give him a second chance.

Should you wish, after your receipt of this letter, to continue the discussion, and think you have any legal remedy, need I say that I shall at once place it in the hands of my solicitors.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

&c., &c., &c.

FIELD-MARSHAL KLOPSCHITZCHOF TO A PERSON STYLING HIMSELF, "THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE FRENCH FORCES" IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF NOOVJIGORD.

Russian Camp.

SIR,—I really am surprised that you are such a fool. I know nothing of your rules, nor do I recognise *Jomini* or *Jacques*, or any other authority in war. You are on Russian soil, and I mean to drive you off it as fast as I possibly can. As to the

Humane Society's articles, we will discuss *them* when peace is declared again. For the moment, however, my sole business is to cripple you by every means in my power, and I mean to do my business thoroughly. You talk of your solicitors. I promise you in half an hour from this time you shall hear pretty sharply from *mine*, and I have got two-and-thirty of them ready loaded. None of your six-and-eightpenny nonsense with—

Yours, &c., &c.,

KLOPSCHITZCHOF.

There; we have, we think, hit the right nail on the head, though perhaps a little broadly. Doubtless, there is a good deal to be said on the subject; but depend upon it, we are right in our main conclusion. For all practical purposes Baron Jomini's protocol will prove a mere dead letter.

THE REASON WHY.

WE have been favoured with letters from several gentlemen of public position, explaining to us at length the causes which have severally prevented them from seeking the suffrages of a constituency with a view to obtaining a seat in the reformed Parliament. We regret that want of space prevents us from reproducing these letters in their complete form, but as it is clear that our correspondents owe some explanation to the public for abandoning their position as representative men, we subjoin the substance of the more remarkable communications which we have received.

Mr. Charles Dickens does not wish to make the whole country jealous by giving any particular place the privilege of electing him. Thinks speechifying in the House of Commons unprofitable, and is reserving himself for the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Sims Reeves could only consent to sit in the House on the understanding that he had the sole control of the musical arrangements, and considers that it would be unprofessional to interfere with Mr. Whalley.

Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., knows he could have got into Parliament if he had wished, and that is the reason he did not try. Catch him putting himself in the position of being obliged to answer the impertinent questions of people who "want to know." Thinks the House of Commons altogether beneath him, and is not sure that he would not refuse a Peerage if one were offered to him. Wishes it to be known that he never asked for his C.B. It was forced upon him.

Mr. Dion Boucicault.—The idea of entering the House has only just occurred to him, or he would have "worked it." Feels himself capable of representing any ten Irish counties, and Ireland should be free if he had anything to do with it. It's lucky for England that he has let his chance slip.

Mr. Arthur Lloyd intends to wait till the next Reform Bill is passed, when he intends to take his seat as member for Sandringham. Has already made a successful canvass.

Mr. Spurgeon is afraid that he would find himself the only minister of religion in the Lower House, and being of a modest disposition would therefore feel uncomfortable. For the same cause could never bring himself to ask his congregation to defray his election expenses.

We are glad that we should be the means of putting the above named gentlemen right with the public. The fifty or so other persons who have addressed us must find some other channel in explaining themselves. Our advertising columns are open to them.

RE-BECKER!—The following idiotic and incomprehensible "riddle" has been forwarded to us by "a demented Revising Barrister." Why is it fortunate for England that there is only one Miss Becker in our country? Beckers two would be, yes, *be-a-curse!* (Beckers!)

A VERY CLEVER AND ENTERTAINING RIDDLE TO ASK AT THE DINNER-TABLE WHEN YOU ARE DINING WITH THE BISHOP OF LONDON, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, THE PREMIER AND THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.—When and where will the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK for 1869 be published? Early in December, and at 199 Strand, W.C.

*Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.*

*KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT
ecnepeerhT ecirP*

*TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
Price Threepence.*



Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE was observed the other day to make a rush at Mr. Disraeli in Downing street with the unparliamentary observation, "I'll have your hat." The Premier superciliously replied, "Go to Greenwich!" but has since been heard to characterise Mr. Gladstone's behaviour as "rather a [Bright idea."

AT the Mansion House, Mr. Disraeli spoke with the utmost assurance of his being Prime Minister on next Lord Mayor's day. At the Admiralty and the War Office no steps have yet been taken to prepare the estimates for the ensuing year, which at this period are usually two months advanced in preparation. It seems clear, therefore, that, however highly Mr. Disraeli estimates his chance, he is not prepared to chance his estimates.

A NUMBER of unknown young men have been invited to Compiègne on purpose to dance with the frisky matrons of the Imperial Court. We believe that at Mabilie the male sex has long had to be paid handsomely to keep the ball going; and we are glad to see that Compiègne is not too proud to recognise its poor relations, and imitate their manners and customs. But when Frenchmen will no longer dance, no matter how splendid the music, things begin to look serious. However, it is quite right, and in accordance with excellent precedent, to keep on fiddling whilst Paris is burning with suppressed flame.

SURELY the result of the election for Oxford University is

enough to make any one vote for a representation of minorities. To her eternal disgrace as a body of educated and rational human beings, Oxford has rejected Sir Roundell Palmer for Mr. Mowbray. One feels it a positive disgrace to be the son of an "Alma Mater" who can deliberately prefer to be represented by a mere nonentity, because he is weak enough to echo the parrot cry of nervous old women, rather than by a man of the very highest political and moral character, one of her most distinguished sons, and one whose whole career in life has been a spotless course of triumph. The clergy must wish to bring themselves and the Church into contempt by such a choice. Their success is perfect.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

SOME one said the alliance was safe, but the channel was safer between France and England. The notion was a good one, but as far as regards our independence towards Prussia, the German Ocean is perhaps better.

A friend of ours is always boasting about his advanced acquaintance with early architecture. I should not be astonished to hear him say he had known St. Paul's Cathedral ever since it was a little chapel.

In Woman's Parliament, what title will be given to the silent office, where every member is sure to be a speaker?

Whoever is elevated to the throne of Canterbury, we want a dignitary who can present a bold front with a spotless repute and a cold surface—a marble arch, in fact.

WANTED.

LAST week's papers were prolific in promised wonders. They announced the immediate construction of a new Thames Tunnel, with a three minutes' journey through it, on sinking and rising hydraulic engines moving on steel rails; a new line to Brighton on improved principles, and with cheap fares; a speedy run, at seven miles an hour, right through the Isthmus of Suez Canal; and another new scheme for realising the celebrated visionary bridge, which is always on the eve of joining Dover and Calais.

In a season of such scientific social refreshing might we not go a little further, and ask for one or two things that are sadly needed? When people talk of undermining the Thames a second time in a century, there is nothing strange in making inquiries about those glaring wants of the age—to wit:—

Good butter at one and tenpence a pound?

A British force that can thrash an equal number of Maoris?

An Archbishop of Canterbury who will keep the Church from catching fire?

A Cambridge dinner that is only charged at double its real cost?

A thoroughly "uneducated" Prime Minister?

A little something or other done to Leicester square?

A second-class railway carriage that is not a disgrace to the line?

A comic paper that is not absolutely melancholy?

The good old days before the police force and its chief commissioner were known?

An intimate friend who will not black-ball you at your club?

A real improvement in Park lane?

A thorough party man who behaves himself like a gentleman in the present crisis?

A tender steak?

An original comedy?

A happy pauper?

Or, an idea more venerable than the above?

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Not among the Electors!



PARADISE LOST!
OR,
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE PERI.

THE THESPIAN STABLES.

DRURY LANE.

VERY little doing in this establishment. Mr. Beverley's "Beautiful Scenery" (by Paint Brush, out of Talented Assistant), goes gently in its running, but is not quite so fresh as it was earlier in the season. Halliday's "King-o'-Scots" (by Burlesque, out of Sir Walter), is still lame. Mr. Phelps's "Eccentric Comedy" is in good form, but his "Transpontine Tragedy" is said to be shaky.

HAYMARKET.

These stables have been freshly painted, &c., by Messrs. Telbin, O'Connor and E. C. Barnes. Two new comers have been added to the team—Mr. Buckstone, Jun.'s "Hereditary Talent" (by Imitation, out of Public Favour), which will improve as it grows older, and Miss Bateman's "Leah" (by Attitude, out of Bits-o'-Pathos), which might improve if it would but grow younger. The last, on account of its terrific vindictiveness, and its habit of running in the evening, is known as the "night mare."

PRINCESSES.

Mr. Boucicault's "After Dark" (by the Robber out of the Scamps of London) is still in residence here. It is said that this creature is not nearly so well trained as the Surrey "Land Rat" or his own sire the Victoria "Scamp." Mr. Vining's "Old Tom" (by Rant out of Badger) and Miss Rose Leclercq's "Eliza" (by Study out of Kate Terry), are also in the stable. "Sir George Medhurst" (by Tailor's-block out of Sentimentality), has changed hands. The owner is no longer Mr. H. J. Montague—the creature now belongs to Mr. Charles Harcourt.

ADELPHI.

Mr. Fechter's "Monte Cristo" (by Long Tale, out of Dumas) has now quite recovered from the serious mishap which occurred to him on the night of his trial. He has lost during the last few weeks a lot of superfluous flesh and looks much better for the change. We regret to say that Mr. Stuart's "Comic Tragedian" (by Good Intentions, out of Dead Failure) has turned out a "roarer."

OLYMPIC.

A new creature has arrived here—Mr. H. Neville's "Yellow Passport." From what we have learned we fear that it will prove of but little value to its owner. A few days ago it was tried with some other animals, with the following result:—

Mr. H. Neville's "Melodrama" (by Bob Brierly, out of Ticket-of-Leave)	1
Mr. Wigan's "Stolidity" (by Hawkshaw, out of Ticket-of-Leave)	2
Mr. Hick's "Painting" (by Paint Brush, out of Inner Consciousness)	3
Mr. John Bull's "Enthusiastic Audience" (by Money, out of Great Metropolis)	0
Mr. H. Neville's "Yellow Passport" (by Dictionary, out of Victor Hugo)	0
Mr. G. Vincent's "Burlesque" (by Exaggeration, out of Gag)	0
Mr. J. G. Taylor's "Awful Bore" (by Author, out of Lack of Imagination)	0
Mr. Atkins's "Fearful Nuisance" (by Tomfoolery, out of Gag)	0
Mr. B. Webster's "Independent Critic" (by Pressman, out of Bits of Paper)	0

At the commencement, "Painting," "Burlesque," "Awful Bore," and "Frightful Nuisance" took up the running, keeping the others from getting to the front. This continued for some time, when "Melodrama" took the lead, maintained it to the finish, winning in a canter. "Painting" was a good third, and "Yellow Passport" a bad fourth. "Independent Critic" showed in the front at first, but dropped off towards the close of the race. From the commencement "Enthusiastic Audience" was nowhere.

AS PLAIN AS A PIKE-STAFF.

QUESTION.—Why was Mr. Merry justified in running a race on Sunday?

ANSWER.—Because by the breaking the Fourth Commandment he won the *Grand Prix*! —(For further particulars apply to the *Falkirk Electors*.)

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

FEW deaths ever suggested sadder thoughts than that of the young Marquis of Hastings. The words "It might have been," in all their terrible depth of meaning, are uttered over his grave. The dreary hopeless sense of wasted opportunities weighs one down, as one reflects on his misdirected energies, on his mis-spent fortune. We were often accused of severity against him when living, and his friends, as is ever the case, were feverishly anxious to apply to him allusions which were not intended for him, but for the abuses, of which he was indeed one of the main causes, but not the only one. It was impossible to see one so nobly born, and of such a generous and manly nature, plunging headlong into such utter ruin and not to be angry. Many people know him only from his reputation on the Turf; few knew how kindly a heart had been seared by such debasing excitement. He had all the recklessness of a Buckingham without his wit, all the contempt for propriety of a Wharton without his genius, all the wonderful power of enduring dissipation in which Bolingbroke gloried, without the equally wonderful power of application of which he boasted less, but by which he profited more. The Marquis of Hastings had certainly no great mental endowments; quickness he had, and might have made at least as good a statesman as other young noblemen have turned out, had his energies been properly directed. But from boyhood he was under evil influences; he was one of those who was for ever violating etiquette instead of combating prejudices, who confused a noble contempt for conventionalities with an ignoble disregard of decency. There was a time before he had reached the height of his ambition and regularly "joined the Turf," when he might have been saved from his own worse self. It is not for us to discuss matters of private family history; but in an alliance, which was anxiously hoped for by those who valued his true interests the Marquis should have found a spell sufficiently strong to lure him from the dangerous fascination of the worst form of gambling which man has ever invented.

The wonderful system of "plunging"—that is, of backing horses for enormous sums—which he may almost be said to have invented, was the natural result of his disposition. He would always, from a boy, back his own opinion for any money. In this point his pluck was indisputable; he never wavered, whatever others might say to him. Everybody will remember how he went for "the Marquis" for the Leger, spite of the horse's previous defeats. This quality, as long as success attended him, made him almost dreaded by the Ring. But the result could never be doubtful, and when the tide turned against him, he found as he expected little mercy at the hands of those whose hard-earned money he had won and dissipated. If any man wishes to study the Ring, he cannot do better than read the history of the Marquis of Hastings; if, after such a warning, he chooses to throw himself into the power of such brutalized selfishness and grasping avarice, he is worthy of his fate.

The Marquis of Hastings was not one of those men who ever would do anything mean to escape the liabilities which he had incurred. We cannot believe that in the late Turf scandals he was at all a responsible actor; if he was, it only shows how the last rag of honour is lost by brushing against such company as that magnificent institution, the Turf, comprises.

We have said something about the late Marquis's private affairs. We should not have done so but for the disgraceful remarks which appeared in the *Times* leading article on this unfortunate young spendthrift. We could point to the career of many men now held in honour by society, which would furnish details of far more heartless and degrading profligacy than that of which the Marquis of Hastings was guilty. Few events of his life were more unfortunate than love for the Turf; but that the leading journal had the slightest grounds, much less right, to impute to him conjugal infidelity, we totally deny. The Pharisees of the press may rend the carcass of some black sheep, on whom society has set its indelible mark, and think to cover the offences of those whom constant whitewashing passes off as snowy-fleeced creatures. It is an easy, if a dirty task. But we protest against the cowardly brutality of the writer who paraded in a conspicuous place in such a journal, a slander none the less foul because it was uttered against one dead; against one who had sufficient offences to answer for already. Such a violation of the decency of society and of the ordinary rules which guide—we will not say gentlemen—but all men, will not add to the reputation of the leading journal.

TO THE ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The Humble Petition of Hampstead Heath, Blackheath, Clapham Common, Wimbledon Common, Chislehurst Common, Barnes Common, and others,

SHEWETH,

THAT we, your faithful Commons, are from time to time threatened with extinction and enclosure for the purposes of gain to the Lords of the Manors: that we are of the greatest importance to the health and manners of the common people: that we are the lungs and playgrounds of the great metropolis, and that we ought to be kept open and public to all generations.

We therefore humbly pray the honourable electors of this country that they will require from every candidate who may seek votes at the ensuing elections a solemn pledge and promise to oppose in Parliament every proposal for enclosing and abolishing the open places of healthy recreation around the metropolis.

And we, your faithful Commons, will, as in duty bound, ever grow.

(Signed)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,
BLACKHEATH,
CLAPHAM COMMON,
WIMBLEDON,
CHISLEHURST,
BARNES, AND OTHERS.

LIGHT MUSIC IN PARIS.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,

Why did you insist on sending me to Paris? You are probably not aware that I went over the Channel during a howling tempest, the like of which has rarely been known in the memory of man; and when I got there I heard nothing that could interest either your readers or myself.

Did I hear the *Périchole*? Of course I heard the *Périchole*, which, by the way, it appears that we must for the future pronounce as though it were written *Périkole*—I don't know why we must, but such is the fact. There is not much in the piece beyond that it affords scope to Madlle. Schneider for acting somewhat more outlandishly than usual; it is altogether a very naughty piece, both as to what it suggests and what it realizes, and I should not advise English maidens to go and hear it. *Du reste* they will not lose much, as they will have heard all the music before from M. Offenbach's fertile pen. *La Périchole*, however, is well acted, on the whole, and although I do not like that hard comedian and graceless singer, M. Dupuis (who is always entrusted, goodness knows why, with a prominent character), I am free to admit that the general execution is bright and brisk, and albeit there is nothing new in the music, it may be ranked as a fairly good specimen of M. Offenbach's workmanship. The number which has made the most effect is the "Letter," sung by Madlle. Schneider; this composition partakes of the nature of the song in the *Grand Duchess* (*Dites lui*); it is in six-time and in the key of E, flat—in fact, all M. Offenbach's sentimentalities are in six-time and in E flat. The Letter in question, however, is not remarkable; the words are by far the best portion, and the music is greatly inferior to that of the Letter sung by *Metella* in the *Vie Parisienne*.

M. Offenbach has other works before the French public—namely, *Le Fils Enchanté* and *L'île de Turliptan*, both at the Bouffes. The former has been removed from the bills on account of the alleged indisposition of one of the artists; I incline to think, however, that the indisposition of the public to go and see the piece had something to do with its withdrawal. It has not, in fact, achieved any success, and the management has accordingly mounted the well-worn "*Chanson de Fortunio*" for the *rentrée* of *Désiré*. The performance has undergone a sad falling off since Bache and clever little Pfozter were engaged in the piece, but the music is really so pretty that the visitor to Paris can do worse than go and hear it.

L'île de Turliptan is a great success, and is as magnificent a piece of extravagance as you can conceive. I would tell you the story if I could, but such a feat is beyond me; in fact, I

doubt if Offenbach himself knows what it is all about, further than that it is extremely funny; and Berthelier and Bonnet will make you laugh from the beginning to the end. The music, too, is tripping and melodious, and although the composer appears to have reached the end of his tether, so far as regards originality, this new piece is a fairly good example of his later writing.

M. Hervé, the composer of *L'ail crévé*, has a new piece which is drawing good houses, but I did not go to hear it. In all the music which I have met with from this gentlemen's pen, I find that what is his own is weak, and that any particular subject which may have taken my fancy can be traced to Offenbach. In fact, the composer of the *Grand Duchess* has it all his own way just now, and the only rival who can make a show of fighting him (and that not a strong one) is Emile Jonas. How long this supremacy will last I cannot say, but it would be a good thing, in the solid interests of this class of art, were some composer to arise who would throw down the gauntlet to the man who, at present, has half the managers in Paris under his thumb. I do not think he is making a good use of his success. Moreover, competition is beneficial in art as it is in other things. Vale!

YOUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"Extremes oft meet," so sages say,
And so 'tis proved from day to day.
My first and second are extremes
Which meet in many a great man's dreams.
However high my second be,
My first is higher, as you see.
If on my first you take my second,
Nought but a juggler you'll be reckon'd;
Yet if my second you would take,
My first secure you first must make.
If first upon my first you prove,
What from my second can you move?
If first you're in the competition,
Nought can defeat you—but petition.
If I've confused you, all the better;
No let you'll find though, if you find each letter.

1.

Unpleasant these, I own, to swallow;
A little gold will help them down.
But some there are, when weighed quite hollow,
Which yet have gammoned all the town.

2.

"Odi profanum," Horace says;
Profane are these and vulgar too:
An honour some may deem their praise;
I'd rather hear a loud halloo.

3.

Poor guileless thing! yet many more
Shall men disguised as birds betray;
'Tis right that lovers buy them wings,
Since they're so quick to fly away.

4.

No war's a war that's worth the waging,
Except where this sweet sequel's found:
While fools with thirst of Fame are raging,
They seek but this whose minds are sound.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

C us S (Artemus Ward)
Hi utc H
I n O
L ea R
D ivin E

CORRECT answer by Ruby's Ghost.

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, Anti-Teapot, and Linda Princess.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 82.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

THERE is no longer any doubt that Mr. Gladstone will have in the next Parliament a majority numerically stronger than any political chief, since Pitt, has ever commanded. He will be carried into office, as it were, on the shoulders of the nation, and will be confronted by an Opposition as weak, if as bitter, as the small band of Jacobins which the eccentric Fox led to constant defeat. No man, not even his original master, Peel, has, since the time of Pitt, ever had such vast political power as Mr. Gladstone now enjoys. It is not unnatural that those who are privileged to hold themselves aloof from party politics, and who may assure themselves that they are free from party prejudices, should ask anxiously, now Mr. Gladstone has got this vast power, What will he do with it?

We are not at all inclined to underrate Mr. Gladstone's great talents and high purposes; nor are we inclined to abandon ourselves body and soul, as too many seem inclined to do, to his absolute guidance. It seems to us that it is not a healthy sign when men are ready to surrender on the hustings all true independence, and to promise and vow implicit obedience to one man, although that man is for the present, doubtless, identified with one measure, and that a very necessary and just one. But for this political unitarianism Mr. Disraeli is mainly responsible; it is the natural reaction against that utter abuse of personal influence of which he has been guilty. Party allegiance has been degraded, and it is only by raising it out of the mire through which Mr. Disraeli has dragged it, that it can be reinstated in the approbation of men; and having been purified of the ill odour which the very name has contracted, be made fit for use again, as, what it undoubtedly is, a most important means of carrying good measures. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Gladstone is accepted as the Bayard of politics "*sans peur et sans reproche*;" a man of unselfish spirit whose aims are high and pure, and who strains every nerve in the honest endeavour to discover what is the right course, and having discovered it, pursues that course undeterred by any abuse, and undaunted by any obstacle. Therefore, to make him the object of a strict and unquestioning party allegiance, seems to many the best protest against such prostitution of personal power in high places as has distinguished the career of Mr. Disraeli.

Notwithstanding all the good qualities of Mr. Gladstone, it is impossible not to feel the gravest anxiety as to the future, when the government of the country will be delivered over to him. This is not the time or the place to cavil at the many changes which his opinions, we may almost say his principles,

have undergone. In office, first under the Tory Sir Robert Peel; next under the semi-Liberal Sir Robert Peel; next under the semi-Conservative Lord Aberdeen; next under the Liberal-Conservative-Whig, Lord Palmerston, the high priest of expediency; finally, the leader of the House of Commons, and practically Premier under the Whig-Radical, Earl Russel; and soon about to be absolute Prime Minister of England, committed only to one sweeping measure of Reform, with a submissive crowd of followers, the idol of the people; the hope of the Democrats; the great man, clinging to whose skirts what Whigs have taught themselves to ape Radicalism hope to creep into office—hated by the Tories, as the Romans hated Coriolanus, their greatest general, whom their ingratitude had made their greatest foe,—such is the position, such the prestige, and such the power, of Mr. Gladstone; and the happiness, the very life, of England, depends upon how he uses this power.

In all the above changes there has been a kind of progress. Mr. Gladstone has fulfilled Macaulay's prophecy, written in 1839—"Whether he will or not, he must be a man of the nineteenth century." And now Mr. Gladstone is the man of the nineteenth century. To change one's opinions, or even one's principles, cannot be in itself wrong. There is one ruling principle, indeed, which we must never change; and that is, whatever the consequences to oneself, good or bad—whether disgrace or honour—to do that which is just and right, as far as our consciences can guide us. If we have hitherto acted on certain principles, and the growth of our knowledge teaches us that those principles are wrong, it is better to leave them, even if pursued with accusations of treachery, than obstinately to cling to them, knowing them to be wrong. But it is also the duty of a public man on whom all eyes are fixed, and whose example many will blindly follow, not to make any change of this sort in a doubtful or hesitating way, or with any sidelong glance at the profits to be reached by it; but to pursue the earnest humble inquiries, and fight the difficult conflict, in the privacy of his own study, and to come forth to the world not till he is certain that right has conquered, and that he can give his reasons for his conversion. This is Mr. Gladstone's weakest point: with a passionate yearning for the truth, he combines a singularly casuistic habit of thought; he balances the pro and con, and inclines to the one or the other, before all people; he is so anxious to believe that every question has two sides, that he often does not make up his mind on which to declare till it is too late: on the other hand, he often rushes impetuously to the aid of the weaker side without considering if,

morally, it is the stronger one. Impatient of contradiction, more impatient of control, he commits himself to extreme courses before he is able to justify them; he is so eager to be original and independent, that he is in great danger of being crotchety and tyrannical. Judging him from his past history, he is more than likely to fight with all his skill of oratory, and his passionate zeal, for the abolition of entail and primogeniture, not because he is convinced that they ought to be abolished, but because he sees that those who advocate their abolition have some right on their side, and that prudence and mediocrity are ranged against them. Because prudence and mediocrity are often on the side of rank abuses, Mr. Gladstone will show them no quarter, even when they are decidedly in the right. It is not necessary here to argue the question as to whether the sub-division of the land into small freeholds is desirable; the system has failed everywhere, except where large tracts of unoccupied land capable of improvement afforded a practical remedy for the paralysis of all energy and enterprise which such a system produces. A community of persons hovering on the verge of pauperism may be better than a community of wealthy persons and hopeless paupers; but we doubt it: at any rate, the true remedy is to abolish the pauperism, not to reduce the wealthy to something as near pauperism as is possible. We have opened up a wide field of discussion, which may be tilled some other time. At present let us hope that Mr. Gladstone will not throw away all moderation, because he needs much zeal. Let him boldly face the great social difficulties which embarrass the real moral progress of this country. Let him, having disposed of the one political question on which the elections have turned, nobly resist the temptation to pursue the ultra-Radical programme against his better convictions. Let him consolidate the political liberty of this country by a social Reform Bill which shall abolish those noxious abuses which now poison the happiness of our poorer fellow-subjects. Let him fight against the tyranny of money, against the religion of Mammon. That is the real established creed, the overthrow of which truth, justice, and morality demand. Let education unfettered spread its blessings over the land, and teach all the people to use their political power aright. The liberty we require is not the liberty to speak or vote as we please, but liberty from that social tyranny which debases and enslaves body, mind, and soul alike.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TUILERIES.

SCENE.—*The Emperor's Smoking-room.*

Enter TOMAHAWK.

LOUIS NAP.—*Tiens! c'est toi! comment ça va?*

TOM.—*Ne vous dérangez pas, Sire!* We're getting on uncommonly well. I expect you would like to say the same.

LOUIS NAP.—*I! I get on like the house which is on the fire.* Have you seen the new streets, the new uniforms, the new—

TOM.—*Régime.* We'll talk about the beauties of Paris another time. I want to know where the fire is that causes so much smoke.

LOUIS NAP.—You mean the stupid reports in the *Gaulois*. Bah! *ce sont des canards*—

TOM.—*Des navets!* There is some truth in them, or you wouldn't have given yourself so much trouble to deny them.

LOUIS NAP.—Well, the fact is, there was a row, but of course I have taken my precautions ever since the famous Second of December, and they will find it quite another affair now.

TOM.—Why! what makes better barricades than omnibuses thrown on their sides across the street?

LOUIS NAP.—*Bigre!* But you know something about barricades.

TOM.—Pray don't mind me. I shall not assist at demolishing your throne.

LOUIS NAP.—Demolish my throne. Why! *mon cher*, the people hasn't got a chance now. All my boulevards diverge from points where there are barracks or dépôts. I can have 50,000 men in Paris under arms in half-an-hour, and one dose of Chassepot *les chassera hors de leurs peaux*, will make them jump through their skins.

TOM.—I have no doubt you are ready to check-mate on any square, but there's that new street which leads from the Palais Royal to the New Opera House. It seems to me there are barricades already made, to look at the stones and bricks lying about.

LOUIS NAP.—That didn't escape your eye. I have often thought of that myself, and have not forgotten it. Take the word of the Cæsar of France that a revolution is next to impossible.

TOM.—Nothing is impossible to unity. But take a bit of advice and don't tease your public. What did it signify to you whether *feu* Monsieur Baudin had a statue or not? Do you suppose any one would have thought of Baudin or his statue a week after the erection of the monument? It is puerilities such as this which do your prestige more harm than a dozen Mexican wars.

LOUIS NAP.—I believe you are right. I ought to have left Rochefort alone, or given him a place somewhere or other about the back staircases when he was in the *Figaro*. That *Lanterne* has thrown out more shadows across my path by its small flashes than any amount of brilliant opposition articles.

TOM.—Make the people love you.

LOUIS NAP.—They won't; that is the long and the short. And if they won't love me they must fear me.

TOM.—There must be fear on one side or the other, and in that case it is best for the fear to be on the people's side—best for you, that is to say.

LOUIS NAP.—It is very easy to talk like that, but I should like to see you in my place—a usurper; no legal right to anything I possess; not particular to a T as to keeping oaths with an army that always wants *gloire, victoire*, and all the rest of it; a priesthood I have the utmost difficulty in conciliating; and a people who, every fifteen or twenty years, feel an irresistible itching to oust King Log for King Stork, and King Stork again for King Lucifer—anything for a change, and the throne well shaken; until the glut of smoke and civil war satisfied they settle down for another twenty years to general frivolity and the fashions of the future.

TOM.—That's about it; and I confess I don't want to be in your place; but should fate will that we should be the King Stork chosen next, we certainly would not waste our energies on miserable attacks on the small press or personal sympathies and antipathies. If a few of the opposition wish to desecrate the ground where Baudin's remains lie with some ugly chapel, or more hideous obelisk, if not in Liberty's name, in the name of Common-sense let them do it. Meet the *Lanterne* with the bright sun of honesty. Drown the noise of the opposition with the clear bell of patriotism; and let your guiding star be no longer self, but—

LOUIS NAP.—*Nom d'un chien*, but I believe you are reading me a lecture. Be good enough to take yourself off, or—

TOM.—That is the least I can do; for our artist is tired of taking you off. So, *sans adieu*. Love to the Empress and the little boy. By the way, shall I get him into the Treasury when I get back? It might be as well, you know; you really don't know what may happen.

LOUIS NAP.—I know what will happen if you don't leave the Tuileries; and that in double quick time.

TOM.—So do I. I shall first receive a *communiqué*, then an *avertissement*, and finally, be fined for the benefit of your Exchequer. No, thank you; I arrived by the Telegraph; I return by the same. Perhaps you would kindly hold the Lantern up as I go down stairs.

[*Exit.*]

MOTTO FOR MR. ESKELL, THE AUTHOR-DENTIST.—“*Arm to the teeth!*”

ELECTION RING.—There was no great fight for Westminster. But Smith effectually stopped a Mill.

HUNGER KNOWS NO LAW.

CAMBRIDGE is in revolt. The undergraduates have arisen in open mutiny, and have set the authority of the Dons at defiance. It is not that the young men have refused any longer to submit themselves to the ignominy and inconvenience of being gated or sent to extra chapels; the cause of disagreement is one far more serious—in fact, the undergraduates have quarrelled with their food. It appears that at Sidney College the Bachelors and Commoners have for some time past absented themselves from Hall, and have expressed their determination to keep away until the whole system of College dinner provision should be supervised. At a great many other colleges the example of the Sidney men is now being followed. At some of the colleges the objection is to the price, at others to the quality, of the provisions, and at several to both. The practice of the objectors is to assemble, hear grace, so as not to subject themselves to penalties for absence, and then to leave *en masse* and proceed to dine at their lodgings or the various hotels. At Sidney College, however, the Reverend Master intimated that he considered this proceeding a breach of discipline, and that until the young men returned to their dinner tables he would not interfere in the question or consider their statements. On this the undergraduates held a meeting, at which it was unanimously decided that they would dine in Hall no more during the present term.

It does very little credit to the discretion of the university authorities that squabbles such as these should be allowed to find their way into the newspapers. When an abuse exists, and in this instance there is no doubt but that an abuse *does* exist, it should be remedied in a sensible and straightforward manner. If the undergraduates evinced a spirit of mild insubordination in the course they at first adopted in the matter, so much the worse for the system which controls them, but it is really too monstrous that the pigheadedness of Dons should be permitted to develop what in the first instance was little more than a reasonable protest into a serious revolt. It is to be hoped that some higher university authority than a mere head of a college may intervene while there is yet time, and by taking the proper steps to provide for the undergraduates "a capital dinner for eighteenpence," stop their mouths and their breaches of discipline at one and the same time. If something is not done, and at once too, the Cambridge "Dinner Question" will become an epoch of disaster in the university history of the nineteenth century.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

My labour has been thrown away,
My money spent in vain,
And I, alas! have lost the day
I fondly hoped to gain.
To win, I scrupled not to rat,
Equivocate, cajole;
And now, despite it all, I'm at
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll.
I stand and stare, and rend my hair,
At the bottom of the poll!

A man more quiet never was;
I dreaded party rows;
But what can husband do that has
A most unquiet spouse?
She taunted me with having not
The spirit of a mole.
She made me stand; and this my lot—
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
'Twas all my wife. But such is life,
At the bottom of the poll!

I urged I was not sure to win,
That modest lives are sweet;
She said she did not care a pin
For life without a Seat.

She always meant that I should play
A most distinguished rôle;
And so I occupy to-day
The bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
They've drunk my beer, and I am here
At the bottom of the poll!

I was in such a dreadful fix;
They would not let me be;
Mother and daughters longed to mix
In the best society.
My modesty alone, they said,
Still kept them from the goal;
But they were thinking of the head,
Not bottom, of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
My daughters weep, and my wife can't
sleep
For the bottom of the poll!

They little know what I've endured,
Through what I've had to pass;
And how their vanity has lured
Me on to be an ass.
How I have had a part to act
Undignified and droll,
Only to find my poor self tacked
To the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
'Tis an urchin's joke, "There goes the
bloke
At the bottom of the poll!"

How many thousands I have spent
I dare not yet inquire;
But soon will come my punishment
And retribution dire.
For now election charges will
Be coming in a shoal,
And I must pay the little bill
For the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
To lavish pelf, and find oneself
At the bottom of the poll!

O were I but a Barristère
Or county magnate eke,
Me could my Party make a Peer,
Or else a London Beak.
But as it is, a mere C.B.,
Like to the mighty Cole,
I fear they'll not e'en make of me
At the bottom of the poll.
Oh! the bottom of the poll, the poll!
The bottom of the poll!
I'd as lief be drowned or hanged as found
At the bottom of the poll!

ALL WE HEARD OF HIS SPEECH.

FREE and enlightened voters, let me state
To you my humble rights to (*stop his jaws*);
Thus qualified, I boldly leave my fate
Within your hands (*ironical applause*).

My colleague tells you with his well-known force
(*Hisses and groans*), his steps I follow after;
Let me then beg you'll Church and State divorce,
And be respondent to my (*cheers and laughter*).

AN ACETATE in which there is no poison.—A. C. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,

Price Threepence.



* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet resigned !

MR. LAYARD is returned again for Southwark, and evidently in first-rate order. His language is coarse and virulent as ever. The Conservative Press is "a sink into which all the lies and the calumnies and the filth is drained over the face of the land, not to enrich it, but to dirty it." Bravo ! Bully Layard ! It is evident that you don't write for the Liberal Press, or it would be much in the same condition as that which you so elegantly attribute to the journals of your opponents.

WHAT a mighty power is respectability ! The *Times*, which reviled the Marquis of Hastings in its largest type, had a column and a half in equally large type dedicated to the praise of Baron James de Rothschild. The Baron was a prudent speculator, not a rash gambler. He died with a million or so more than he came into the world with—not poorer by several thousands. He was not a profligate, with no sense of decency ! Well ! if the Baron was "a man made old to teach the worth of age," we would prefer dying young, even should the *Times* scrawl "damnatus" on our tombstone.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

THE ex-Queen of Spain has not yet decided where to take up her abode. Her Majesty is at present in Paris, but it is stated that she intends shortly to quit that city, as her reception at the French Court has not been so cordial as her previous experience of the hospitality and urbanity of the Emperor of the French had led her to expect. This, after all, is not very surprising, as however delighted the Emperor may have been to entertain right royally the reigning Queen of Spain, now that the luckless Isabella presents herself at the Tuileries simply in the character of a lady at large, the position assumes a somewhat awkward aspect.

In consequence of the marked coldness shown to the ex-Queen in Paris, which in the first instance was selected for her Majesty's permanent residence, her advisers have put themselves into communication with several other Courts, with the view of ascertaining on what terms Isabella would be taken in elsewhere. The answers to these letters will not, of course,

be made public, but we believe ourselves to be in a position to publish as authentic the following conditions understood to be imposed by the various Governments which have been applied to on the subject.

ENGLAND.—No Royal palace would be placed at the ex-Queen's disposal, but a lease of the Pavilion at Brighton would be granted to her Majesty on reasonable terms. The ex-Queen would not be received at Windsor, but she might expect an occasional invitation to Marlborough House or the Mansion House. Her Majesty would not be recognised by the Archbishop of Westminster.

AUSTRIA.—On the ex-Queen's taking the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, and transferring to him her interest in the Spanish throne, a palace at Trieste (unfurnished) would be presented to her by Government.

PRUSSIA.—There would be no objection to her Majesty taking up her residence at Berlin, provided she deposited in the Treasury a sum of twenty millions of money as a guarantee against embroiling Prussia in any misunderstanding with a foreign Power.

ITALY.—The ex-Queen would be received by the Royal Family, and a residence at Milan would be placed at her disposal, on the understanding that her Majesty would consent to be hooted by the populace whenever it might suit the convenience of the Government to encourage a demonstration against the Romish priesthood. Broken windows would be mended by the authorities, and a liberal compensation would be granted for the bruises and contusions of her Majesty's suite.

SWITZERLAND.—The Pension Wallace is now vacant, and has been left in good condition by its last occupant. Undeniable references would be required, and the first quarter's rent would be payable in advance.

DENMARK.—Being a free country, the ex-Queen may live in any part of it she pleases ; but as the Government is perfectly aware that there is nothing to be got out of her, the ex-Queen would not be recognised at Court. No project for a matrimonial alliance between a member of her Majesty's family and that of the King of Denmark would for a moment be entertained.

DAHOMEV.—The King would feel highly honoured if the ex-Queen would accept his hospitality, and he would promise to invent entertainments for her edification and amusement which should entirely dispel the memories of the bull-fights of her native land. The King of Dahomey would also be prepared to offer her Majesty half his throne, if agreeable. Should this offer be accepted, the ex-King Consort would be provided for.

On the whole, we are inclined to counsel her Majesty to quit the Continent where she is so little appreciated, and by accepting the terms of the great African potentate (which, it may be observed, are far more liberal than those of any European Government), reassume the exalted position for which nature intended her.

SHAME ! SHAME !

A WOMAN or two bayoneted, a few children trodden under foot to death ; a handful of electors shot down here and there in the streets ; some good English blood spilt freely and royally, with the Riot Act read twice or thrice, and the thoroughfares cleared by the charging soldiery. What more could be desired to prove to the world that this is an honest, hearty, free, and enlightened nation ? We may well thank God that things have not been even worse than they have ; that our devilish political savagery has borne no more bloody fruit than this. And yet, after all, what a disgusting spectacle !

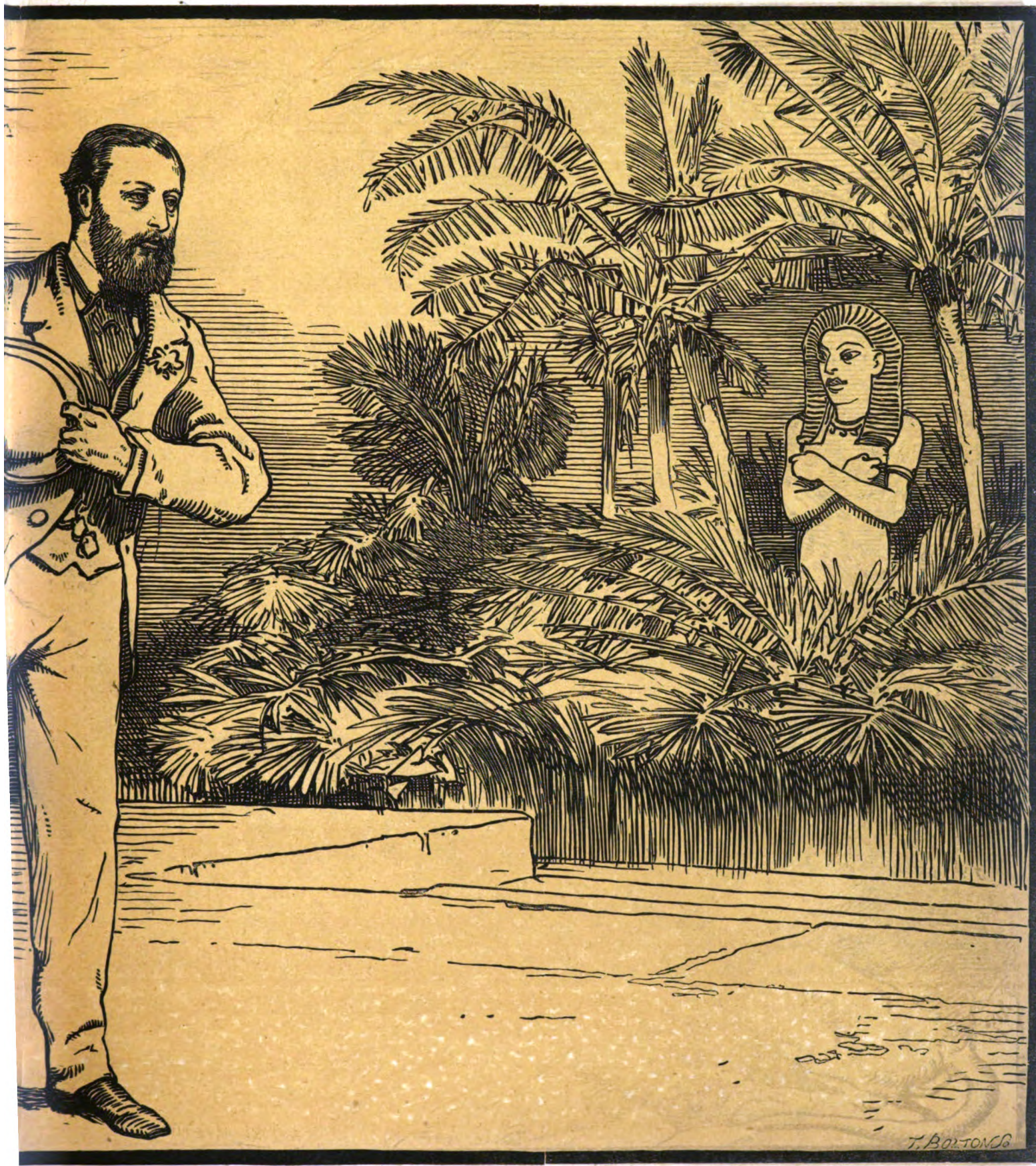
Talk of England being the centre of civilisation, and her institutions the finest the world has seen ! Stuff, sheer impudent stuff ! There is not a people in Europe that cannot point to us with scorn, and show us nobler aims and more generous rivalries than our own. Had the scenes that have, during the past ten days, been enacted throughout the length and breadth of this country, taken place upon the Continent, there would have been a universal self-righteous howl wherever penny papers flare, or pulpits thunder. The story of a British general election is a disgraceful story, and one on which every true Englishman must cry shame, shame, utter shame !



"D O N T D E

Digitized by Google

November 28, 1868.



S E R T M E."

(DEDICATED TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY

Digitized by Google

TALKING IT OVER.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND MR. JOHN BULL.

MR. JOHN BULL.—Well, Sir, and what do you mean to do now?

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—“Mean” to do, my dear friend—?

MR. J. B.—Don’t call me your “dear friend,” Sir; I don’t like it.

MR. B. D. (*smiling softly*).—Not? Ah, you do not understand me!MR. J. B. (*growling*).—No, nor does anybody else. But come, Sir, don’t waste my time. Just say, in plain English, if you can possibly get yourself to be straightforward for two minutes together, what you are going to be up to now?MR. B. D.—Still suspicious? But never mind. (*Smiling more softly, and as if he had not heard him.*) You were saying—I beg your pardon—?

MR. J. B.—You know what I was saying. Confound it all, Sir, what’s your policy? That’s what I ask you.

MR. B. D.—Policy? Ah! yes, to be sure. Why, honesty, of course. That is the best policy, as the poet—

MR. J. B. (*very angry*).—The poet be—MR. B. D. (*interrupting him*).—Oh fie! But come, let us be calm, my dear friend. (*Movement on the part of Mr. John Bull.*) Let us be calm, and I will state, briefly as I can, and plainly, honestly, and categorically, as I always do—(*smiles*)—what line of conduct I have proposed to myself as most fitting in the present condition of affairs.

MR. J. B.—Exactly. Out with it, Sir; that’s what I want to hear.

MR. B. D.—Of course it is; and very natural that you should. Well, then, in the first place, I think it is the duty of a Prime Minister to consider the interests of his country above all other interests; and as I do consider this, I cannot feel respect for the statesman in that position who would not fling his own personal reputation to the winds when a great imperial crisis demands the sacrifice. (*Takes breath.*)MR. J. B. (*impatiently*).—Come, Sir, come: none of this froth for me.MR. B. D. (*quieting him*).—“Froth,” my dear Sir? You just listen. Having, therefore, submitted to you that philosophical proposition, I will now go on to say that, as far as I am concerned myself, I should regard myself as a traitor to my Queen, my country, and my—

MR. J. B.—Pocket—go on, sir.

MR. B. D. (*smiling sweetly*).—Pocket, were I to abandon the helm of the State under any combination of circumstances whatever. You see—(*watching the effect of his words*)—that is, I cannot think it the duty of a true patriot to give over the control of the vessel to incompetent hands. Gladstone does not know what he is about. I do. So, you see, thinking it better that anything should happen rather than that I should—should—

MR. J. B.—Let go of the public purse-strings.

MR. B. D.—Thank you, yes; that is the idea—let go of the public purse-strings—I mean to stay in myself, and—and—

MR. J. B.—Pitch your old colleagues all overboard together?

MR. B. D.—The idea again; yes, overboard together. I shall then, through what call a just appreciation of the political necessities of the day, make up a new Cabinet. Let me see. We will have Bright for Foreign Affairs, Potter in the Home Office, get Beales in for Greenwich, and push him somehow on to the woolsack. Then as to Odger and Mill I dare say they would be useful in the Upper House. With regard to the rest, I—

MR. J. B.—Gladstone, for instance?

MR. B. D.—You are quite right. Of course we would not forget him. A—a—(*smiling very sweetly*)—colonial governorship—say St. Helena!MR. J. B. (*suppressing his indignation*).—And your measures?

MR. B. D.—To suit the necessities of the age of course. We should abolish the Irish Church, and the English Church, and the House of Lords, and the Constitution, and the Excise duties, and the standing army, and—

MR. J. B.—Anything else?

MR. B. D.—Yes, we should establish universal suffrage, and

the ballot, and equal division of landed property, and woman’s rights, and the people’s charter, and—in fact, anything that might be agreeable to all parties.

MR. J. B.—In short, Sir, you mean to tell me you will pay any price, however low it be, for power?

MR. B. D.—My dear friend, you have hit it exactly. I do.

MR. J. B. (*indignantly*).—Then know, Sir, that I *won’t* have you at any price. I’ve had quite enough of you already, and mean to kick you out. There, Sir, that’s what I’ve got to say to you, and now you may go.

BY AUTHORITY.

OUR contemporary, the *Daily News*, is becoming quite remarkable for the exclusiveness of its information. One day last week, when its pages were inconveniently crowded by the reports of the borough elections, the place of honour immediately below the last leading article was reserved for the following interesting announcement:—

“The Queen, who, since the lamented death of the Prince Consort, has used plain note paper in her correspondence, has adopted a monogram consisting of the regal R under an imperial crown, with the legend Victoria across the letter. The design, which has received its last improvements from her Majesty’s own hand, is being executed in black and silver.”

The paragraph does not end here, but we are even made acquainted with the name and address of the highly-honoured individual who has been entrusted with the execution of the design.

We notice the announcement, as we fear that badly-disposed people who do not entertain a proper respect for the exalted character of the Penny Press, may take it into their mischievous heads to suggest that this tit-bit of “exclusive information” is nothing more nor less than a paid-for advertisement. Not a bit of it. We are happy to be able to assure our readers that the paragraph in question headed the most important items of the day’s news, and bore no sign of being anything but what it pretended to be. Is it likely that a respectable paper, even in reduced circumstances, would stoop so low as to palm off on the public a paid-for advertisement for a bit of the latest news? Impossible. Such a subterfuge would be unprecedented in the annals of British journalism.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

It really would seem, from the outrages that occurred before the hustings last week, that we are, indeed, becoming the “barbarous” nation alluded to so frequently by “our lively neighbours,” the French. The newspapers, at the time of the Election, absolutely teemed with tales of murder and blood. “Shooting dead” and bayoneting were both resorted to by the free and independent electors as means for attaining their ends. Talk about “French cruelty” and “Spanish brutality,” why neither can compare with English murder! Yes, “murder” is the word. The Irish Church question has nothing in common with leaden bullets—the problem of Reform may be worked to a solution without the aid of cold steel. But there, the matter is over for the present: let us hope that the next election may be no worse. Still, a sensible man cannot shut his eyes to the fact that from bad we seldom grow by our own accord to better. It’s not impossible that we may see something like the following if we live to welcome in the year 1890.

DULLBOROUGH ELECTION.

November 16, 1890.

To-day being the day appointed for the polling at this borough, the Hustings were thronged from a very early hour in the morning. The Clerks of the Returning Officer were clad in mail, a costume which saved them from many a sabre cut, and not a few bullets. It was feared that the Liberals had undermined a part of the booth, with the intention of blowing the Register to atoms. Happily the rumour turned out to be false. At about noon the Conservatives, who had mounted some heavy guns on the roof of the Town Hall, opened fire on the voters. At the request of the police (who explained that the guns were

old and likely to burst), and after some ten or a dozen shots had been fired, the amateur artillerymen desisted from their dangerous employment. It will be remembered that Messrs. Brown (L.), Smith (C.), and Jones (C.) are now the only candidates, as Mr. Robinson (L.) retired (shot through the stomach) on the day of nomination.

NOON.

State of the Poll.

Brown (L)	. . .	114
Smith (C)	. . .	94
Jones (C)	. . .	27

Prices.—Liberal votes, £5 a-piece. Conservative votes, £7 10s. Trade brisk.

We regret to say that party feeling still runs very high—Mrs. Brown and the Misses Brown (2) were murdered by some *persons*!—we won't call them *gentlemen*—while engaged in shopping. It is feared that the Liberals will retaliate by slaughtering Mr. Smith's mother-in-law.

TWO P.M.

State of the Poll.

Brown (L)	. . .	323
Smith (C)	. . .	247
Jones (C)	. . .	Retired (shot through the head).

Prices.—Liberal votes, £3 a-piece, or 2 for £5. Conservative votes, £5 a-piece. Trade dull.

Most of the churches have been pulled down. The scholars at the Ragged Schools have been liberated, and have fraternised with the prisoners set free from the Town Gaol. A few women were killed in the last charge of the Military. The Volunteers are giving no quarter.

FOUR P.M.

Close of the Poll.

Brown (L)	. . .	400.
Smith (C)	. . .	Retired (mortally wounded).

Prices.—Liberal votes, 5s. a dozen. Conservative votes, 6s. a gross. Scarcely any business doing.

It will be seen that Mr. Brown headed the poll. This gentleman certainly deserves the success which has attended his efforts to secure a seat in Parliament. He is most fortunate to have passed through the ordeal of election with only the loss of an eye and the fracture of an arm.

Mr. Brown, on his appearance on the Hustings, was received with loud cheers and much hissing. After a while it was judged expedient to look after the Returning Officer. It is with deep regret that we announce that this worthy gentleman was discovered lying dead under the Reporter's table. It is supposed that a random shot (fired by the Conservatives) killed him earlier in the day.

WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

APPROPOS of the contemplated absence of Royalty from the metropolis in the coming season, we publish the following items of intelligence, which may have a special interest for those among our readers who subscribe to the *Court Journal*:—

There will be no season at Paris this Christmas, as it is reported that the Emperor has determined on passing the winter at Bath, his advisers having considered it inevitable that he must soon get into hot water. Guided by this opinion he has made his selection of this still fashionable watering-place for his temporary domicile.

Her ex-Majesty, the Queen of Spain, will continue to occupy her present residence in Coventry. There will be no Court at Madrid.

The Sultan of Turkey and suite will make a short stay at Margate, where they will appear (for a limited number of nights only) at the Hall by the Sea (admission one shilling). There will be no Court at Constantinople.

The King of Prussia has taken the whole of the Lord Warden

Hotel, at Dover, for six months. It is said that his Majesty, who has suffered of late years from a great deal of feverish excitement, has been urgently advised to pursue a lowering regimen for a short period, and that he purposes, therefore, taking a course of the celebrated powders named after the sea-port he is about to visit. There will be no Court at Berlin.

The Emperor of Russia has started for Naples. It is reported that he is about to descend the crater of Vesuvius with a view to protesting strongly against the continual use of explosive material by the authorities in that volcano. The mission is scientific and humane, but we regret to say that in consequence there will be no Court at St. Petersburg this winter.

The King of Denmark will be occupied next season in an advertising tour, having several ageing relations to marry off while there is any market for them. He will, however, be willing to put a substitute in his place, with use of the crown, and a salary (payable in advance) of £100 a year. He will be glad to hear from Prince Christian, or any other walking talent, as, in the event of no one turning up, there will be no Court held at Copenhagen next year.

ENIGMA.

HE breathed it in my glowing ear,
Down 'neath the willows by the mere.

Oh! how I treasured it within my heart!
And when relentless Time brought round the hour,
When these sad words were spoken "we must part,"
I knew that o'er my life he held this power,—
If he broke this, that he would break my heart.

His letters came, warm from his passionate soul;
Each loving word assumed his much-loved form.
To read them o'er whole nights from sleep I stole,
Nor dreamed the calm so sweet presaged a storm.

At last it came, no outward semblance bearing
Of that dread poisoned dart that lay within,
And I the envelope was madly tearing
To reach the loving words I deemed no sin.
And then in hard and cruel lines displayed,
I read the truth, and knew myself betrayed.

Knew that this man whom I had deemed so pure,
Had trampled on all honour and all truth;
E'en in the deadening trance of grief, full sure
Was I that he could never show me ruth;
He who, though wed, had stole my virgin love,
And lies to witness called his God above.

So this I took—since nought for me was left
But in the world to wear my load of shame;
Of every hope, of every joy bereft,
Fain was I to forget my very name.
Religion mocks me with a phantom peace,
I cannot hate—to love I cannot cease.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

P ill S
O d E
L ed A
L oo T

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, Ruby's Ghost, Charley and Owl (Lower Norwood), E. C. Dering, F. Thomas (Liverpool), Happy Jack, J. D. (Bristol), Dot-and-carry-one, Elvira Podgers, George Sydney Russell Jackson (Coleford), Castlebar Terrier, William O'Hara, O. Jumping Moses, The Rattling Skull and Cross-bones of Kensal Green, The Howling Maniac of Harrow and the Parson's Daughter, A Groan from the Cobden Statue Dyrba Deyol, The Wendover Wonder, Samuel E. Thomas, and Hero and Leander.

ERRATUM.—The first word in the answer last week should have been Cuss, not Cluss.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 83.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

THE late Civil War! Where? in America? No. In England. We have had a General Election in Great Britain and Ireland, and we have, in consequence, had a Civil War. Fellow-subjects have armed themselves against one another, and everywhere detachments of the standing army of the State have been held in readiness to act against their own countrymen. This, in plain language, has been the condition of Great Britain and Ireland for the last three weeks. The exercise of the greatest constitutional right which we, as a nation, possess, namely, that of electing our own representatives, cannot be carried on without the intervention of the military. This is not a very creditable fact, but it is none the less true.

The Anglo-Saxons may be an order-loving race in general, but it cannot be denied, that on particular occasions they are more violent and brutal than any other civilized race. We leave it to connoisseurs in morality to decide what moral superiority is shown by those who break a fellow-creature's head with a bludgeon, or smash his features into a jelly with their fists, over those who prefer to use the knife on such occasions of brotherly intercourse. However, even in Ireland, where we know the shillelagh flourishes side by side with the shamrock as an emblem of national honour and generosity, knives and firearms seem to have been used during the late elections by others than foreigners, or hired butchers, as the soldiers are sometimes admiringly termed. Some philosophers, considering the religious bigotry which was inevitably aroused by the Irish Church Question, and which was assiduously cultivated by the supporters, if not by the chiefs, of both parties, may feel inclined to congratulate the country on the comparatively small list of killed and wounded which is the result of the election contests. Perhaps, some member of the new Parliament will move for an accurate return of persons killed or injured; but we, who look at moral facts rather than the arithmetical details of statistics, are quite ready to base our observations on the lowest return that any admirer of British institutions may be able to compile by the aid of his sympathies, or of his imagination.

There is but little good in endeavouring to impress upon the intelligent electors and non-electors of this country that there is no political virtue, and not much argument, in breaking their opponents' heads. This is an obvious truism; and like most truisms, will never be practically believed or acted on by those who are determined not to believe or act on it, however often it be repeated. What we wish to do, is to try and make some

suggestions towards the solution of this difficult problem; how are these disgraceful scenes of violence and bloodshed to be prevented?

It has been forced upon the perception of many writers, and thinkers, during the last week or two, that, after all, nominations are practically useless, except to facilitate rioting. Why should not the names of the candidates be affixed to the church doors, and published generally throughout the borough, or district, which they aspire to represent? We do not know why; except that this is obviously the most sensible course to pursue. It is at the nominations, generally, that the worst element of election mobs—the non-electors or roughs—have a grand opportunity for a vigorous display of their partialities. But even the abolition of the ceremony of nomination would do but little; there would still remain those numerous gatherings of the constituents, which are convoked by the various candidates previous to every election. Electors *will* inflict on themselves this somewhat unnecessary torture, and of course they have a right to ask questions of their proposed representatives, and to hear from them some profession of faith, even though experience teaches them that these professions often, owing to circumstances over which, of course, the candidate can have no control, fail to be fully realised by his future practices. What, then, can we do? Given, a public meeting, at which Jones, the Liberal, meets the electors, how are we to prevent the supporters of Smith, the Conservative, from being present, and testifying their presence by whatever forcible methods they may please to adopt? As to only granting admission to those who have previously received tickets, practically we know this to be little protection against disturbances. Besides, if the meeting is to be of any real value, all opinions ought to be represented. Though it may be a confession of guilt, we think it would be better that special constables should be sworn in on all such occasions, to serve till the elections are over; that plenty of these special constables should be present at every meeting to keep order in the room, and to prevent any person armed from entering. In fact, all sticks and umbrellas should be left at the doors. In the case of open-air meetings, a strong cordon of constables should keep the ground, as soldiers do during a review, and no persons who may come with an obvious predetermination of disturbing the peace should be admitted on the ground. These suggestions may not appear to be very brilliant or original; but we believe that most persons will bear us out in stating that, for some inscrutable reason or other, there is very rarely any care taken by the proper authorities to keep the peace at public meetings of a political character. It is one thing to attempt to suppress such a meeting, and

another to take those ordinary precautions to prevent a breach of the peace, which all subjects have a right to expect from the civil authorities.

But after all, unless all elections are to be conducted by proxies, which is impossible, breaches of the peace, of a more or less serious character, must be expected as long as violence is the argument at once most congenial, and intelligible, to a mass of the population. How the Ballot is to prevent such crimes as have been perpetrated during the late election contests, we don't know. The Ballot will not reconcile differences of opinion, it will not abate the virulence of demagogues, it will not enlighten the ignorance, or refine the brutality, of the "roughs;" it seems to us that the very fact of not knowing which way the electors are voting, will only exasperate those enthusiastic partisans who fight more for their colours, than for their opinions. Make as strict laws as you like against bribery and intimidation; even go so far as to shut up the public-houses on polling days, but there still will exist in the mobs the same elements of ferocity and violence; and we can diminish these only by the spread of education and civilization. In other countries where the passions are quite as strong, if not stronger than in England, such scenes of brutality, as the papers were obliged to record during the last two weeks, are not the inseparable accompaniments of election contests. America, the country most akin to our own, alone can vie with us in this disgraceful distinction. The Irish population there, as here, generally distinguish themselves, on all occasions when recklessness with regard to their own or of other persons' lives can be most favourably displayed. But it is not only the Irish who bruise and stab, and shoot, their opponents. Greater alertness of the law to defend order, and greater severity in punishing any breach of it are necessary. And far greater earnestness and perseverance are needed on the part of all statesmen, and politicians generally, in endeavouring to raise the exercise of political rights out of the arena of faction fights. There is one section of the community, namely, the clergy, which may learn an useful lesson from the late elections, the county ones, especially. There is no doubt that their influence has been very great, and now they have chosen to exert it to its utmost, has achieved, they may consider so, great results. They have probably succeeded in exciting more animosity against the Church of England in one month, than the enemies of that institution have in many years. They have made her foes ten times more bitter than before; they have changed her lukewarm allies into earnest opponents; they have destroyed the courage, and sickened the souls, of her noblest and her truest friends. Let them enjoy their triumph while they can. Let them gloat over the seats which they have won for the Conservative party by a shameful perversion of their holy office. We, in common with many other Christian subjects of this realm, ask the clergy this question:—"If you will do so much in the cause of politics, can you do so little in the cause of morality? If you can lead your sheep to the polling-booth, can you not lead them from the public-houses?"—perhaps, in some cases, they were taken thence to record their votes for the maintenance of the Irish Establishment.

There is no need of rich endowments, and mighty dignities, and venerable honours, to procure the services of men who preach but the doctrines of self-interest and uncharitableness.

THE REAL GREENWICH PENSIONER.—Mr. Gladstone.

THE STEP FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.—From South Lancashire to Greenwich.

MILITARY REFORM.

CONSIDERABLE disappointment, not to say dissatisfaction, has been felt in the ranks of the Militia, in consequence of the omission in the military toast at the Guildhall feast of all mention of the Militia, the Army having been toasted and the Volunteers also, but no mention having been made of the Militia. It is of course possible, nay probable, that the omission was purely accidental; if it was intentional, no words would be too strong to reprobate so studied a slight upon the old constitutional force of the country, and no place could have been less appropriate for such a slight than the banquet hall of the City of London, whose Train-bands and City Militia have never failed to make themselves felt in time of internal disturbance in this country.

As far as regards the reply to the toast, it was hardly possible for the Duke of Cambridge to introduce the mention of a force not mentioned in the toast for which he was answering; and the Militia may rest most entirely assured that their value is fully recognised and their zeal and loyalty acknowledged by His Royal Highness Commanding-in-Chief, who has on many occasions gone out of his way to express his sense of the importance of the Militia force as the first line of Reserve behind the regular Army of the country.

But, at the same time, it may be doubted whether the Militia is utilized to its full extent, or put into active operation for aiding the regular forces as prominently as it might be, either by the Government or by the Militia themselves.

As regards the Government, there can scarcely be a second opinion that in sanctioning the plan, some few years ago, for militiamen to re-engage for a second period the authorities at the War Office took a wholly erroneous view of the object and aims of the Militia force. Clearly the main object of that force is to have at hand a large number of partially, if not completely, trained young men ready to form an active Reserve in time of necessity, and further to have a system by which a large number of the population shall have received the rudiments of training and military discipline. What, then, could be the object of inducing by increased bounties tens of thousands of trained militiamen to re-engage for the purpose of being trained again! Thus each man trained cost twice as much as he need have done, and the numbers trained were only one-half what they might have been. It is to be hoped that among the expected measures of military reform, and when the great question of an effective Reserve shall receive the attention it so fully deserves, the re-engagement of militiamen may be at once put a stop to. There is no difficulty whatever in filling the ranks of the Militia Regiments. In fact, most of the Corps are under restrictive orders not to take candidates beyond a certain number below the quota. There can, therefore, be no necessity for filling the school with pupils who have already completed their course of instruction.

And upon the same consideration, there can be no reason why much greater encouragement should not be given to militiamen to enlist in the regular Army. At present this is *allowed*, but by no means encouraged; and yet it is manifest that a militiaman with his one, two, or three years' drilling, is worth more than a raw recruit who has yet to learn the goose-step, and it would be worth while to allow such trained men to reckon the whole of their Militia service as Army service, and, in fact, to give every inducement to such men to go from the playing at soldiers to actual service.

What, then, can be the reason why the Government do not adopt so manifestly simple a plan for feeding the Army without the necessity of keeping up the expensive machinery of the recruiting service? The answer is not a comfortable one. It is because many Militia Colonels have seats in the House and votes in Parliament, and many Militia Colonels object to have their regiments "pulled to pieces after all the pains they have taken in drilling them," and "to have their corps made mere pipes for supplying the army." Some Colonels of Militia take a much less narrow view of the case, and give free leave to their men to join the Army. They recognise the advantage of establishing a close connexion between the Militia and one or more regiments of the Line, giving the Line their young men as recruits, and receiving back from the Line veteran soldiers as sergeants and instructors, and this reciprocal tie has uniformly been found to work admirably, wherever it has been fairly tried. But such cases are the exceptions, and for-

fortunate it will be for the country and for the Militia, when such exceptions become the general rule; and when the Militia, closely connected with the Line, will serve as a reserve, a nursery, and a refuge for the regular troops. Then the recruiting for the Army will no longer be a source of doubt, of trouble, and of infinite expense; and then the Militia need not fear they will be slighted or overlooked by the Military authorities, or by the Country, even though they may be forgotten by the toast-master at Guildhall.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

THE sere and yellow ranks of non-dancers round a ball-room are misnamed. It is the buds in their button-holes which are wall-flowers blossoming on the old ruins beneath.

..

Set a Becker on horseback and she will ride to the hustings.

..

Women were only half angels when they stood on their political rights, but now that they are incapacitated for sitting they partake more of the nature of cherubs, who, whatever heads they possess, can never take their seats in any conclave.

..

If the Hanoverian creams are kept in the stables and Her Majesty remains out of town, the Queen's coachman says his heart is as heavy as bran-mash. In fact, he finds it like a safety match, light only on the box.

..

When a great composer like Rossini dies, he leaves us heirs to a never-failing fund. His notes will never be dishonoured.

..

Young speculators talk of the wild times when they went in for fifteen per cent. That wild time must have grown on some of the banks which failed in the crisis.

..

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"—yet there are many idle poor who prefer to go to their uncle.

..

Creditors are like corns: they are always reminding one where the shoe pinches. The only way to get rid of them is to cut them—and that won't prevent them coming again.

..

What a comedy of grief is that performed by sympathetic undertakers! Their motto should be "Hearse and Rehearse."

UP AND DOWN THE BOULEVARDS.

TOMAHAWK feels that with his great name he ought to extend the lines of intelligence of which he holds the ends in London. When a paper like the *Royal Area*, for instance, can afford a correspondent in Paris who can make three columns out of a reported elopement and invents the scandal when it does not come to hand, surely, thinks TOMAHAWK to himself, we can have our occasional correspondent abroad who shall forward veritable news, dished up with Parisian sauces, for the nourishment of readers at home. When we take an idea into our head, we don't leave it bobbing up and down for an age, like a moth against a ceiling, but away we start on a bee-line to our project. At the same moment that we make our readers acquainted with our intentions, we are in a position to give them our Parisian correspondence hot from the Boulevards.

[FROM OUR OCCASIONAL PARISIAN.]

Paris, Nov. 25.

You have heard how full the Church of the Trinity was at

Rossini's funeral; how impossible it was to get tickets (your O.P. had to pay fifteen francs for his), and what a crush there was inside, of those who assisted at the performance; for it was a performance at which, besides the voices of Nilsson, Faure, Duprez, Roger, &c., &c., was heard again the splendid contralto London knows so well as belonging to Alboni, the queen of contraltos. You have heard how miserable a *cortège* conducted the Swan of Pesaro to Père la Chaise. Have you heard how Rossini made his peace with the Church on the strength of having written the *Stabat Mater*? Have you heard that the musical world will soon be in raptures over the most heavenly composition that has perhaps ever been heard, that called by its author *La Petite Messe*, which drew tears from Meyerbeer when he first heard it played by Rossini? Do you know that Rossini very often signed himself "Rossini, Pianiste," so fond was he of his instrument? If you are ignorant of all these facts it is a proof your correspondent can be useful. . . .

There has been no disturbance in Paris, though the Baudin affair is still on the lips of all; but one thing is certain, that one sees more sergents-de-ville about the streets than is usual, especially in the evening. On returning from the theatre a year or two back you might come from the Porte St. Martin to the Madeleine, and perhaps not see one; now you will see two or three dozen. Another sign of the time: wherever you may call you will find people reading the history of the *Coup d'Etat*, which throws a halo round the imperial brows, but a halo which brings L. N. out in his true colours. It seems that the police has found it impossible to stop the sale of toy lanterns. You have charms, brooches, pins, match-boxes, pipes, cigar-cases, and heaven knows what besides, in the shape of lanterns. You have buttons imitating the cover itself of Rochefort's pamphlet, and each number of the work makes its appearance regularly every month on the table of every *abonné*, printed in the smallest pica on cigarette paper, the whole number going through the post at the price of an ordinary letter.

I may state here that the numbers of the TOMAHAWK which I had the pleasure of disseminating the last time I was in Paris have had great success *dans le monde*, the cartoons being particularly admired which have had H.I.M. for a subject. This, a pardonable vanity in a land where illustrated journals are to be met with in larger numbers than elsewhere. Your musical correspondent told you what he thought of the *Pericholle* (pronounce *koll*, not *sholl*). Everyone who hears it will agree that the second act is dull and tedious beyond measure, and there is nothing in the piece which can make it run much longer. At the Palais Royal there is one of those farces which appear in that theatre occasionally, so droll that the audience begins in convulsions, and gradually goes into hysterics. I have not laughed so much since I saw Robson in *Retained for the Defence*. This farce is called *The Bouquet*, and is of that undoubtful Parisian existence which is ignored in London very properly; but that fact does not make the piece less amusing.

A propos of actors I may tell you a story I have just heard about the King of Prussia. A short time ago a company of Parisian actors went to Berlin to give a certain number of performances of the best pieces of the Gymnase and the Théâtre Français. The troupe was engaged while in Berlin to play one night at the palace. After the performance, the King came into the *salon* reserved as a green-room, and with perfect good-nature would not allow any ceremony while he remained in the room. The *jeune premier* (were I speaking of an English company I should say the walking gentleman), an Englishman by birth, took the King at his word, and conversed naturally with His Majesty on acting; so the King of Prussia told him that "there was nothing he should have liked better in life than to be an actor, but he confessed he should prefer low comedy to the higher walk of the drama." Fancy the King of Prussia, a man of six feet two, a low comedian. He has done some funny things in his time, too. I may tell you, too, that that *jeune premier* is a Mr. Stuart, who is engaged by the director of the New Gaiety Theatre in London for the opening piece. *Au revoir*. Next week.

THE ENGLISH POLL-TAX.—Hairdressers' charges.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.—Mr. Cross returned and Mr. Gladstone rejected.

ENFIELD CHASE.—Mr. Labouchere's attempt to catch up his colleague at the Poll.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
WILL BE READY ON DECEMBER 12,
Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has NOT yet resigned !!

WE understand that after his defeat for Middlesex Mr. Labouchere intends to change his name to *Le Bout trop-chère*.

ULSTER has declared itself Liberal. There is hope yet that Mr. Murphy may be numbered amongst the perverts (as the Anglicans call them).

MR. PURCHAS'S name having proved a perfect mine of wit to the Comic Papers, he intends, so we believe, to reserve all rights of translation.

NOMINATIONS must be abolished. That is settled. Nomination rhymes to commination, which is a much more appropriate name for the scene of abuse and violence which constitutes the first stage of a British Election.

THE Prince of Wales lost no time in going to see Schneider in her new character, and he took the Princess of Wales with him. We hope that on this occasion Madame Schneider condescended to be decent in her gestures, and her speech.

A REPORT has been set abroad, and has, incredible to relate, actually obtained credence with some enthusiastic disciples of Mother Church, that Her Majesty, the Queen Victoria, intends to abdicate in the event of Mr. Gladstone's being called upon to form a Ministry. Although few but fanatics, and weak-minded enthusiasts, could believe such a monstrous rumour, still we think it right (considering that the Irish Church question has called into being very many such creatures) to give this wicked falsehood a most unqualified contradiction. It is alike an insult to the Sovereign, and to the statesman in whom the people of this country have placed their confidence, and to whom they have entrusted the execution of an act of justice tardily conceded to one portion of the Imperial Kingdom. It is alike an insult to the Monarch, and to the people, to give anything but hearty denial to such a statement. If the so-called Constitutionalists really value the Constitution of England, the last thing they should attempt is to bring about a collision between any two of the Estates of the Realm. Her Majesty

will herself give the most perfect refutation to such calumnies, by appearing in person at the opening of the new Parliament, a large majority of which is pledged to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, and by giving her gracious sanction to such policy when the time has arrived for so doing.

BREAK HER UP !

(See CARTOON.)

COME, tow her into port—her day is done ;
Aye, tow her in, she cumbereth the sea.
She mocks the glory of yon blazing sun,—
Mocks all that God has made good, pure, and free.

Some ships have braved the battle and the breeze,
Have lent the toast to many a brimming cup,
Have fought a noble fight. Honour to these,
But not to *her*. In with her, break her up !

She left these shores to do a work. She failed.
The canker worm lay hidden in her beams.
E'en now false colours to her masts she nails :
Away with her, she is not what she seems.

Heed not her tale of tempest and of flood,
Of stout, true honest hearts, of ringing cheers !
Her crested waves have been red waves of blood,
Her salt sea spray the salt of human tears !

Then tow her in, break up her rotten hull ;
Let every fragment to the flames be hurled.
Men cry that England's justice has burned dull.
Quick, break her up, and lighten the whole world !

QUITE REUTER.

NATURALLY enough, a little confusion seems to have arisen lately on the Continent in connection with the progress of the general election in this country. Vienna, it appears, was especially in the dark, while in some of the remoter parts of Europe the telegraphic wires played such havoc among accounts of electioneering riots, and members' names, that Englishmen, who had no other means of receiving any communication from home, must have been in no little anxiety as to what was really going on. For instance, the following might have been confusing, if not even alarming :—

London, 24th Nov., 4 p.m.

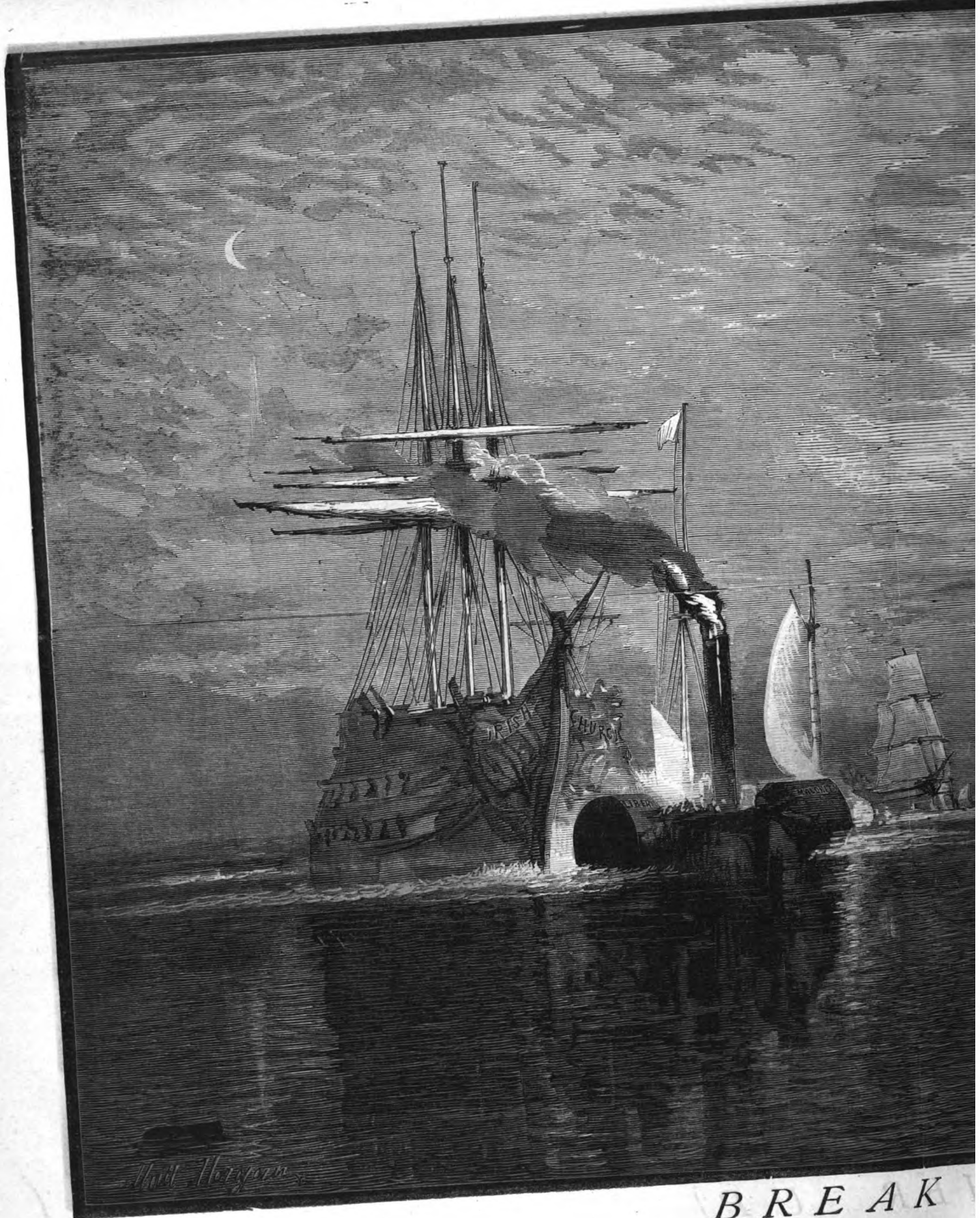
Great fight expected in the *Liverre-pool* this afternoon. Sir Gladstone at the head of 6,772 Liberals has read the *riot-act* to the dragoons. The *Lor-maire* called out. The Marquis Benjamin has run off with all the funds.

The opposition very *cross*. Much fear of fights. 5 p.m.

A dreadful fight has been. More than seven thousand of the enemies of Sir Gladstone have been jammed to the death. (*Conservés, faites "Conservatives."*) The *Lor-maire* has been seized by the mob and put on the top of a poll. 6 p.m.

The *Lor-maire* still on the top of a poll, and can not get down. Dreadful accounts of people being put on the tops of polls everywhere. Beale, Duc Cambrigge, Duc Edinborg, Smeeth, Greeneech, and all the clever members of the 'ouse on the tops too. 7 p.m.

And a good deal more to the same effect. How on earth is it that our continental friends cannot get hold of the right end of anything English ? Do we make parallel mulls about them ? If so, the sooner M. Reuter is suppressed as an unnecessary and confusing luxury, the better.



BREAK

THE BAD SHIP, "IRISH CHURCH," BEING

Heed not her tale of tempest and of flood,
Of stout, true honest hearts, of ringing cheers!
Her crested waves have been real waves of blood,
Her salt sea spray the salt of human tears!

7, December 5, 1868.



H E R U P !

OR,
TOWED TO HER LAST HOME AT WESTMINSTER.

Some ships have braved the battle and the breeze,
Have lent the toast to many a brimming cup,
Have fought a noble fight. Honour to these,

THE BALLAD OF THE BEATEN.

Ho ! Listen, worthy people !
Some facts while I relate,
Of the General Election
Of Eighteen Sixty-Eight.

There was a mighty hubbub,
And men throughout the land
Thought that to be declared M.P.
They only had to stand.

From study and from workshop
Came forth ambitious souls,
To canvass the electors
And carry all the polls.

A mighty Revolution
Had England seen, 'twas said ;
None should be sent to Parliament
But worked with hand or head.

None save the swart mechanic,
Or philosophic sage,
Should sit and prate and legislate
For the forthcoming age.

Exulting in the prophecy,
First came the bumptious Beales,
And neared the Tower Hamlets
With a rabble at his heels.

Straight off to maiden Chelsea
The classic Odger strode ;
And on his hack to Hackney
The martial Dickson rode.

From Avignon to Westminster
Journeyed omniscient Mill,
Whose lucky fate 'tis to be great—
His friends', to pay the bill.

Iconoclastic Bradlaugh
Down to Northampton hied,
And Chadwick sought Kilmarnock,
Chadwick, Mill's joy and pride.

Then Lushington the priggish
To Abingdon felt called ;
And Roundell, "Ho ! for Clitheroe !"
In exultation bawled.

To Warwick hurried Cremer,
And claimed it for his own,
While Goldwin Smith's great pet, Sandwith,
Spouted in Marylebone.

England can boast two Joneses ;
To Manchester one sped :
This Ernest ; t'other, Mason,
To Boston turned his head.

Pert Brodrick down to Woodstock
Strutted with doughty air ;
And Hartwell, Probyn, Howell,
Marched off—the Lord knows where.

And *Daily News*, *Spectator*,
And *Star*, and many more,
Promised us such a Commons
As ne'er was seen before.

Philosophers and workmen
Should put down Peers and grouse,
And landlords be abolished
By an enlightened House.

Oh ! men grew sick with waiting
For coming of the day
When the New should burst upon us,
And the Old should pass away.

Alas ! for the *Spectator* !
Alas ! for *Daily News* !
Alas for *Star* ! and those that are
Of philosophic views !

When came the day of polling,
Dread Bradlaugh came to naught,
And Hartwell for three hundred
Guineas had off been bought.

In vain the House of Blenheim
Had the pert Brodrick cursed ;
He on the poll was second,
Whilst Barnett was the first.

Beales, in the Tower Hamlets,
Was miserably spilt ;
And Dickson's sword at Hackney
Was shattered at the hilt.

And back to calm Avignon
Had Despot Mill to go ;
And Roundell got his *congé*
At little Clitheroe.

Warwick rejected Cremer,
Chadwick was overthrown ;
And Goldwin Smith's great pet, Sandwith,
Was flung in Marylebone.

And Jones, yclept the Ernest,
And Mason, honoured shade !
And Lushington, and Odger,
All in the dust were laid.

Then rose from the defeated
A clamour loud and deep ;
Virtue, they said, had gone to bed,
And Honesty to sleep.

But answered them the victors,
"You have yourselves to blame ;
Do what you will by Act or Bill,
England remains the same ;

"And men of sense and gentlemen
Instinctively will choose
O'er uninstructed demagogues
Or academic views ;

"And though we may be fallen
On somewhat ticklish days,
She doth command her sons to stand
Firm on the olden ways."

FROZEN-OUT CANDIDATES.

THE "hard cases" during the recent general election have been more than usually numerous. It is impossible not to sympathise with the many gentlemen in Othello's unfortunate predicament, without whose familiar presence the House of Commons must for many years wear an aspect of desolation. The public are already asking what these unfortunates, with their occupation gone, will do with themselves. In most instances it is impossible even to surmise, but we are glad to be able in the cases of the below-mentioned unsuccessful candidates, to put the public in possession of their present proceedings and the courses they have severally determined to adopt.

MR. J. S. MILL is engaged in writing a work on the Rights and Wrongs of Women, which he intends to dedicate to his future constituents, the Ladies of Westminster.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE is seeking an engagement at Covent

Garden to appear in the forthcoming Christmas Pantomime; or, in his character of the Champion Comic, is open to an engagement at a Music Hall.

MR. BEALES is organising a series of Hyde Park indignation meetings for every alternate Sunday in 1869, and has bound himself under penalty of being bonneted by his hundred thousand constituents to provide a bran new grievance for each demonstration. He thinks that Londoners will find that they have made a mistake in not sending him into the House of Commons.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL is regretting that he was induced to put his faith in Chelsea, but is consoling himself with the reflection that he is as valuable a public servant out of the House as in it.

SIR ROBERT CARDEN has resumed his wonted occupation of hounding orange-girls into the police-cells.

MR. REARDEN is back in Piccadilly and is attending to his business. He is highly indignant at the ingratitude of his late constituents, and is very much inclined to cut Mr. Gladstone. He intends to belong to the Carlton Club as a preliminary step to his conversion to Toryism, and has written to Mr. Disraeli to ask him to put him up.

A rumour has reached us that Messrs. ROEBUCK and HORS-MAN have retired to Colney Hatch for the winter, but we are unable to vouch for its authenticity.

MEETING A WANT!

IT has occurred to us that, at a moment when all men are taking breath in a lull of the excitement consequent on a general election, and the Liberal majority has become the after-dinner question of the day, a few ready-made jokes might be useful, for the double purpose of adding spice to a rather dreary topic of conversation and softening those asperities and differences which too often are the result of excited political feelings. As we presume, moreover, that we count among our readers many wits who have a sparkling reputation to maintain, we have much pleasure in supplying them with the subjoined fund of mirth which, we assure them, they can dip into without any hesitation whatever. Every single *mot* has been carefully thought out by some local Sheridan, and specially imported by us from heaps of that stinging and elegant satire, to which a general election not unusually gives rise. If, therefore, it can not exactly be launched *sans reproche*, it, we again assure them, may be confidently tried *sans peur*. As a guide to anyone about to make a selection we have appended our opinion of its merits to each.

LOCAL AND PARTICULAR JOKES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1.) What did the Tower Hamlets say to Mr. Beales and his successful opponent? (<i>Excellent.</i>) | (1.) You don't get in Beales, but Sam you do. (<i>Sam-u-da!</i>) |
| (2.) Why did Russell fail for Chelsea? (<i>Old.</i>) | (2.) Because he would have his Freake!! |
| (3.) Why has South-West Lancashire something of the car about it? (<i>Elegant.</i>) | (3.) Because it prefers a Cross to a thorough-bred! |
| (4.) Why is Bath to be pitied? (<i>Local and bad.</i>) | (4.) Because one of its new members is tight, and one of its old ones could not save his bacon. (<i>Tite and Hogg</i>)!!! |
| (5.) Why would not Westminster have Mill? (<i>A sound good old joke.</i>) | (5.) Because it did not want a member who could not raise the wind himself, but might turn at any moment when it happened to blow!! |
| (6.) How was it the Liberals lost one seat for Mid-Surrey? (<i>Bold.</i>) | (6.) Through mere pique (Peek)!!!!!! |
| (7.) Why is Cambridgeshire a good judge of wine? (<i>Vague.</i>) | (7.) Because it knows the proper Brand when it sees it! |

(8.) Why is South Norfolk the best represented constituency in England? (*Not original, and decidedly bad.*)

(8.) Because it returns a whole house (Howes)!!!!

(9.) Why is Liverpool the most dismal borough in the world. (*Out and out the worst of the lot.*)

(9.) Because the Liberal member is half nothing but bone, whom the Conservatives have buried in graves, and heaped no end of sand on. (Graves, C; Sandon, C; Rathbone, L.)!!!!!!

(10.) Why ought South Durham, Chester, and South Notts to go in for gardening? (*Misty.*)

(10.) Because the first stands the peas, the second the rakes, and the third the barrow. (Pease, Raikes, Barrow)!!

GENERAL ELECTIONEERING JOKES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| (1.) What is the difference between a Member of Parliament and a borrowed umbrella? (<i>Old.</i>) | (1.) One is returned, and the other isn't! |
| (2.) How does a young Oxford undergraduate's plea to his creditors resemble a three-cornered constituency? (<i>Wants working out.</i>) | (2.) Both endeavour to represent a minority! |
| (3.) What is a strong party reading of the words "going to the poll?" (<i>Old again.</i>) | (3.) Knocking in the opposition's head!! |

PHOTOGRAPHIC NUISANCES.

WE do not intend to follow the example of some of our elegant contemporaries, and puff the reigning Lais or Phryne of the day. But we wish to enter a strong protest against a custom, which has now extended to shops in the most fashionable localities, and which are much patronized by the mothers and daughters of Society, namely, the custom of exhibiting, in the most conspicuous part of the windows, portraits of the most notorious courtesans of the day amongst the Royal Family, the Bishops, the Prime Ministers, and other celebrated personages. We can readily believe that the young ladies of moral England may have some curiosity to see authentic portraits of those, whose manners, but not whose morals, they so perseveringly copy; but such a morbid curiosity is to us a sign of the gross degradation of Society. It sickens us to see the coarse, idiotic, sensual, features of these goddesses promoted from the scullery to reign over the Casino, impudently smirking and leering side by side with the pure gentle faces of those whom all Englishmen justly love and honour. Is it come to this, that we wish publicly to confess our shame? to declare to all the world that we have so degraded fame to the level of notoriety that a great philosopher, a venerable bishop, or a well-beloved princess, is but on a par with the last "lady of the ballet" who has perpetrated the most popular feat of clumsy indecency at one of our theatres, or the favourite pet of the hour, whose pockets are filled with the money and the love letters of our gay youth? Shame on all respectable tradesmen who thus turn their shops into an advertising mart for unblushing profligacy!

THE NEW PREMIER.

IT is with much pleasure that we announce that the First Minister of the Crown after the expulsion of Mr. Disraeli from office will be the Right Honourable the *Daily Telegraph*, of Fleet street. As the "coming statesman" has already filled up the places in the Cabinet, no beggarly bureau-seekers need apply for advancement. The Premier elect has also been pleased to "desire" the Queen to "open Parliament in person," as it is most advisable that Her Majesty should distinctly know the feeling of the nation. Without pretending to be in the confidence of the great creature, we believe we are right in supposing that when in power the *Daily Telegraph* will carry the following plans into execution:—

- 1.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to send

its Parisian correspondent to the Upper House with the title of the Marquis of Fairytale.

2.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to put a couple of learned (and advertising) "doctors" on the Civil List, and will be graciously pleased to pension off several well-known "baby-farmers."

3.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to suppress the TOMAHAWK, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*.

4.—The *Daily Telegraph* will be graciously pleased to order all adults (of both sexes) to purchase daily a paper said to have "the largest circulation in the world," under pain of death.

THE AMATEURS!

PREFACE.

I FEEL that I have undertaken a Herculean task—I feel that I am scarcely equal to the occasion. Not only will my task be Herculean, but unpleasant. Who likes to write of the foibles of mankind? Who cares to show up their faults and expose to view their petty meannesses? Not I, assuredly, and yet I am convinced that it is my duty to give my experiences of the amateur, for, mind you, I have seen him in many characters, and never without experiencing a feeling of the most profound disgust for his stupid assumption, a sentiment of the bitterest contempt for his laughable incompetency, and a sensation of the most genuine loathing for his overweening conceit. Those who read what follows will find that I do not confine my remarks to the narrow limits of the private theatre. No, I intend invading the sanctuary of the Amateur Author, looking o'er the books of the Amateur Man-of-business, peeping into the heart of the Amateur Philanthropist, and inspecting the actions of the Amateur Soldier. Amateurism is the curse of the nineteenth century; it is the essence of all that is false and contemptible. It is a pretty word for blatant folly, a nice name for invincible conceit. If my sketches give offence, I shall scarcely be sorry, for my conscience will tell me that they have been composed without malice—true to nature they shall never be personal. I make caps for the use of the world, but I wish none of my friends to try to wear them.

And here let me pause. I have given a preliminary flourish on my trumpet to excite the curiosity of TOMAHAWK'S TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND READERS; in the next number it shall be my care to satisfy their very natural craving for information. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, I drop my pen. I have written in *italics* between brackets to make my article look pretty—

(To be continued—the Amateur Author, next week.)

A FALSE ALARM.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—

I ran over the other day to Paris with a charming young person who was in my charge. One of my duties, the morning after our arrival, was to give her a good look at the shop windows, and I was nowise averse from doing so. You know how extremely observant girls are; and it was therefore the most natural thing in the world for her to exclaim to me, almost as soon as we were on the Boulevard des Italiens, "Look at that pretty face! And is she not handsomely dressed?"

I was at once all eyes, and was rewarded with a glimpse of certainly a very striking profile. But it was only a glimpse and nothing more, for my gaze was scarcely riveted on the fascinating object before its possessor, who was examining some sketches in a print shop, turned away and walked on a-head of us.

"Oh, what a pity!" I exclaimed. "See, poor creature, she is deformed: something is the matter with her spine."

My companion burst out laughing. I need scarcely say that I was disposed to regard her conduct as outrageously heartless, and of a kind that even the levity of youth could scarce excuse. Here was a lovely woman, born to dazzle and delight, afflicted by a cruel decree with a physical defect that marred all her charms and, doubtless, embittered her life. Here was I, bleeding at every pore with warm human sympathy at sight of so sad a spectacle, and here was a giddy young monkey laughing, as if to kill herself, at both of us. I was about to remonstrate

somewhat harshly, when she found words to say, amidst her tittering,

"She is *not* deformed, and her spine is as right as yours or mine. She has got one of those things on—don't you see?"

"What things?" I asked, beginning to be enlightened a little. "Panniers, do you mean?"

You know, my dear cousin TOMAHAWK, that our common grandmother wore "panniers," for I remember our once finding them, when we were children together, and having a tremendous bit of fun with them.

"No, not panniers," said my little friend, now beginning to blush. "Panniers are worn at the side, and that —." Here she pulled up.

"Is worn —." And here I pulled up.

"Precisely," she said, now both laughing and blushing. "I assure you, you may spare your pity, for she is dressed in the height of fashion."

Half-an-hour's more experience assured me that what she said was quite true. Every pretentiously-attired woman we met had — "precisely," as my young friend expressed it. How otherwise am I to put it, unless I say that they had all spinal complaints? What it looked like I scarce know how to explain to you, unless I remark that it was uncommonly like laughter holding none of its sides, or a shrug of what I cannot, with physiological accuracy, call shoulders. But the thing must be seen to be appreciated; and I entertain no doubt but we shall soon see it in Piccadilly. All I can say is, that the Duke of Wellington's statue will then no longer be the most comical thing in that famous thoroughfare.

Always, my dear TOMAHAWK,

Your affectionate country cousin,
THE SCALPING-KNIFE.

A WORD WITH SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE.

"DOWN wi' Gladstone! Yes, down wi' 'im. We 'a don' wi' 'im. We 'a turned 'im out. We 'a— Dang 'im. Cross and Turner for iver!"

Like a drunken bully, who, when his side has been beaten, vents his impotent rage at kicking at the winner, to the intense delight of his defeated comrades, South-West Lancashire, amid the intense delight of all good Tories, has dismissed, has turned out as unsuited to her and hers, the statesman to whose policy and principles victory has been assured beyond the possibility of defeat. He whom England has authorised, whom Ireland has accepted, whom Scotland has demanded, as the leader to carry out the policy of justice and reconciliation, whom the United Kingdom—at last united in one common determination—has called to the front with an overwhelming shout, he is not good enough for South-West Lancashire!

Ah, well! We all know the fate of a prophet in his own county; we have heard of mob preferences before now. "Away with him, we will not have this fellow to represent us."

And the artisans who have been helped in their hard task of feeding their families by the cheapness of bread obtained by his wisdom; the manufacturers who have made their fortune through the freedom of trade which *he* fought for; the gentry whose articles of luxury have been brought to their doors by the commercial treaties that *he* contended for—all have united to "turn him out"—all have used the fortunes he got for them to sweep him from their land.

"Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounties feed."

But, perhaps, you Lancashire men are right after all. Yourself so sober in your habits that you do not sit by tens of thousands sopping from Saturday midday to Sunday midnight; so virtuous that eight out of every fifteen of your children are actually born in wedlock; so pious, under your beloved Establishment, that only 13 per cent. of your population are in the workhouses or gaols; so distinguished as scholars, orators, and men of science, that your sons are enrolled in the list of European celebrities *without number*—you do right to reject the dissolute, besotted, irreligious, muddleheaded, stuttering, unknown Gladstone! There should be some relation between the represented and the representative; and there is none between you and him. No; Europe—let alone the United Kingdom—ap-

proves your choice ; and you may rest well assured that the names of the men you have chosen will be enshrined in the hearts of millions of a grateful people, when the name of William Ewart Gladstone has been forgotten—and not till then.

ELECTIONS' EVE!

A SONG OF THE FUTURE (?)

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Though November is the dullest month of any in the year,
Yet to-morrow I shall represent my country—oh! how droll!
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll!

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, (I hope one won't be mine,)
But ten thousand voting virgins will be flocking to my sign,
Supported by my Coleridge—Mill, 'neath Becker's steadfast soul,
Shall I be Queen of the Poll, mother! I, be Queen of the Poll!

The Benches soon shall welcome me, the Lobby be my haunt,
That spinster Speaker by her winks and frowns shall ne'er me daunt,
My rights are good as any, and my name is on the roll,
And I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll.

I have been wild and wayward, but those days are past and gone,
The Valse is fled, the Kettledrum, the Croquet on the Lawn;
Another *Lawn*, clear-starched and white, rises before my eye,
The Speaker's risen to orders, why the Dickens shouldn't I?

Pardon my slang, for auld *slang* syne, I'm still a woman true,
And women's tongues were never made to say what they might rue;
But there's one thing on my mind, mother, to ask you I'd forgot,
Shall I repair to Parliament in petticoats or—not?

Now, good night, good night, dear mother, ah! to-morrow'll be the day
When women's rights are settled, then won't we have our say;
And then 'midst England's patriots, my name shall I enrol,
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll!

AT THE ACADEMY.

NOT the Royal Academy but the Royal Academy of Music, an institution which in no other country of Europe, but barbarous England, could be so neglected as it is now. We squander millions every year in firing useless guns at useless targets, to say nothing of the countless hundreds which go towards the support of equally useless birds of prey known as servants of the crown, but we grudge a thousand pounds from the national purse towards any institution connected with art. There is no School of Painting or Sculpture, properly so called; there is no School of Music; there is no School of Elocution; there is no School of Acting, in this highly civilised country. The Royal Academy of Music is now so badly off, receiving as it does no assistance or encouragement from the State, that but for the unselfish conduct of the various professors, who have been content to receive only a per-centage on their salaries in order to keep it open, this highly useful Institution would have died of inanition.

There are now, every week, public rehearsals, or, more properly, concerts, given by the students, and it is to invite attention to them that we write these lines. We were present at the last concert, and, although we were painfully impressed by the singular inadequacy and shabbiness of the accommodation, considering that this is the only School of Music which England possesses, yet we were delighted to see how much industry and perseverance had been expended in a good cause. Ridiculously scanty as is the extent and wealth of the Royal Academy of Music, it has numbered among its pupils some of our best

musicians; and, even fettered as it is by want of funds, it does much now to create a class of educated musicians, and to cultivate the taste and talent of our young male and female aspirants to musical fame.

One of the greatest of living English composers, Sterndale Bennett, is at the head of this establishment. We heard some very charming music, and the pupils, if some of them smacked rather too much of the pupil-room, still showed how well they were taught, and what pains they took to profit by the teaching. The great faults that struck us in both instrumental and vocal music were, first, faulty pronunciation of the words, and next, a want of expression and soul. One singer (a Miss Christian) was certainly a notable exception, for she sang a song founded on a Scandinavian legend with great intelligence and feeling. She has contracted a habit of breathing too audibly, which much mars the effect of a very sympathetic voice. But we do not wish to be censorious, or to make invidious distinctions. All the students acquitted themselves with much credit, and showed that they had at any rate taken the greatest pains to prepare their various pieces. Two young ladies recited a scene from the *Hunchback* with great spirit, and did much credit to the Professor of Elocution. The part-singing is capable of great improvement. But severe criticism would be out of place and cruel. We heartily commend these concerts to the patronage of those who wish to encourage the study of music in this country, and who are anxious to aid all organizations which tend to wean our youth from the degrading frivolity which is the curse of this age.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE WRITERS.

THERE were once upon a time nearly two years ago, six very clever writers and one very clever artist, and they met together and said to one another,

"We are all very, *very* clever, why should we not produce a very clever paper? Why should we not write and draw something quite, *quite* new? Why shouldn't we make the articles witty and scholarly, why shouldn't we think out the cartoons until they become masterpieces of satire and fine drawing?"

And the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist said with one voice, "Why shouldn't we?"

And it was agreed that such a paper should be started, and one of the six very clever writers, (but one who was not so clever as the other five,) the Editor, suggested that it should be called the TOMAHAWK. His suggestion was adopted by acclamation. And from that time to this the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist have held together, through good and evil repute, writing and drawing for the very clever paper like a band of brothers—like an army of warriors. Naturally, what with the very clever writers and the very clever artist, the very clever paper has been a very great success.

A fact which says much for the common sense of the British public.

Unhappily, in this wicked world of ours, there are many stupid people, and among these stupid people may be found several silly scribblers, and these silly scribblers thought that they could write and draw as well as the six very clever writers and the one very clever artist. And they brought out a great many papers, and those papers were one and all—DEAD FAILURES!

And the names of these dead failures were *Banter*, *The Censor*, (*much* better than the others and edited by a clever man), *Toby*, and

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA.—Vow.

CORRECT answers by Samuel E. Thomas and Annie E. T., Anti-Teapot, Harry Rutley, Curly Greens, Jack Solved It, Lizzie a Lettle Out of Sorts, Kate A. Thomas, Pretty Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, Ruby's Ghost, Nobody's Child, Romping Jack, A City Clerk, Frank Walker (Pimlico), Robert le Diable, Chalker, A Single Young Man, Lucy Dermont, Rolla, Dick Turpin, Richard Staynes (Gloucester), Michael Angelo, Miss S. Barnes, Ginger Bill, Charles Sinclair, The Young Husband, Double Quick, A Young Englishman, and Aldiborontiphosphornio.

INCORRECT answers by Slodger and Tiney, True Blue, and The Wendover Wonder.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 84.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A FAREWELL.

TO THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

MY RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIEND,—I did not think to have so soon had the opportunity of congratulating you on your retirement from that position which was really hardly worthy of you. Attack and not Defence is your line; Obstruction, not Progress, that of the party which you lead; therefore, you will excuse me if I rejoice at your surrender of the Treasury Bench to your opponents. The Conservative party were somewhat in the same position as the defenders of Thermopylæ. There was a narrowness about that pass which is common also to their policy with regard to the Irish Church. I am glad to see that you have wisely resolved, evincing more foresight, if less self-devotion, than Leonidas, to retire before your forces are all slain, especially as your intimate knowledge of human nature must convince you that there may be more than one Ephialtes ready to betray you. What wonderful feats of arms, what prodigies of valour, what wily stratagems, what bold *coups de main*, will you not perform with that small but well-disciplined band of followers, now that you can act on the offensive! I look forward, O Caucasian mystery! with a keen delight to the wonderful exhibition of strategy which you are, doubtless, planning for the future. Dull, indeed, would be the political prospect, if Parliament should be deprived of such a—statesman, shall I say?—of those wonderful impersonations of character, which justify us in the belief that the true dramatic genius of England still survives in the person of Benjamin Disraeli.

Suffer me to take a slight retrospect of your career as Prime Minister of this country which has, alas! been so prematurely brought to a close. Believe me, it is a mournful task. What Premier will ever furnish me with such delightful subjects for cartoons as your right honourable self? In whom else but in you (and perhaps the Emperor of the French), can we look for that charming versatility, that facile power of transformation, which render you such an inexhaustible subject for the pen or the pencil? You are like a moral chromatope; one shake of the hand and behold! the intricate combination of colours, which we so admired, yields to another combination equally intricate, and equally beautiful. How dull, how dreamy, is the sombre sameness of an earnest and principled man compared with the ever-changing attractions of a chameleon such as you! Now the champion of the aristocracy, thundering forth denunciations of democracy, and shaking the very heavens with terrible forebodings of the dire calamities which the rule of the people *must*

bring down upon the land; next, the mild and half-hearted advocate of a silly compromise, of which no one saw the silliness clearer than yourself; then, hey presto! the plausible pleader for the rights of the people, changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from the leader of the Tories to the life-long devotee of Household Suffrage! Oh, when shall I behold so exquisite an entertainment again! How I laughed (and so did you, dear Benjamin, in your sleeve) as you held up before the bewildered country squires that old bogey, at a distant glimpse of which they had so often shrieked with fear, and showed them what a very harmless puppet it was, and let them tie leaden weights to its arms and legs, and bind ropes round its waist; while there were you, all the time, you clever dog you! with a large pair of shears, ready to cut off all the weights, and undo all the ropes, at the bidding of your opponents. "Excellent knave! Perdition catch my soul but I do love thee!" How you gammoned those honest old squires with tales of a Conservative reaction, and the wonderful safeguard of the ratepaying clauses, till they did not know whether they were standing on their heads or their heels! How you must have enjoyed the foolish ill-temper of Peel, and Cranbourne, and Carnarvon, who really looked upon the matter in a serious light, and gave up their splendid offices rather than perjure themselves both in speech and in thought! They would not see the joke, the prigs! I declare I cannot write for laughing, when I picture to myself you in the Cabinet Council, cocking your eye at Stanley, while you proved to Gathorne Hardy and Ward Hunt, and such genuine old Tories, that it was all right, and that the Reform Bill was a true Conservative measure! Ah, we never shall have such fun again.

Then about the Irish Church; how could you keep your countenance when you heard Lord Mayo blundering solemnly through that ridiculous proposal to "level up" the different religions, and trying to explain that ingenious plan for an endowed Roman Catholic University, which was to consist entirely of Catholics, and be entirely managed by Protestants; and to which, you knew very well, neither party would agree? It really was wicked of you—it was the only spiteful thing you have done for a long time, making that very respectable Earl go through such a ridiculous farce as his subsequent explanations of his former explanations, and then—oh cruel blow!—not content with the ridicule already heaped upon him, you must needs draw down upon him a fearful avalanche of contemptuous abuse by appointing him Viceroy of India! Was this kind? What had the wretched man done to you, that you should so relentlessly persecute him? Could he have been very troublesome

during the discussion of the Reform Bill? He must have done something which offended you very sorely, or you never would have had the heart to inflict so fearful a punishment on him. Had you only left him alone, and appointed him to some harmless sinecure, who ever would have heard of, much less praised, or blamed, the Earl of Mayo?

And yet, my dear friend, there was something noble about your conduct on the Irish Church matter. To attempt to arouse the "No Popery" cry, with all its attendant bitterness and bigotry, was one of those humorous tricks of your sarcastic nature which you cannot help. But it certainly showed your good-nature—I suppose you had tired of the fun—not to drag your party into further ridicule and disgrace, by making them give up the Irish Church. No, you spared them that blow, and, I must repeat, it was really noble of you! As for your resignation, so admirably timed, it is the cleverest thing you have done; it looks *so like* a generous and patriotic action.

What are you going to do now? Not stick to your principles, or what may be left of them? Don't say that, please! What on earth is to become of the country if you do? Why, such an action would be like the death of Garrick; it would "eclipse the mirth of nations." No; you cannot be so cruel as that: you will badger Gladstone, and spring all sorts of mines under him, and sneer at Bright (though you generally get the worst of that), and you will exhaust the tempers, and perhaps the prudence, of your opponents, till you see the country won't stand it any more; and then you will let the Bill for disendowing and disestablishing the Irish Church pass the Commons, at least. But after that? Do you intend to destroy the House of Lords by inciting them to a useless resistance to the national policy? Or better still, will you ally yourself with the extreme Radicals and Irish patriots, and move for a repeal of the Union? It would be just like you. Would not it be capital fun! Do you look forward to another lease of office, and will Freedom of Religion, and the Divorce of Church and State, be coupled with the name of Benjamin Disraeli, leader of the great Conservative party? Unlikelier things have happened. By my faith, what a capital speech you would make against the English Establishment! But I don't think your party is quite enough educated for *that*. However, *macte virtute*, Benjamin! and who knows what you may make them do yet?

It is very hard to say good bye to you as Premier, indeed it is. Gladstone after you is like Fidelio after the Barbieri. It is very grand, but it is very dull. But, alas! life is not all comedy. Even clowns have wives and children, and other serious cares that can't be painted out, or grinned away. The greatest comedian sighs sometimes, and dies once. It is a very pleasant thing to sit in court and roar till your sides ache at a funny barrister, but Justice cannot always wear the cap and bells, and she has another sword than Harlequin's.

Long may you be spared, greatest of successful men, to adorn the Senate of your country; to infuse into that body some of that airy grace and comic versatility which it so much needs! Long may it be before the voice of Benjamin Disraeli is silent, before his well-known form is absent from that bench to which he is an honour—no, not the Treasury—but the Opposition Bench of the House of Commons.

Your faithful admirer,

TOMAHAWK.

ERRATUM.—Mr. Finlen said he was the only public character that dared openly to advocate the cause of Fenianism. We suppose he meant Public-house character.

PULLING TOGETHER!

To those who look confidently on the future of the country, we beg most respectfully to offer the following ideas, picked up recently in the course of conversations held by us with various people in various circumstances of life. We offer no comment.

THE OPINIONS OF

Marmaduke Hawkswith, Esq., of Breckhurst, Great Grobford, Beds.

"The new Parliament, Sir? I'll tell you what: if Bright, Gladstone, and Beales, backed up by a set of blackguard Radicals, think they are going to cut into the position of the landed proprietors and touch the privileges of the aristocracy, the country won't stand it, Sir, won't stand it! You just see whether the Opposition will let a single measure pass. I should rather think not. The Tory party is still alive, Sir, and means to stand no humbug; and if it comes to blows—well, Sir, Beds will show what she can do, and I'll answer for Great Grobford. What? bring in the ballot and touch my influence, and rob me of my two-and-thirty votes! Why, they will be taking my pigs and my horses next. Just as if my tenants weren't every bit as much my property as my pigs. A set of scoundrels, Sir!"

The Rev. Porter Mocks, Vicar of West Whiffington, Bucks.

"Oh dear no, they will never be able to interfere with the temporalities of the Irish Church; the country would not suffer it for a moment. Of course it is only the thin end of the wedge, and I trust I have faithfully discharged my duty to my Queen and country, as a true minister of the gospel of peace, in having, during the last four months, most urgently pressed upon my flock the manifest dangers of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you. From Dublin to Canterbury there is but one step, and the English See, as a necessity, would immediately follow the Irish. And were that to fall, West Whiffington would be swept away like a straw upon the stream, and, in the chaos that would set in, I should possibly lose my £439 per annum. Oh no, my dear Sir, believe me, the country would not suffer *that*."

The Honourable Charles Languard, of H.M. 3rd Dragoons.

"Well, yes, you see, I confess: I don't go in for politics and all that style of thing—no. But—aw—as to that fellow Gladstone—aw—I should say that he was—aw,—'cad, you know. And as for these other fellows—you know the fellows I mean—yes, Bright—aw—and that fellow that pulled up the railings in the park, I should say that they ought not to be allowed to stand, and—yes, stand—that's what they ought not to be allowed to do—yes. You see, if these sort of fellows were to get up a row, it might interfere with the 'Row,' or the opera, or something—aw—of that kind; and that wouldn't do at all, you know. In fact, it would quite spoil a fellow's season—yes."

John Mactoovey, Esq., of Ballacree, County Cork.

"What! touch the glorious work of 1688 and insult William of blessed memory! Let the Queen of England, or anyone else, but lay half a finger on just as much as a brick of the Church, and the Orange boys shall deluge Ireland in blood from one end to the other, to the tune of Boyne Water! What, do you say Orangemen are not loyal? Sure, they know their duty to their colours, drums, and pockets; and if the Crown doesn't throw itself into their scale, so much the worse for the Crown, that's all."

Edward Hetherington D'Arcy, Esq., of the Junior Carlton.

"These Liberals want keeping in check, and Benjamin Disraeli is the man to fix the lines. As to their majority, such as it is, in the Lower House, we shall be perfectly able to hamper that when decisive action is required. In the event, of course, of this spoliation measure being sent to the Lords, we can rely on them to teach the country the great lesson it at present seems disinclined to learn. Why Disraeli the other day thought of making a dozen new Tory peers, but even without that fresh constitutional blood, we can trust the Second Estate of the realm to support the Crown in its determined opposition to the revolutionary tendencies of the people. The

country may go to the dogs and the Commons with it, but we shall still have our Peers, God bless them!"

Brutus Barrow, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

"The fact of the matter is this: If there is any dead weight thrown in by the Upper House against the overwhelming determination of the country, as expressed by its Commons, England will be on the eve of a crisis greater than any she has witnessed for the last 220 years. Everything has long been ripening for revolution, and Englishmen need very little more political education in that direction. The Minister, or the chief of the Opposition, that would run the risk of a civil war for a mere party purpose ought to be sent to the Tower, and his head pinned up on Temple Bar. This is what men are saying to each other, and depend upon it, the stuff that made the Commonwealth is to be found, if the hour of anarchy should strike."

John Bull, Esq.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business, and I begin to suspect a good deal of humbug has been talked about my blessed Constitution." 'Pon my word, I believe it is very much out of order."

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLES BY THEIR CHOSEN ONE.

ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The proud position in which you have placed me at the head of the poll at every bookstall and news shop in the United Kingdom, makes it incumbent on me to offer you my best thanks, and to state the course which I purpose to pursue in the forthcoming and every future Session:—

My affection for the CROWN, and my attachment to [the SOVEREIGN, need no explanation. Any change, however small, in the direction of Americanizing those valuable institutions would undoubtedly be disastrous.

The *Church of the State* and the *State of the Church* are questions beyond me. I will only say that it is my intention to support my own ESTABLISHMENT in this country in the fullest vigour and efficiency, and to have an establishment in Ireland so soon as we can educate that bull-loving people to understand real wit.

My POLITICAL VIEWS are well known. Thanks to my renowned artist, they are no-Tory-ous.

I am CONSERVATIVE of all that is good, honest, and just.

I am a REFORMER of all that is bad, mean, and unworthy.

I am LIBERAL in everything.

As regards the EXPENDITURE of the country, I am unwilling to check it so long as the nation continues to spend its money in the way it now does, only I think every one should buy a *second copy* for his best friend in addition to his own: all LOANS (of copies) should be strictly forbidden, as interfering with the due circulation of the precious articles.

I am in favour of COMPULSORY EDUCATION in the proper, that is in one direction of all ranks and all ages; two-pence a week is the fixed rate for the education and enlightenment of everybody (apply at the office, 199 Strand, W.C.)

To PERSONAL RATING I have the greatest objection, in fact to personalities of every sort. Only public crimes and public wrongs are brought to my bar and judgment-seat.

I am prepared to uphold FEMALE SUFFRAGE universally, as I know that universally Female Suffrage upholds me.

In conclusion, I appeal to my past career as evidence of my consistent support of law and authority, as well as of the rights of the people. Were I in want of a motto, I would select, as second to none, in the words of the Scottish Bard,

Who will not sing
God save the Queen
Shall hang as high as the steeple.
But while we sing
God save the Queen,
We'll not forget the People.

TOMAHAWK.

THE IRISH POLL-TAX.—Broken Heads.

THE HEAD OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Of course "*Le Taile*!"

THE GLOBE UPSIDE DOWN.

ONE more engine for ruining confiding persons is added to the already too numerous throng of such contrivances at present existing in London. Yes, another theatre! There will soon be as many theatres as publichouses in this Christian City. The latest addition is not a very beautiful one. Some kind critics may call it elegant; but to us the combination of cherry-coloured velvet, pink paper, and maroon-covered seats does not appear to evince any extraordinary elegance of taste. One feels too, in the stalls, as if the pit were all tumbling down on one's back. The stage and proscenium are very spacious and handsome, but the auditorium has a cramped, or humpbacked appearance. But enough of the house itself. The wedding-cake style of decoration finds favour with less "spirited and talented managers" than Mr. Sefton Parry. The entertainment provided on the opening night was better than we hoped to meet with from our recent experience of theatrical novelties. As to the *entrées*, the usual National Anthem was played, but—merciful relief!—not sung. The words were taken as read. The same course might have been pursued with great advantage as regards the manager's address.

Mr. Byron has a very happy imitative genius. He has already adopted the Craven, the Boucicault, and the Watts-Phillips modes, with various success; and now he has followed the lead of Mr. Tom Robertson with decided success. Mr. Byron has humour of his own; he also has a geniality, a hearty sympathy with what is good, which he is not afraid of showing, in both of which qualities he certainly has the advantage of the author of *Society*. In *Cyril's Success*, while he proves himself nearly as deficient in the constructive art as his great prototype, he also shows himself nearly as skilful in epigrammatic dialogue. There are some lines in Mr. Byron's new drama which are well worthy of being preserved in any collection of witty sayings. But as for the plot, it is in its main incident childishly improbable. Miss Henrade is not the actress to conceal any deficiencies of the author. She does not speak her words very audibly, and her power of facial expression does not compensate for her vocal deficiencies. Mr. David Fisher's return from exile all must welcome, who value unexaggerated acting. Mr. Clarke's make-up was very good, but rather too pointedly like a character in the real literary world, rather too faithful an imitation of nature. The new "*jeune premier*," Mr. Vernon, is possessed of a very disagreeable nasal voice, and (we imagine) of a good opinion of himself, by aid of which valuable qualities he will, no doubt, as others have done before him, make his mark in the theatrical world. Miss Maggie Brennan absolutely succeeded in overcoming that aversion which all must feel at the sight of a woman dressed in a frock coat and trousers. She must pay a little more attention to the foreign languages, of which she has to pronounce a few words, if she wishes to perfect the intelligence which she, undoubtedly, by nature possesses.

As for the way in which the new piece was put on the stage, we have not much to say. To introduce a view of Skiddaw and the Cumberland Mountains into the background of a villa in Brompton, savours somewhat of sensation. A drawing-room in May Fair is, let us trust, not usually so dreary as represented on the stage of the New Globe. We live to learn, or else one might take exception to a club of which, the exterior being represented as in Pall Mall, the smoking-room was a cross between the parlour of a public-house and the old Garrick Club. Given, however, such a club, we are ready to admit the probability of a young scion of the aristocracy bursting out into tears before a large party of the members. It is the misfortune of authors who aim at realism, that when they profess to give us a representation of what we all know well, that we cannot help detecting, and resenting, any inaccuracies. The management decidedly deserves great credit for one piece of economy. In the first act two criticisms, one favourable, the other hostile, are read aloud to the successful author. The aid of an opera-glass enabled us to perceive that the two papers consisted of the *Saturday Review* divided into two unequal parts. We merely mention this trifling error as unworthy of a manager, who justly earned a character for scrupulous attention to details, by the way in which he placed on the stage the immortal scene on board ship in *For Love*.

Finally, we recognise in *Cyril's Success* a wholesome reaction, on the part of Mr. Byron, from such trashy hashes of *London Journal* romances as *The Lancashire Lass*.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
WILL BE READY ON DECEMBER 12,
Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet resigned!!!

WE hope before it is again occupied, the Treasury Bench will be well scoured.

THE general opinion seems to be that Mr. Gladstone's "Chapter of Autobiography" should rather have been called "A Chapter of Ought-n't-it-to-be-ography."

WE understand that Sir John Pakington, in consideration of his great naval knowledge, will be offered the command of the Channel Fleet. Should he accept the post, we shall, no doubt, soon see the whole fleet start by the Overland Route for India. If he succeeds in accomplishing this feat, which has hitherto baffled all navigators, Sir John Pakington will be justly entitled to the gratitude of his country.

A PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ways of publishers are wonderful. Messrs. Longmans, on the strength of Mr. John Stuart Mill's recent crushing political defeat by the Conservative Mr. Smith, advertise all his works afresh, adding to the name of the author, *late M.P. for Westminster*. We should have imagined that "actual M.P. for Westminster" could never have added much lustre to Mr. Mill's literary and philosophical reputation; but how anything can be gained for them by constantly reminding us that he was left at the bottom of the poll by one of the most important constituencies in the Kingdom, we cannot for our lives understand. Mr. Mill has certainly done everything in his power to blacken his own good repute, and to make his great name useless; but we cannot think he has sunk so low as to be exalted by being remembered as *late M.P.* for anywhere. "Fame is the wise man's means," says Bacon; but is the late member for Westminster's political *fiasco* Fame? We should give it another name, if it were left to us to christen it.

REFLECTION ON SEEING MR. BANDMANN'S OTHELLO.—
"There is a tall and sweating devil here."

MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

(See CARTOON.)

THE world repeats itself. Each fleeting age
Revives old fashions long since passed away,
The gladiator is still the rage;
Britons yet love a Roman holiday.

The sword, the trident, have they lost their power?
Can they still wound? Is this a play? and yet,
An Ex-Prime Minister, at this same hour,
Caught in his own, can swear he held the net!

For what then do they battle? Are they slaves,
Butchered as once in Rome of old, for sport?
Or are they but a set of armed knaves,
Who know not truth, whose honour can be bought?

Well, there they stand, great Cæsar of the seas,
Ready for death, obedient to thy will!
Thou hearest, borne upon this northern breeze,
The "*Morituri te salutant*" still.

POLITICAL RE-UNIONS.

THE return of the Liberals to power has necessitated much consideration as to the formation of the Whig Cabinet, and Mr. Gladstone has fixed the days to be devoted to the claims of the various aspirants to office. The following is, we understand, the programme:—

- DEC. 1.—To consider whether "the Party" will serve under Mr. Gladstone as a Premier.
- 2.—The same subject.
- 3.—The same subject. Amendment moved as to the expediency of fitting up a Cave with accommodation for about eighty members.
- 4.—The same subject. (No conclusion come to.)
- 5.—To consider claims to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ten candidates.
- 6.—(Sunday). A day of rest.
- 7.—Renewed discussion on the Exchequer.
- 8 to 12.—To consider claims to the office of Secretary of State for War. Twenty-seven candidates.
- 13.—(Sunday). Day of complete exhaustion.
- 14.—To consider claims to the post of Foreign Secretary. No candidates, adjourned.
- 15.—To consider claims to the Great Seal and Woolsack. Candidates the whole of the Whig Bar.
16. }
17. } General scramble for all the other places.
18. }
- 19.—(Saturday before Christmas). Final resolution to decide the whole of the appointments by tossing-up, best out of three. Departure of everybody for the holidays.

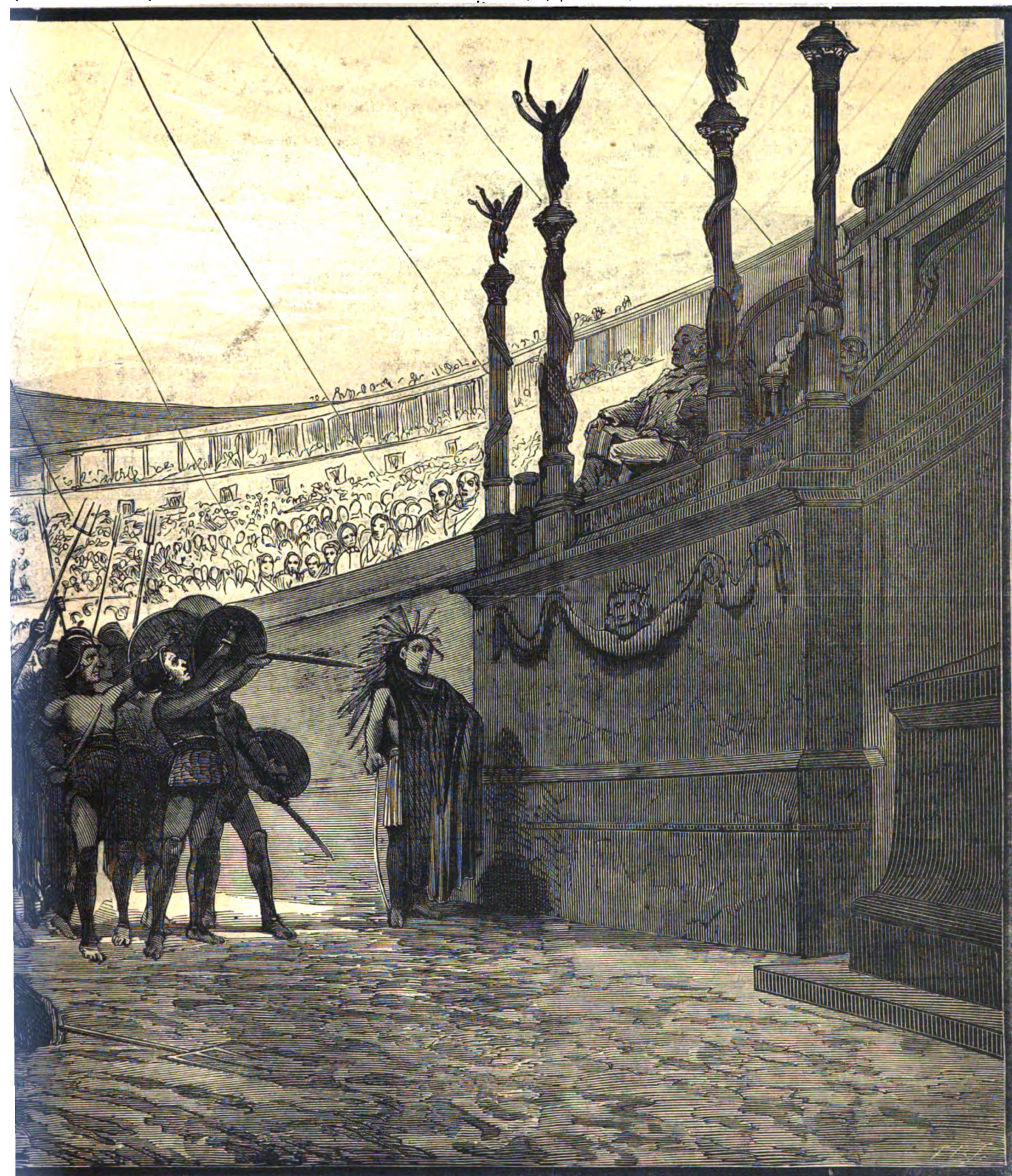
This course of action was decided upon ten days ago, and no doubt Mr. Disraeli's premature abdication may hasten Mr. Gladstone's arrangements, but we shall not be surprised to find that the foregoing programme has been pretty closely adhered to.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*Hibernia*," a Powder Magazine, companion to "*Britannia*," a Monthly Magazine.
"Dropped Among Railway Directors," by the Author of "*Fallen Among Thieves*."
"He thought he was Toole," by the Author of "*He knew he was Right*."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Mr. Disraeli's resigning.

2, December 12, 1868.



LUTANT CAESAR ! "

(DEDICATED TO THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

Well, there they stand, great Cæsar of the seas,
Ready for death, obedient to thy will !

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY—THE AUTHOR AMATEUR—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE. *The Epicurean, its ubiquity, its members, and its use. In the Smoking-room. A "Saturday Reviewer." The Amateur Unmasked. "A low cad." Cawley's "Ideaw." The new "papaw." The fear of "Punch." The Editor of the TOMAHAWK a fool! What the new "papaw" wasn't like. The Proposed "Dinnaw" accepted.*

LAST week I announced my determination to expose the conceit, the incompetency, and the utter folly of that large class of Englishmen—the Amateurs. This week I have great pleasure in redeeming my pledge by presenting you with a pen-and-ink sketch of Macauley Fitz-Muddle.

[As I have no wish to be personal, I will say nothing of his "outer man." My friend may be tall or short, have black eyes or blue, brown hair or red, he may wear diamond rings or emerald scarf-pins, be hatted by Lincoln or coated by Poole, for all I shall say about the matter. No, I shall only tell of his deeds, leaving his dress to his tailor, and his *chapeaux* to those who send in the bills for his hats. Some people may say that his costume is the only good thing about him. Well, if they do, I won't be so unpolite as to contradict them.]

But to continue. We both belong to the same club—the Epicurean—and it is in the smoking-room of the Epicurean that I generally meet him. *Eh bien en voyage.* Time, eight o'clock p.m. I have had a modest dinner (cut off the joint and a pint of sherry), and am enjoying a manilla-cheroot. I am lying on one of the sofas in the smoking-room trying to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the 12th or 13th edition of the *Glowworm*. Other members are seated on chairs chatting quietly, or dozing (in some cases) noisily.

[*En passant* I may say that I don't mean any club in particular by the Epicurean—I simply take a respectable middle-class establishment—a club which has a Committee of old fogies and brainless youngsters, a club which boasts a clever *chef* and a good cellar, a club which supports the *Times* and repudiates the TOMAHAWK, the *Record*, and papers of that class; in fact, a club which suits rich "City men" admirably, and is "just the thing" for youthful snobs attempting to creep (when no one is looking) "into society." Oh, everybody knows the kind of place I mean. There are heaps of 'em in town just now. Not bad things in their way. You may safely dine in them, but of course you mustn't allow yourself to be put up for them. As a journalist is outside the pale of civilised society, any place will do for me—so I belong to the Epicurean.]

To continue, we are all enjoying ourselves more or less. The waiter (in a gorgeous livery—all plush and waistcoat) is leaving the room when our friend, Fitz-Muddle, calls out in a loud voice,

"Heaw, waitaw! Come heaw!"

WAITER (*returning obedient to the summons*).—Yes, Sir.

FITZ-MUDDLE.—Just bring me a brandah and sodah.

WAITER.—Thank you, Sir—(*going*).

FITZ-MUDDLE (*in a still louder voice and with a glance round the room*).—And waitaw, bring me some more foolscap papaw, and some more pens, waitaw!

WAITER (*going*).—Thank you, Sir.

[*Exit waiter.*]

MYSELF (*waking*).—Hallo, Cawley, my boy—writing as usual.

FITZ-MUDDLE (*not half liking to be called "Cawley," short for Macauley, by such a "cad" as I*).—Yars, I'm very hard at work. Lots to do. Since dinnaw I've written a leader for the "A. B.," knocked off a sonnet for the "P. Q.," and I'm now doing an article for the *Saturday*.

MYSELF.—Really! I didn't know you were on the staff of the *Saturday*.

FITZ-MUDDLE (*with another glance round the room*).—Oh, yars, I write 'em a leader every week.

MYSELF (*thinking to myself "what the deuce can the Editor of the 'Saturday' have been about to let such an idiot as Cawley write for him"*).—Well! I'm really glad to hear it. Oh, you'll get on, my boy—knew you would! Which article was yours, last week?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*rather confidentially*).—Well, to tell the truth, there wasn't any article of mine in the *Saturday* last week.

MYSELF (*with returning hope*).—Indeed! Well, the week before?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*more confidentially*).—As far as I remembaw, I don't think there was—

MYSELF (*with joy*).—Or the week before that?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*bringing his chair up to me and speaking very confidentially*).—Don't talk so loud; we are disturbing the othaw membaws. I don't mind telling you (as you are a brothaw journalist) that none of my articles have appeared in the *Saturday* as yet. I have reasons for believing that the editor is keeping 'em to bring 'em all out in one numbaw, to send up the circulation, or something of that sort. However (*with returning boldness*), you really should read the last thing of mine that appeared in "*The Farthing Rushlight, a Magazine for Girls*"—rather after Tennyson, but (from what I'm told) bettaw.

MYSELF (*gathering myself together and preparing to leave the room*).—Look, my boy, I won't swear that I'll read it myself, but if you like to send it to me I will give it over to a promising eight-year-old I know—my sister Jennie. Now she really will appreciate it. Good night, old man. [*Exit.*]

FITZ-MUDDLE (*to intimate friend*).—Low cad that fellow? INTIMATE FRIEND.—Yars, very low. Fellow with brains—brains awfully bad form. Something to do with the papaws, isn't he?

FITZ-MUDDLE.—Yars. Awful mistake letting in low cads.

INTIMATE FRIEND.—Very much so.

[*Enter waiter with foolscap paper. FITZ-MUDDLE flourishes a lot of pens about, and the scene closes in.*]

Cawley and I were never on very good terms; I hated the man's conceit, and he detested my outspokenness. I don't believe he was really a bad fellow at heart, but his foible was too much for me. If we both had given up writing, I daresay we should have become very good friends; but as such an arrangement was (at least on my part) impossible, we were a sort of amiable enemies. One evening as I was hard at work in my study, writing a sensation story, he came in smoking a very strong cigar. Cursing *sotto voce* my carelessness in leaving the "oak" of my chambers un-"sportied," I looked up and greeted my visitor.

"Don't mind smoke, old fellow?"

"No," said I, "sit down and make yourself comfortable. Just let me finish this page—I've got the heroine clinging to the mast of a sinking ship in the Atlantic, and want to bring my hero to rescue her. Shan't be an instant."

"Oh, don't mind me."

Scratch—scribble—scratch, and then I cried, "Now I'm at your service—what is it?"

"Well;" he looked at his cigar and blew a cloud of smoke, "I've got an ideaw."

"My dear boy," I seized his hand and wrung it heartily, "pray let me congratulate you."

"Oh, don't play the fool," he said testily, "why can't you be serious when a fellow comes to you on business?"

"Business. I'll be serious. Fire away."

"I'm thinking," said he in a pompous tone, "of bringing out a papaw. I know Billy Townshend, and he says he can write, and Johnny Parker, who sent something to *Punch* once, and knows they were afraid to put it in, and—and, oh, a lot of other fellows. I'm to edit it, of course, and the other fellows will be the staff."

"Well, then, what do you want with me?"

"Oh, you could put me up to how you look through proofs, and how you correct the spelling; and tell me where-I could get a fellow to sell the thing, you know, and all that."

"What's it to be like?"

"Well, it's rather hard to describe."

"Will it be anything like the *Times*?"

"No," said he, after some consideration, "I don't think it will be much like the *Times*."

"Like the *Athenaeum*?"

"Well, no, not exactly—that's to say, not much like it."

"Or the TOMAHAWK?"

"Oh no," he cried, quickly; "that's an awfully low papaw. Besides, the editor's a downright fool you know: he refused a lot of things I sent him!"

"Well, then, the *Illustrated London News*?"

"No—at least, I don't think so. Fact is, I don't know exactly what it will be like."

"Well, that's in its favour."

"Is it?" he said, doubtfully. "Why?"

"Because, if it's like nothing we have now, it must be novel."

"No," he replied, after much musing, "I may be wrong, but I don't think it will be a novel. I don't know, though," he added, "Townshend's a capital fellow for a plot. But I don't think it ought to be much like a novel—I don't know, though. At any rate, you will dine with me and our fellows at my rooms and talk it ovaw!"

I accepted his invitation, he took his cigar off, and I returned to my sensation.

What passed at the "dinnaw" shall be told in my next.

TIME, THE AVENGER.

SEVENTEEN years? Will the dead never die?

Why should the blood splashed on a barricade

Walk life anew, rather than his whose eye

Is calmly closed behind the curtain's shade?

Why the mean victim of a civic brawl

Riddled with well-aimed bullets of the brave—

My brave Prætorians—have leave to crawl

When other vermin rest there, from the grave?

A Statue! Why a Statue? And to whom?

I am not dead as yet. Nay, give me time.

Softly, my loving subjects! O'er my tomb

Of course you'll raise a monument sublime.

But I am in the flesh, if somewhat cold,

And in my veins runs something that is life;

Morny is dead, and I am growing old;

What reck's it? Is there not an end of strife?

Who says I deluged all the streets with blood?

What if I did? I since have beautified.

I am Augustus. Where there erst was mud,

There now is marble. Paris is your pride.

Have I not fetched Kings from the furthest East,

Aye, from the ice-bound North, Czar, Sultan, Queen,

All save a weak old Pontiff, here to feast,

And summoned Europe to the wondrous scene?

All this I did for *you*. Well, yes, I own

I do deserve a Statue. Only wait;

Infirm I am, but I can sit my throne,

And still sustain the splendours of the State.

What! Not for *Me* the Statue? For whom, then?

For a poor devil Deputy that died,

In that far back December's havoc when

France by mistake my Destiny defied.

Tush! *They* subscribe for *him*! Impossible,

Where is my sword? No, not my sword—my pen;

I will explain to them that 'tis not well

To conjure up the ghosts of sleeping men.

How! *They* refuse! *They* write, subscribe, harangue,

And even now prepare the pedestal

For him they call my victim. Fools! Go hang!

They must be tutored better; must, and shall.

Where is my pen? No, not my pen; my boy.

•This is the Child of France, and also mine!

See here the Nation's hope—its pride—its joy—

Born to transmit the great Imperial Line!

They heed me not. I hear another name—

Nor mine, nor his—borne on their cheers aloft;

How shall I scare them, since I cannot tame?

Were Morny here, he had not been so soft.

Hence then both child and pen! The cannon's roar

And quick-resolving grape must make an end;

They'll do it well—aye, as they did before.

I rose in blood. In blood I must descend.

MR. POOLE'S LATEST FASHION (Dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales).—The "Nihil Fit."

HOME FOR LIBERAL SCOTCH M.P.'S.

The Home, December 1.

SIR,—I am directed by the committee to call your attention to the election by the Liberal constituencies of Scotland of a number of gentlemen whose birth and social position will make it difficult for them to hold the place ordinarily assigned to Members of Parliament. To meet this difficulty the committee have engaged the present "*Home*," where provision will be made to meet the requirements of the individuals in question, with due reference to the modest scale of their former position. Strict attention to cleanliness and sanitary regulations will be enforced. Funds are, however, immediately required to provide the members with necessary clothing, and specially with the garment which English prejudice associates with ideas of decency; and it is with this object that the committee solicit your influence and co-operation.

Subscriptions will be received at the Home.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. S. MILL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Messrs. Thistledown	5	0	0	Count Glasowhiskey	1	0	0
Messrs. Banks and Braes	1	0	0	Apothecaries' Company			
A Scotch Liberal, in				a supply of sulphur			
postage stamps				and disinfectants.			
(damaged)	0	0	3				

OH! WONDERFUL MAN!

MR. HOWARD PAUL is a very great genius we all know, but no one could have guessed how gigantic was his intellect, had it not been for a paragraph which has been going the round of the papers. Mr. Howard Paul has suggested a continuation of *La Grande Duchesse*. The heroine "to be married to Prince Paul, and to henpeck him," (what a brilliant idea!), and then—here comes the most wonderfully original notion—"the blacksmith to be sent for to make the *sabre de mon père* straight!!!" and then "the history of the wonderful sabre to be told!!!" Was there ever such a witty ingenious dog? *Two* English authors are to write the libretto. One could not carry out such grand ideas all alone. After this who will not admit that England indeed possesses a second Shakespeare?

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION.

THE Reform League, in condoling with Mr. Beales on his recent defeat in the Tower Hamlets, expresses a confident opinion that he would have been returned at the head of the poll but for the interference of the Police. We quite believe it; but we must say it is rather a *naïve* confession to come from such a quarter. It is not every man's friends who would think they were complimenting him by the assurance that the criminal classes would have sent him to Parliament if the guardians of the law and our pockets had only let them; nor is it every man who would be grateful for the information. We fear that Reformers and Enthusiasts generally have a very small sense of humour. We cannot congratulate the League on that particular score, but we thank them for about the first incontrovertibly true statement they have ever made.

ENIGMA.

TELL me what is it that we are,

And yet we never know;

Which mounts with us to heaven above,

Or sinks with us—below?

'Tis what we're always thinking of

When least of it we dream;

'Tis what we all must try to be,

Yet never try to seem.

Q. WHY are members of Parliament said to *sit* in the House of Commons?

R. Because a House divided against itself cannot stand.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 85.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

MR. GLADSTONE'S "HAPPY FAMILY."

MR. GLADSTONE'S first Ministry is now complete. The only feature which distinguishes it from a Russell Ministry is the exchange of Mr. Milner Gibson for Mr. Bright. No one will deny that the exchange is a very advantageous one to the Premier, and to the country. If Mr. Lowe is not to be Mr. Gladstone's puppet, (and we should think the member for London University would furnish very unpromising material for a dummy), it must certainly be confessed that the fact of the Reviler of the Working Man being placed in so prominent a position, is a guarantee against any democratic intentions on the part of Mr. Gladstone. Whether the Presidency of the Board of Trade will have the same sedative effect upon Mr. Bright as it had on Mr. Milner Gibson, it is impossible to say; but, except to abolish the rate-paying clauses, and the representation of minorities, it is not very likely that the great agitator will exert his influence very much. He may rest under the shade of his laurels, and leave to Beales, Bradlaugh, Finlen, and Co. the task of bringing about the next "bloodless revolution."

Altogether, we cannot help feeling that the New Ministry represents the transitional state in which we are. It is something to be rid of Earl Russell, but there still cling to the skirts of progress some of the genuine selfish indolent Whigs, who trade on the reputation of the name, associated as it is with one of the grandest revolutions in history, but which then belonged to a far different stamp of men than the present owners. We should have preferred to see Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Mill in the Cabinet, even if their presence necessitated the exclusion of the courtly Granville, the ponderous Hartington, the canny Argyll, or even that well-conducted genius Göschen. Why the latter gentleman has been placed at the head of the Poor-law Board, except as a guarantee that Mr. Gladstone yet retains sufficient Whiggism in his composition not to interfere with the enlightened and genial rule of red tape, we do not know. Red tape! the colour is appropriate, for it has been dyed in the blood of many victims. We see no promise of any real advance for the cause of true Reform in the composition of Mr. Gladstone's Happy Family. As a specimen of incongruous elements fused into a temporary unity, it is interesting. The idea of Mr. Bright sitting on the same bench as Mr. Lowe is very amusing; we wonder if those back numbers of the *Star* which denounced in such vigorous language the slanderer of the working classes are still extant? or has Mr. Bright bought them all up, and burnt them on the altar of friendship? Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville are strange colleagues, but stranger subordinates, of the

"People's William." Fancy the pink of elegance and aristocratic grace receiving a deputation headed, let us say, by Finlen; indeed, as Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Granville may have to confer with ticket-of-leave men. It is very refreshing to see what wonderful conversions the Treasury Bench is capable of producing. Lord Clarendon, as the associate of the Radical member for Birmingham, would be a strange sight for the ghost of Lord Palmerston, if that jaunty spectre should "revisit the glimpses of the moon" some night of this session. However, let us rejoice that men can forget their differences so easily, for their country's sake, if not for their own.

Surely England never had deeper cause to regret Lord Westbury's escapades than now, when she beholds the woosack adorned by Lord Hatherley (late Sir William Page Wood). It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Peers and of his party, that he will prove a silent friend of the Administration. We want above all things now a Lord Chancellor who has the ability and energy to grapple with that most difficult question, Law Reform. Lord Hatherley may have a secret fund of genius and daring, like Lord Mayo, but he has scarcely as yet given us the right to suspect him of such peculiarities. The combative quality of Mr. Lowe's mind might have found a more genial province for its exercise at the War Office, than at the Exchequer. He would have snubbed the Commander-in-Chief to some purpose. Mr. Cardwell found courage to censure Governor Eyre, but we much fear he will be inclined to temporize with the Royal Horse Guards. One negative virtue the Cabinet decidedly possesses: it does not include Mr. Layard. At the Board of Works it is to be hoped that that darling of the *Morning Advertiser*, (the organ of the publicans is sure to support license,) may find some navvy who will be a match for him in strong language.

We will not criticise the *personnel* of the new Ministry any further. We will only ask them a few questions as to their intended policy, which if they do not answer satisfactorily, by their conduct as well as by, their professions, they will not be worthy of the confidence of those whose Liberalism means something more than antagonism to Church Establishments, and extravagant laudation of Mr. Gladstone. Of course the Irish Church question will be settled as quickly as possible. It will not be made to stretch over seven years for the purpose of ensuring to us the blessing of the present Whig and tamed-Radical Government. But what next? Are we ever to see the Poor-law office, and all its shameful shams and abuses, swept, and garnished with humanity and brains? Are permanent officials to be allowed to thwart every attempt at Reform, every

effort to benefit the deserving poor instead of the undeserving vagrant? Are the same vermin to swarm in our military and naval departments, and pursue, unchecked, their career of murderous blundering to which so many brave men have already fallen victims, under which so many noble hearts have been broken, so many lives made one long misery? Are the creatures of the Treasury still to be allowed to cheat the nation by applying the money, voted by Parliament for one work, in repairing the waste and loss incurred in some totally different work? Is the audit of the public accounts still to be in the hands of the nominees and slaves of that very department, whose expenditure they are supposed to check? Are thousands to be flung away every year in pursuing profitless experiments, while a few hundreds are grudgingly given to the support of education or of the fine arts? Are offences against property still to be punished with imprisonment, while outrages against life, and limbs, and decency, are compounded for by a fine? Are human beings still to be allowed to herd together in dens of fever and sinks of moral corruption, while our stables, our piggeries, and our slaughter-houses, are rigorously inspected? Are scoundrels to be allowed to poison the food and drink of the poor at risk of no other punishment but the payment of a small commission on their profits to the Government? Are hundreds and thousands of children still to be condemned by the brutal neglect of their parents to life-long ignorance and vice? Are our police to hunt harmless dogs to death, while garotters and housebreakers are allowed to walk freely amongst us, with their hands on our throats or in our pockets?

These are important questions, and some answer must be given to them. We have had enough of Whig palliatives; we want such abuses, as are pointed at above, rooted out of the land. The hydra self-interest must be slain. John Bull must be no longer bound hand and foot with that invention of the devil, red tape. The *laissez-aller* principle is a very pleasant one for the rich and the happy, not for the poor and wretched. We have got as much political liberty as we want, and perhaps more than is good for some of us. We want a little social liberty. We want to be released from the tyranny of custom. We all know that "the British Empire is the home of &c., &c., that Britannia rules the waves, and Britons never *will be slaves*," because they are the slaves of time-honoured abuses, to which they cling as evidences of their liberty. This is a glorious country, and a poor wretch is free to be starved to death or poisoned, and, for all some people care, he is welcome to such freedom. There is plenty of gold in the bank, and plenty of money to be made in the City, and British goods are bought and sold all over the world, and our vast commercial enterprise is our proudest boast, and our morality is purer than any other nations, we are a wonderful and prosperous people—and charitable too, look at the subscription lists. We know all this, and very gratifying it is; but we are getting rather tired of repeating all this self-laudation, and when we walk in the streets, we can't help looking at the gutters as well as at the shop-windows; unless we are very much mistaken, there are a good many people who have lately woken to the knowledge of the fact that a great deal of our national greatness is nothing but an idle boast, and that there is scarcely any civilised country in which so many disgraceful abuses are fostered, as in rich Christian England.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS EVERGREEN.—The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—Why!—Why? you stupid.—Because it keeps its leaves all the year round.

MILITARY REFORM.

Months ago we pointed out that the pretended economy of the Scheme for Control in the Departments of the Army would really be only a cloak for extravagance, waste, and jobbery, that numbers of officers would be put on large pensions, that numbers more would be promoted to new and more highly-paid posts, and that numbers of new appointments would afterwards be made.

Well, the reductions have begun, and have begun, as we foresaw, with reckless extravagance, such as has not often been paralleled. The first high officer whose reduction the new arrangements have caused has been pensioned off on a pension just five times as large as he had earned by law. The Director of Stores, after 12 years' service at Pall Mall at a salary of £1,200 a-year, has been put on a pension of £1,000 a-year for life.

Now, under the Act of Parliament, which governs, or is supposed to govern, such retirements, the highest pension that Admiral Cuffin (an Admiral at the War Office!) could have earned after 50 years' service is £800; the pension he is entitled to after his 12 years' service is £200; and the able arithmeticians at the Treasury seem to have found out that the only way to calculate his pension was by adding what he could have got, but didn't (£800), to what he could have got and did (£200), and so have decreed him a life pension of £1,000 a-year.

If all the reductions are carried out on this scale, we may indeed tremble at the prospect of the forthcoming retrenchments.

True it is that we have heard within the last few months of the reductions in the naval dockyards, which have "reduced" numbers of labourers and their families to penury and the workhouse. But they were *only labourers* without any "rights" to "retired allowances;" and are not the savings on their wages available towards giving "handsome" pensions to the poor officers who have to be reduced?

May we suggest to some one of "our new members" that he might signalize his commencement of parliamentary life by strictly watching and closely scrutinizing the various retirements which "our new economies" will render henceforth of daily occurrence. Let his voice be first heard in Westminster denouncing such jobbery and robbery of the hard-pressed taxpayer as is involved in such "retrenchments." Let him demand a distinct and definite statement of what reductions are to be made, of what promotions have been promised, and of what numbers are to be retained in connexion with the new scheme for Army Control. Let him moreover ascertain whether any of the appointments in the new departments have even already been given to officers who are not in the ranks of the departments to be reduced, thus entailing unnecessary pensions on the public. Let him consistently and persistently undertake the scrutiny of these fearful extravagancies, and we will promise him the gratitude of the nation,—and also plenty of work to occupy him for some time to come.

MISS MUTTON.

WHAT we confess we should think a great compliment to ourselves if we had written a novel has been paid to Mrs. Henry Wood, of the 'Argosy,' by M. Nus last week at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris. What we should consider an equal injustice has been done at the same time in not recognising that lady as originator of the plot which M. Nus has used for his drama entitled *Miss Mutton*.

Mrs. Henry Wood wrote a novel called *East Lynne*. M. Nus has brought out a most successful piece taken from this novel.

An outcry has been raised at the cool appropriation of the same, and we are not altogether astonished at it, but what we cannot understand is that Mr. Charles Reade has not opened his mouth on the subject. Perhaps he has already paid a sum of five pounds to the French pirate for the absolute use of his drama, so that before long we may be gratified, and Mrs. Wood charmed at the same time, to see *East Lynne* on the stage as an entirely original comedy, by the Authors of *White Lies*, or *Le Château de Grantier*; *Art or Mistress Siddons*; *A Village Tale* or *Claudie*, and other equally happy emanations from the same brain.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

"A PENNY for your thoughts," said TOMAHAWK, as he suddenly appeared in the midst of the first Cabinet Council of the New Ministers.

"Come, this is Christmas Time, let's have some fun. Write down on slips of paper what you are thinking of, and give them to me."

"Agreed," says Clarendon, always genial and ready for "a game."

The slips of paper were handed in. TOMAHAWK read them, one by one, to himself, of course.

MR. GLADSTONE.—How on earth am I to manage this lot? Let me see, there are three ways; by coaxing—that's not in my line; by trickery—that's more in Dizzy's line; by bullying—well, I must see what Bright says. I hope Lowe has turned his wooden horse out to grass for the winter. I shall quote Homer if he begins with his Virgil. I don't believe he understands Greek.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—Is it a dream? No, it is not. I am on the woolsack. I wonder whether the debating societies of some future age will discuss the difficult question, "Why was Sir W. Page Wood made Lord Chancellor?" For the same reason, I suppose, as that for which Eve accepted Adam. There was no one else.

LORD CLARENDON.—Here we are again! Jolly is not it? I am so glad they've moved Layard to the Board of Works—he'll be at home there—lots of mud. Bright is not such a bad fellow after all—I shall offer him a cigar (which he did).

LORD GRANVILLE.—I must be polite to everybody! I lead the House of Lords, thank goodness. Lucky for them it is not Russell. It might have been worse if Gladstone had made Beales a minister. Ah, *canaille*! I must not forget to bow to Bright.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.—Well, I'm all right. I've got something to do. I kept in with Gladstone all along. I was right. Fancy Granville leading the House! Why, I don't believe he has ever read the "Reign of Law." I shall send him a copy.

MR. CARDWELL.—War to the knife—with the War-office estimates.

MR. LOWE.—So this is what my Philippics of 1866 have brought me to! Chancellor of Exchequer under Gladstone! I wish they'd let me pay the bishops; would not I stop their salaries for non-attendance to their duties. I shall have my portrait taken as Laocoon.

"Laocoon ardens summâ decurrit ab arce," &c., &c.

MR. CHILDERS.—

"Oh, my ship it is ready, and the wind blows fair,
And I'm off to the Admiraltee, Mary Anne."

Yes, and won't I stir those old admirals up, that's all. Why, it will be better fun than a Kangaroo hunt.

MR. BRIGHT.—What an ass I shall look in silk stockings! Never mind, I'll bring in a bill to abolish primogeniture, court dress, entails, and all tomfoolery. I should like to have a good set-to with Bob Lowe for £10,000 a-side and a new Reform Bill. Never mind, perhaps he'll play billiards with me. I can beat him at that.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.—I wonder whether Ireland will be safe when this Irish Church business is going on. If they send Lord Halifax out, I am sure the "pisantry" will make shillelaghs out of him. Ha! Ha! Ha!

MR. GOSCHEN.—I am going to count how many paupers there are in England; that is my idea of Poor-law Reform. I suppose they put me here because I am very good at figures. It's about all I am good for, but it is hard on the poor. I ought to have had Lowe's place.

"Read! Read!" they cried, as TOMAHAWK laughed at one after another of the *naïve* confessions.

"Oh, no, that would never do; you won't get on very well as it is. I must take these little slips with me, slips of thought;

take care, my dear boys, that you don't make any such slips of the tongue, or my friend, Dizzy, will be down on you pretty sharp. Good bye, I hope this time next year we may all meet again, and in the same place. Meantime, 'A Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year' to you all."

With this very original remark, TOMAHAWK took his departure.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

RULE Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,
And mans her noble fleet
From TOMAHAWK'S young braves!

OVER THE SEE.

THE discussion concerning the residence of the Primate of England is still on the *tapis*; but although everyone seems to agree that some alteration in the existing arrangement should be made, no two people are of the same mind what it is to be. As the greater ventilation a subject of such moment receives the better, we do not hesitate to publish some of the schemes which have been submitted to us for our consideration. Of course we have made it a point, in the first instance, to consult those persons who are most nearly interested in the several proposals, and we append the objections which have been pointed out to us; but for our own part we frankly confess that we shrink from the responsibility of giving a decision on a question of such intense importance.

Scheme No. 1.—The Archbishop to be provided with a magnificent suite of apartments in all the Royal Palaces, and to accompany the Court to whatever residence the Queen may be pleased to occupy.

Objected to by her Majesty.

Scheme No. 2.—The Tower of London to be handed over to the Archbishop for a town house, and immediate arrangements to be made for placing Hampton Court Palace at his Grace's disposal as a country residence.

Beefeaters dissatisfied, and determined opposition from the present occupants of apartments at Hampton Court.

Scheme No. 3.—The "Official residence in Downing street" to be occupied permanently by the Archbishop.

Objected to by somebody at the Treasury.

Scheme No. 4.—The Archbishop to build a palace at Canterbury (at his own expense), and to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Objected to by his Grace.

Scheme No. 5.—The Archbishop to have no permanent residence, but to take up his abode for the period of one month with each of the Bishops of the Established Church in succession.

General consternation amongst their Lordships. Threat of the Bishop of Oxford to apostatise.

Scheme No. 6.—The freehold of the Canterbury Hall to be acquired, and the establishment to be entirely redecored for his Grace's reception.

No particular objection of anybody.

Scheme No. 7.—The Archbishop to be provided with a palace at Rome, and not to be interfered with.

Objected to by 40 per cent. of the members of the Established Church.

As for the Dr. Tait's own views on the subject, should anyone consider them worth asking for, we believe we are correct in stating that he would wish to retain his present residence in St. James's square, to use the palace at Fulham as a summer retreat, to occupy Lambeth Palace if it suits him, not to go near Addington Park unless it does, and, above all, to run down to his little house near Margate, which is his own personal property, whenever he has a moment to himself.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
SECOND ISSUE IS NOW READY.
Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet *resigned*!!!

WE understand that the Royal Tradesmen have assumed for their motto, "Ex Nile oh! Nihil fit!"

MR. GLADSTONE'S seriousness of purpose is fully shown in his refusal to make a place in the ministry for that arch jester, Bernal Osborne. Surely he has better wit and better sense, too, than Ayrton.

NOT even the robes of the Sovereign were present at the opening of Parliament. Perhaps Her Majesty is so pleased with the people's Representatives that she does not wish to bring their debates to a *clothes*.*

A WELL-KNOWN and generous Irishman has refused the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police (offered to him in anticipation of Sir Richard's resignation) because he declared that he "would rather be any *thing* than *Mayne*!"

WILD BOAR-GIA!

A NOT very imperial organ on the other side of the Channel has, thanks to the recent accident to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, found out a new meaning in Compiègne. Those much-prized invitations, for which many a Parisian lady would part even with her false hair, are not, after all, the beautiful compliments the world would have us imagine. The paper is white enough, but death works in the ink. Napoleon, like the Borgia, wishes to get rid of his "friends" in a friendly way, and so, poison being out of fashion, owing to the prevailing taste for *post-mortem* examination, he hits on the no less happy expedient of giving them a day's sport. Savage and trained stags, and the wildest of boars, are kept ready at all deserted spots in the forest, and woe to the *chasseur* who is led into the snare.

* Surely "CLOSE" is not meant by the writer.—[ED. TOMAHAWK.]

According, then, to JULES, the recent escape of the Prince was quite providential, he having been inveigled into the "ont" solely that his life might avenge the hitch, say in the reciprocity treaty.

JULES has, on the strength of this, favoured us with the following, which is, of course, absolutely authentic.

SCENE—*The Palace at Compiègne.*

Enter the EMPEROR, the KING of PRUSSIA, the CZAR, the QUEEN of SPAIN, and PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

The EMPEROR.—Good morning, gentlemen and woman.

The CZAR.—Good morning, you Sar!

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—O yes! Ros bif! I am Anglische! dam. O yes!

The KING of PRUSSIA.—No, Sir, you are one Schlesviger. Clean my boot.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—O yes! I am Anglische Duke! 'Oorah! Long lives the Queen!

The QUEEN of SPAIN.—'Oorah! 'Oorah!! 'Oorah!!!

The EMPEROR.—O yes! Let us 'ont. (*To the CZAR.*) You shall go and find one little stag that not bite, tied by his 'orn to a strong tree. I give you this gun. (*Gives it.*) It carry nine-mile, and kill ten stag each time. Go and stick it on the eye of that little stag, I tell you of, and fire. Ha! ha! you kill him dead; it is the 'ont. *Vive le sport*, gentlemen and woman!

The CZAR.—Thank you, Sa'ar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to the KING of PRUSSIA*).—You shall follow him, and hold the stag when he is dead, or cut off his leg, when he not look. (*Gives knife.*) It is great sport. I do it myself—(*aside*)—at the dinner! Ha! ha!

The KING of PRUSSIA.—I will stick this in to the Czar. (*Laughs.*) That is only my one little joke, you know. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to the QUEEN of SPAIN*).—You would like *le sport*. There is a little pig with blue ribbon on his face; so tame! You will 'ont him? (*Gives spear.*)

The QUEEN of SPAIN.—O yes! (*Aside.*) I shall 'ont you. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to PRINCE CHRISTIAN*).—You not worth the 'ont, eh?

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—That is one lie. They do make *le sport* of me in my country. I am Anglische Duke. 'Oorah! [*Exit.*]

THE LAST CUR OF THE SEASON.

WHEN Sir Richard Mayne issued his obnoxious manifesto against the dogs in the early part of the summer, not the least irritating point of its introduction was the aggressive manner in which every available brick wall was placarded with the "Notice." When the other day the Chief Commissioner was pleased to repeal his edict it was but natural to expect that the same publicity would be given to the retraction of the order as was accorded to its imposition; this, however, has not been the case, for the public have been left to find out for themselves from *quasi*-authoritative newspaper paragraphs, that their dogs had been restored to liberty. Unwilling, however, as Sir Richard Mayne may have been to rush into print just at present, the order of last June could only be cancelled by a further proclamation. The following document was evidently not intended for publication to the world, but as one of Sir Richard's confidential subordinates has done us the favour to forward a copy to us we cannot, in acknowledgment of the attention, do less than to give it a place in our columns:—

COMMAND.

WHEREAS for the past three months certain common persons, styling themselves the public, have dared to approach me and to declare to me that the order for the removal by the Police of stray and unmuzzled dogs was no longer necessary, I have considered it due to myself, and the office I do the country the honour to hold, to refuse to entertain such impertinent representations. Now, however, that Parliament is about to assemble, it is my WILL and PLEASURE that the order above referred to shall be in abeyance till in my wisdom I CHOOSE to renew it.

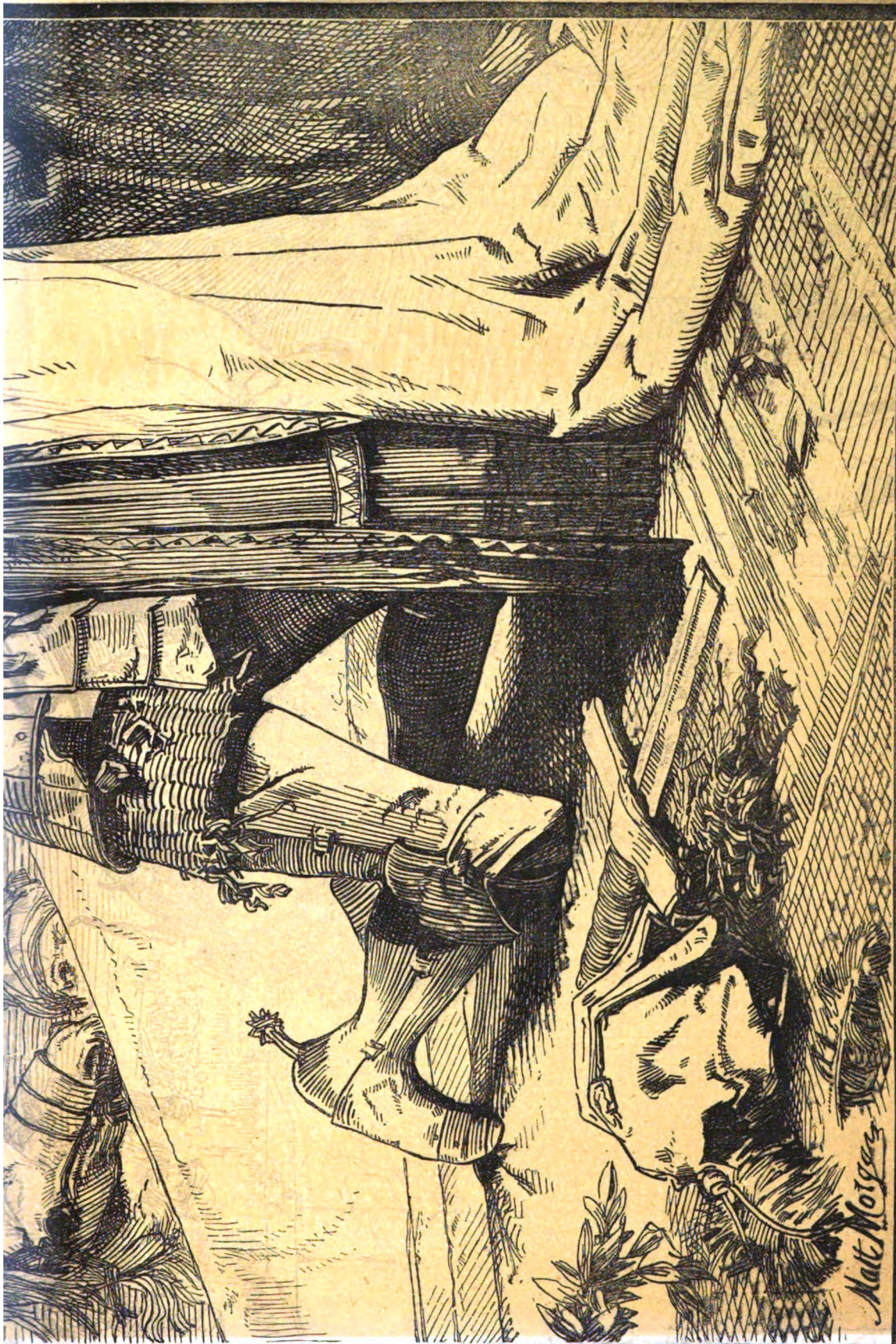
Signed,

RICHARD MAYNE.

Scotland Yard, 30th November, 1868.

THE TOMAHAWK, December 19, 1868.





“FINIS CORONAT OPUS!”

(DEDICATED TO VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD AND THE EX-PREMIER OF ENGLAND.)

1968
AMATEURS
EX-A

5-1447

2-12

2-12-1972

...and super

good if

some musica
- hadn't

...into
...nature

...wards, she
...ind

二二五五五
二二五五五

10-10-68

2025
10/25

1000

2-10-1

SECRET
20250

— 1950
— 1951

2238
2239

2015 11

2000

2-2221
JF 221

— 250 —

2007

12

11

45



1

100

100

10

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

Cawley's Rooms, the Guests, the "Dinnaw," Table-talk.

I WENT to "dinnaw" at Cawley's rooms to keep my promise. The rooms strongly reminded me of their tenant—they were vaguely grand and superficially comfortable. I found that our friend had many tastes—on an easel was a picture, which would have been *very* good if it had only been well painted. On the piano was some musical MS., which would have been *extremely* clever if only it hadn't been the waltz out of *Faust*, completely spoilt, and turned into a polka. The glass over the mantel-piece, with the picture of Cawley's mother, and its crowd of title-bearing cards, showed where, in its owner's character, the gentleman ended and the snob began.

There were four guests, all more or less shirt-front and stephanotis. One (Townshend), because he belonged to one of the Government Offices attached to the Houses of Parliament, was supposed to be a great authority upon political subjects. Another (Parker) having a brother unpaid *attaché* to the British Legation at Timbuctoo, was believed to be in the secret counsel of all the Crowned Heads of Europe. The remaining guests, Bloomfield and Rice, were of the stamp of the "Young Man of the Period," weak, silly, and vicious.

These clever young gentlemen stared at me when I entered the room, and seemed to put my dress clothes on trial. My waistcoat (being cut six inches higher than the mode) at once proved the case against me, and my clothes were found guilty, and sentenced to be snubbed for the remainder of the evening.

About this time Cawley entered the room, got up in shirt-front and black velvet; I was introduced to my judges, and we all went down to "dinnaw."

The "dinnaw" was decidedly good.

Cawley had the reputation of an epicure, and certainly on this occasion did his best to maintain it. We did not speak very much during the meal, and what follows is a fair sample of our conversation.

CAWLEY.—Haw, just take this bottle to Mistaw Rice (*servant obeys*). I say, old fellow, just taste that, and tell me what you think of it.

RICE (*pours out a glass of wine and devours a crumb of bread*).—Fine bouquet! (*He stares at the glass hard, holds it fiercely to the light and stares at it hard again, he then brings it under his nose and smells it, keeping his eyes fiercely fixed on vacancy. This done, he takes a sip large enough to fill his mouth, keeps his mouth full for five-and-twenty seconds while he ruminates, and then gulps the wine down. Turning his eyes towards Cawley he gravely bows in approval.*)

CAWLEY.—Yars, it is drinkable. (*A dish is brought in, guests refer to their cards, and take a languid interest in the movements of the waiter.*)

PARKER.—Yars, I know Wales has gone to the Nile to see the Viceroy of Egypt without giving offence to the Sultan. Sultan's awfully jealous. You all of you know story about *La Grande Duchesse*.

EVERYBODY BUT I (*smiling languidly at the faint recollection of some good story*).—Yars, gra fun.

PARKER.—Very much so. I know I'm right, got the tip from St. Petersburg.

TOWNSHEND.—Think you're wrong. Hear its economy. Say so at the House.

BLOOMFIELD (*calling attention to sudden emotion of Cawley, who now looks like a fashionable d:mon*).—Why, my dear fellow, what's the mattaw?

CAWLEY (*trying to control his rage*).—I knew she would! I have told her ovaw and ovaw again, and yet she does it! On my soul, it's too bad!

RICE (*tasting contents of last dish*).—Mean too much bread crumbs?

CAWLEY (*in a heart-broken voice*).—Yars!

GUESTS.—Confoundedly provoking. Bear up, old fellow. (*Said to console Cawley.*) Rather like bread crum m'self.

CAWLEY (*smiling sorrowfully at their well-meant attempts at consolation*).—Had presentiment this morning that something this sort would happen!

(Appearance of a fresh dish.)

And so on. I gradually and unconsciously adopted the manners of the other guests, and by dessert time was tasting and nodding like the rest of them. Yes, to my shame let it so be written.

And now came the business of the evening.

But pray pardon me, I am tired. Wait till next week.

A BARGAIN FOR BEAUCLERKS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, for the want of something better to discuss, has been moralizing over the agony column of the *Times*, and in an article which the leading journal reproduced in its own columns, has been quoting a batch of curious advertisements which are always to be found in that region of mystery, imagination, and humour. It is a pity that the following escaped the eagle glance of our ever vigilant contemporary, for it certainly serves as a text for a sermon at least half a column long:—

FOR SALE, the BUST of Admiral Lord AMELIUS BEAUCLERK, G.C.B., G.C.H., under a glass shade, standing on a pedestal, picked out white and gold, with the trophies. Price £10, worth considerably more. Apply at ———

Surely the advertisement must have a hidden meaning. To begin with, who is his lordship, and why should he suddenly be forced before the world as a public character? Again; why should it be considered expedient to protect him with a glass shade? Then what are his trophies, and why will the advertiser take £10 for the lot, when the trophies alone are evidently worth all the money? There is something more than natural in the announcement, if philosophy, or, better still, Inspector Clarke, of the Detective Police, could but find it out. Failing such solution of the enigma, however, let us hazard a guess at its meaning. May it not be that a bust of Lord Amelius Beauclerk has fallen into the hands of somebody or other who, finding it an unsaleable article, has resorted to the agony column of the *Times* to bring forward some relative of the noble admiral who would be willing to pay a ten-pound note to buy up the advertisement, or is his lordship a sort of Lord Nelson, who wants a little pushing?

DIVES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is something about the charity of Mr. Peabody, which, seeing we do not live in the first age of Christianity but in the nineteenth, may well afford matter for more than a mere passing comment. Not that we have the time or taste to devote to a sort of moral essay on the highest duty but one that a man can discharge. On the contrary, we wish merely to direct attention, in a casual way, to a question that it seems to us to ask with great point and force. Are the rich of this country doing their duty, or anything like it? Here is Mr. Peabody, enormously wealthy it is true, giving handsomely to the poor. Possibly, and we hazard the suggestion, we trust, without any detraction or offence, the great sums he has already handed over for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-men, have not in the remotest degree affected the course of his daily life or the amount of his personal expenditure. Still, after all, and especially in these days, when real charity is scarcely understood, it must be admitted that Mr. Peabody is far in advance of all other benefactors of mankind, and that the way of his giving is royal, thorough and substantial, and we may safely say thus much. If men of something like equal wealth would only follow his lead in the same spirit, what blessings might not be scattered broadcast on that most degraded, most miserable herd in Europe, the poor of England! Take, for instance, a man like the Marquis of Westminster; he gives, it is true, to various charities here and there, but to what extent? To one then, that when his enormous revenues are taken into consideration, is not to be named in the same breath with real charity. He is down, say, on some fund for £500, and Robinson, the government clerk, is also down for twenty shillings. Robinson then gives proportionately just double what the Marquis does, for he has his £400 a-year, and of that gives $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while we suppose no one will venture to assert that the income of the Marquis of Westminster amounts only to £200,000 a-year. But this is not even the proper

aspect of the thing, for without in the least touching upon socialism, there is a much more, striking one, when the subject is regarded from another point of view. Robinson, to refer to him again, has no doubt the greatest difficulty in sparing that pound and the other four that he makes a point of devoting every year to charity; in as much as his attempt to support his family decently on £400 a-year is attended with great difficulty and anxiety. Now it is to be presumed that any Englishman living, be he Archbishop, Duke, or cotton-spinner, could live like a prince on £100,000 a-year, or, to descend in the scale, like a less luxurious, but still comfortable, individual on £50,000, or even like a plain Christian gentleman, without any killing economy, on £20,000! Our really rich man, then, could give, not his 1½ per cent, like poor Robinson who feels it, but his 300 or 600 per cent. or more, and, as far as the comforts and blessings of this life are concerned, never feel it at all. Of course he never will do this, for he will quiet his conscience with all sorts of sophistries to the end of the chapter. All thanks, then, to Mr. Peabody for the new light he throws upon this vital question. His gift is a fine satire on the comparatively paltry alms-giving of our wealthier classes. That the satire will have the least effect, who, who knows the selfish and lying twaddle with which those who have all excuse their luxuries to those who have nothing, can for a moment hope? It is a gloomy subject, perhaps, and one that many of our readers would gladly dismiss, but it is, nevertheless, or soon will be, one of the great questions of the day. As we leave it we will make one apposite remark. It is rather the fashion among the rich to look on Dives as a thoroughly bad man. This is a mistake. He was simply very worldly.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR (THAT IS TO BE).

THE following specimen of a work, which will no doubt be the literary sensation of next season, has been forwarded to us.

CALAIS.—Arrived here all right. The sea was rather rough, but I have seen it rougher. When the sea is rough some people don't like it. I don't mind it. I can smoke. Alexandra is pretty well considering.

[I forgot to say that I intend to write a book about my tour. Alfred has had a book done; and my mother is quite a celebrated authoress. I don't see why I should not do something. I shan't get Knollys or Keppel to do any of mine. Not I.]

How jolly it is to think we have got away from London for four months. I am sorry for the people, if they miss me; I daresay Arthur Lloyd will be awfully cut up—and it's very hard on the Strand Theatre, but I can't help it. I could not let Alexandra go through another season. So as the mother *won't* come out, I had to bolt.

I suppose Christian will take my place. What a joke! We're off to Paris. *Vive l'Empereur, Vive Schneider!* Hurrah!

I must not be quite so familiar in my style. I must manage to get in something serious too—some information about the countries. I shall get Alexandra to write me an essay on the costume of the Egyptians. I suppose I shall manage to kill a crocodile. I should think if Alfred could kill an elephant, it will be deuced hard lines if I can't kill a crocodile—in fact, ever such a lot of crocodiles—and the sacred Ibex—no—Ibis.

But I forgot, here we are in Paris. I suppose I need not say much about Paris. It's the chief town of France, "and all tha-at thort of thing." Alexandra does not appreciate my imitations of Dundreary, but she laughs, bless her dear face!

As I was saying—Paris is a very large town. They manufacture lots of things there—chocolate, hats, fichus, chignons, bad cigars, good dinners, Emperors, and Schneiders. I am getting funny! I shall read this to little Victor, and see if he laughs—then I shall try it on Knollys. If he don't laugh—ah! he better had—that's all. This is an awfully jolly place. They don't stare at one. Alexandra and I walk about quite comfortable—nobody bothers us. Let's see, what shall we do to-night? Oh! we'll go and see Schneider.

It does one a great deal of good to see a French play, it's very good practice to see if you can follow what they say. Alexandra don't admire Schneider. I am sorry for that. I don't think she has got much sense of humour. She don't admire Arthur

Lloyd—and she never will laugh at "The Chickaleary Cove," though I sing it first-rate. Ask Carrington—he says we ought to get up a burlesque, private of course, at Sandringham. But I am wandering from my subject.

I am now going to relate a circumstance which befell me in the Forest of Compiègne. The Forest of Compiègne is so called because—By Jove! the Empress must have been a beautiful woman; she is now a splendid creature. I like Nap too, he is a plucky fellow, but he looks awfully seedy. I should not like to be him—too much trouble. These French take a deal of ruling.

Well, I was going to relate a circumstance that happened to me at Compiègne. But there, you know all about it. The papers kicked up ever such a fuss. It was only a scratch.

We're off again to Paris. Let's see, what shall we do to-night? Oh, suppose we go and see Schneider. Yes, we will—

(The MS. breaks off here.)

ACROSTIC.

SOMETHING that everyone should have,
And no one be without—
The first is excellent alone,
But when unto the second joined,
It's really out and out.

1.

The greatest actor that the world e'er saw—
At least you should declare so when in France;
Of course in England it would be barbaric
To say that anyone could equal Garrick.

2.

The silliest, most pretentious paper
That e'er was touched by fingers taper.

3.

A type of creature not, alas! extinct,
Of many vices he's the sum succinct.

4.

A name which does belie its derivation,
Of many men no gentle termination.

5.

A useful creature, which if you can't name
As Shakespeare says, "By cock you are to blame."

6.

The first of letters which old Cadmus hit on;
Which many fools since then have tried their wit on.

7.

Cut off a king's head, then cut off the tail
Of him who made so many; you'll not fail
To find what otherwise would labour much entail.

8.

A name that's very oft with lucre's joined,
But not with filthy lucre, or purloined.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—One's Own Self.

INCORRECT answers have been received from Burley, Digby, Ruby's Ghost, Samuel E. Thomas, Rataplan, Lizzie Gray, C. Armstrong, Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Charles Livesay, and A Cockney Hippophagists.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 86.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE ABUSE OF CHARITY.

WE certainly ought to be a very happy nation, if to give to others entitles man to be happy; for there really seems no end to the purse of generosity on which so many advocates of misery draw at this season. We never yet saw a return of the sums subscribed through the columns of the papers, and other channels, to various charities at Christmas. The return could, at the best, be but a very conjectural one; at least, it would give a very imperfect idea of the amount of money which is given away at this festive season. Still more difficult would it be to estimate the amount of good done by such donations; and most difficult of all to compile a list of those whose charity had not done, on the whole, more harm than good to those who received it. We are afraid the list would be a very small one. Half the money that is given in England every year in the form of alms would serve, if properly applied, to free us from poor-rates. There is no more terrible extravagance than this; it makes one despair to see how much is given injudiciously, and how much more is spent iniquitously. How many of our public or private charities really benefit the recipients of their bounty? How many degrade and demoralize those whom they profess to elevate and to save? We would rather incur the charge of misrepresentation and exaggeration, which we know will be made against us, than attempt to answer that question. Only let us try and say a few words which may help some whom this fearful and stupendous problem, how really to aid in diminishing the poverty and misery around us, perplexes and distresses.

Apathy is the ordinary state of people's minds on this subject. To put your hand in your pocket and give a beggar a shilling requires little exertion and less thought; but to enquire into that beggar's history, to sift his statements, and then to try and see how you can help him to make himself independent, requires much exertion and more thought. To roof over four brick walls, divide the building into cells, and fill these cells with the houseless, doling out to them bread and water, and gruel, and a blanket or two, is a very simple system for the relief of distress. The vagrant wants a lodging, he wants food, he wants drink, he wants something to keep him warm; supply him with these wants and what more need you do? He gets such relief here to-night, and will get it somewhere else to-morrow night, and so on. Vary the story; take the penniless man into the workhouse instead of into the casual ward, lodge him, feed him, clothe him; if he has the luck to get employment let him get it, but

don't help him to do so, don't try and fit him for any work—and if he chooses to give up his work when he has got it, why take him back again, and proceed as before. This is the national system of relief, and are the individuals of this nation to be expected to pursue a wiser one? Give, give, give; supply the present need, and never look to the future, is the motto of most benevolent persons, if not of most benevolent institutions. Let us say nothing of the greedy absorption of the funds of charities by paid officials; of the perquisites and vails, and salaries; the necessary expenses, such as mere little dinners for the governors, new rooms with new furniture for the master or matron, or head-nurse; with the other countless modes of eating up the guineas of the benevolent subscribers; let us say that such things are mere myths and wicked inventions of captious cynics, how much of the money professedly spent for the professed purposes of the charity, is spent with any probability of fulfilling such purpose?

There are, thank God, some charitable institutions in this country which endeavour seriously to encounter this great difficulty of securing the permanent, and not only the temporary, benefit of the recipients of their bounty. It is, in a great measure, the fault of our infamous Poor-law that the bewildered hearts and minds of benevolent men too often recognise only the existence of misery without seeking for the cause.

Money is invaluable in giving instant relief; Heaven forbid that we should check the promptings of the generous heart! But we must not stop at this stage; a little patience, a little labour, a little thought, and we may prevent the recurrence of the distress, that money alone can relieve, by other means. It is impossible that any individual can find employment for every destitute creature who appeals to his charity, for there is scarcely any public institution to help him in such a task; but we all can do much by a little exercise of judgment and true unselfishness, in abstaining from gratifying the impulse of our nature to give at once, and so cry quits with our consciences. It requires time and labour, which we cannot spare so well as money, to make our charity of any real use; but better take one case of distress and relieve it wisely, than ten and relieve them foolishly. Make this your great object in all cases—to raise the receiver of your bounty from dependence, however slowly, however painfully, rather than keep him in comfortable bondage. Let every shilling that you give help him to whom you give to earn sixpence, and you will have done good. But if you give twenty shillings with no other result but that when they are spent you must give twenty shillings more, you are but subsidizing the misery that you seek to destroy.

WHEN GREEK MEET TURK!

or,
HOW IT REALLY STANDS.

To what stage the rupture between Turkey and Greece may have arrived, by the time these lines are in print, it is impossible to conjecture, but as it is highly important that there should be no sort of misconception in the public mind as to the origin of the quarrel, we have much pleasure in giving the last telegraphic diplomatic correspondence prior to the present crisis.

Constantinople, Dec. 13.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Remonstrate at once as to this last Cretan business, and demand instant dissolution of the volunteers. The conduct of Greece lately towards our august Empire has been of the most dastardly, lying, and irritating character, and as a great nation, though it does not wear Paris hats and drink European spirits, will not suffer itself to be insulted with impunity, request, without any further delay, ample apologies for the past and satisfactory guarantees for the future.

Athens, Dec. 13.

From the Turkish Embassy to the Foreign Office at Constantinople.

Have done what you ordered. The young King was very impudent, and said I had better next ask to see his father-in-law. He also observed that the sooner a "row" got up the better for all parties, and that he thought the Sultan a great fool not to have married well. Our conversation ended in his throwing a footstool at my head.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 5 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Did you throw it back?

Athens, Dec. 13, 6 p.m.

From the Turkish Embassy to the Foreign Office at Constantinople.

No. I thought I had better not.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 9 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.*

On your return you will be sewn up in a sack with a monkey, a boa constrictor, and a copy of Tupper's religious poems and thrown into the Bosphorus. In the meanwhile, you will do your best to bring matters to a crisis by violating every diplomatic obligation.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 10 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Insist on the old terms once more. Threaten your immediate departure, and say that 50,000 men will march on to Thessaly at once. See the King again, and give this last message to him direct from the Sultan.

Athens, Dec. 14, 9 a.m.

The King of Greece to the Sultan of Turkey.

Yah! Anything else? Fire away, you old savage.

Constantinople, Dec. 14, 11 a.m.

The Sultan direct to the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

I have sent the last message to all the Courts in Europe. You ought to get answers in the course of the afternoon. Mahomet is really a great prophet!

Paris, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of the French to the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Never mind. Take five days more of it. France has her eye upon you. This business affects us more than you. Wait.

Vienna, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of Austria to do. do.

We have our eye upon you. Bear it bravely, and remember this business affects us more than you. Wait.

London, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The St. James's Cabinet to do. do.

We must see what the others are going to do first. Hard words hurt no one, so you must take what you get, and remembering that this business affects us more than you, wait.

Berlin, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The King of Prussia to do. do.

What a bore you are. Don't move a man, of course. Never mind what happens. Don't you see this business affects us more than you? You must wait.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of Russia to do. do.

Hand me over Constantinople, and I'll get you out of it, and I will rent you a mansion in Leicester square, London, and allow you £1,600 a-year. There!

Frogmore, Dec. 14.

Prince Christian to do. do.*

When you are hit, never hit anybody again. It hurts. Why don't you come over here. There's a fine opening for Continental talent, I can tell you. Merry Christmas to you! You'll soon learn English. Look at me. "Ooray!"

Strand, Dec. 18.

H.R.H. Tomahawk to the Turkish Nation.

You have been shamefully treated by Greece, who has violated every international obligation over and over again. Oriental as you are in your religion, habits, and thoughts, you will, in this quarrel, have the sympathies of all honest men. It would be a disaster to break up the peace of Europe at the present moment, but if you must fight, go in and win.

TREATS FOR STREETS.

THE Chief Commissioner of Police would seem to be inclined to court a little popularity now that Parliament has met. He has supplemented the repeal of his dog tax by the institution in the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis of semaphores to regulate the traffic, arranged on the same principle as railway signals, and worked by policemen. The signal directs the approaching vehicle to come on carefully, or to stop altogether as necessity may require. The new system is already in working order on several of the most dangerous crossings, and has turned out such a success that Sir Richard Mayne has been encouraged to follow it up by the introduction of a series of entirely original schemes, of which the following come first in the list:—

Every house in the Metropolitan Police District is to be fitted with a flag-staff from the centre window of the first floor front, from which a red flag shall be displayed when the master of the establishment is not at home.

The police on duty are to be connected with each other by electric telegraph wires, through which they will be able to communicate with each other from any distance and at any moment.

The police stations of London are to be connected by a private underground railway, in order that any number of the Force may be massed at any given spot without awakening suspicion by parading the streets.

Lastly, Sir Richard Mayne is deeply engaged in perfecting a wonderful invention by which the leading thoroughfares shall be left to take care of themselves, but we regret to state that, although for many months experiments have been tried in Regent street, Piccadilly, and other places, the invention does not promise to be as successful as was anticipated.

OUR LITERARY CHRISTMAS BOXES.

To Lord Lytton—a (Rightful) Heir-skin.

To Charles Dickens—a bucket of incense.

To Alfred Tennyson—a wooden Trumpeter.

To Robert Browning—a guide to the understanding.

To Victor Hugo—an order to the Queen's, by order of the King.

To Dion Boucicault—Unlimited Liability.

To Charles Reade—a French Pâté.

To Mark Lemon—a round of applause.

To Tom Hood (the younger)—a Little Fun.

To Tupper—an Extinguisher.

With TOMAHAWK'S compliments and best wishes for the coming year.

* This telegram was subsequently discovered to be a practical joke on the part of the young King.

* Another practical joke on the part of the King of Greece. This telegram is not genuine.

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY. MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE, THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

The new "Papaw" receives its title.

"WELL, gentlemen," said Cawley, "you know what we have met for?"

There was a pause here, while the servant carried round coffee, the *liquor* case and a box of cigars. After he had retired, Cawley continued:—

"I'm thinking of starting a papaw, and I want you fellows to help me."

"Delighted, I'm shaw" said everybody but I. I simply smiled, lighted a cigar, and waited to hear more."

"That's all right," said Cawley, and then he looked towards me, as he observed "the first thing to be considered is whether it shall be a 'daily.'"

"Or an 'Annual'?" said Parker, trying hard to look business like.

"Or an 'Annual'?" echoed Cawley.

"Prefer 'Annual m'self,'" said Rice, "less bore you know."

"Yars—less bore you know," replied everybody but I, and (this time) Cawley.

"Do you know," said our host, "I think it had better be a daily. I've got a cousin (fellow in the Foreign Office), who says he'd buy a penny paper if they'd bring out a new one. Well, he'd buy it if it were a daily, you know."

"Quite so," observed everybody, puffing away at their cigars, "think then it had better be a daily."

So that point was carried.

"Now," said Cawley, "what shall we call it?"

There was a long pause, and then somebody (it was Bloomfield, I think), began talking about the opera.

"I say," said Cawley, "don't think we'd better settle about name of the papaw?"

"What d'you say to 'The Primrose,'" asked Parker, "and have a lot about the price of flowers for the button-hole. Flowers for the button-hole awfully dear, you know. Should like to write about 'em."

"Or 'The Huntsman's Horn,'" said Rice; "you might write 'edited by the late Horne Tooke.' It would make the people laugh so."

"Or call it 'The New Bradshaw,' and have the time of the trains to Greenwich in it. Awfully useful for fellows going to have a whitebait dinner at the 'Ship,' you know."

"Or call it 'The Morning Call' and give the addresses of anybody changing houses. Save a fellow a lot of trouble in leaving cards."

"What do you think about it?" asked Cawley, addressing me.

"Well, the titles that have been mentioned are scarcely general enough. You see they are all *class* names."

"Don't you think 'The Huntsman's Horn,' 'edited by the late Horne Tooke,' rathaw good?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "very good indeed; but I think we might find a better. For instance, what do you say to 'The Hercules'?"

"Not a bad ideaw," replied Cawley, scratching on the tablecloth. "Editor Hercules." "Let's call it 'The Hercules.'"

"Delighted, I'm shaw," said every one, and so it was decided the new "papaw" was to be called "The Hercules."

"And now comes the question," continued Cawley, "what shall be the price?"

"Oh, sixpence," said Parker.

"Why not half-a-crown? Hate cheap papaws m'self," murmured Bloomfield.

"Well, you know," faltered Cawley, "my cousin (fellow in the Foreign Office) said he'd buy new *penny* papaw!"

"Well, then," said everybody, "why not make it a penny?" So that also was decided.

"That's, all I think," observed Cawley in a satisfied tone. "I don't think we've got anything else to decide."

"My good fellow," I cried, "how about the office, the date of publication, the advertisements, the advertising, the—in fact, everything?"

"Oh! you'll see to all that like a good fellow. You know

I'm the editaw, and of course I can't attend to those kind of things!"

And with this speech Cawley changed the conversation.

So to me was entrusted the production of *The Hercules*. How the task was carried out shall be told at a future time.

HEARTY LAUGHS FOR THE 25TH!

WHY must everything at the *Holborn Circus* turn out a success? Because every time there is any clapping there is sure to be a *round* of applause.

THE greatest number of people in reduced circumstances are to be met with daily—on what line? Give it up? On the Metropolitan, for every official along it is doing duty below his proper station!

A THOROUGHLY BAD CHRISTMAS JOKE.—How will H.R.H. the Prince of Wales flavour his roast beef this year? Why, with the *saucers of the Nile*!

NOW FOR IT THEN!—The coldest fun this Christmas is to be had, where? At the new Gaiety Theatre—and why? Because if one goes there, one is in for the *Esquimaux-tour* (*Escumoteur*)! !

THE ECHO OF AN "ECHO."

GREAT expectations were formed both of the quantity and quality of a new paper called the *Echo*, which was splendidly advertised long before its appearance. Its size and substance are so dismally at variance with the anticipation naturally formed of them, that when the news-boys run along the streets crying out lustily, "The *Echo*! the *Echo*!" those who buy it for the first time echo, "O—h!" upon seeing it. It is said they never buy it a second time, and that we shall soon see another illustration of "*Echo in vocem*," the news-boys' occupation being *vox et praterea nil*.

NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

THE insult recently offered to the American Minister by a committee of English working men will, we trust, have its effect. It is not reasonable, of course, to imagine that a thoroughly representative Committee of the kind should be acquainted with the ordinary usages of Society, or understand the behaviour of gentlemen, and therefore it would be simply out of place to say that Mr. Robert Coningsby, its mouth-piece, had to do a remarkably snobbish thing.

That Mr. Reverdy Johnson, representing as he does a great empire, should in his official capacity have condescended to accept an invitation from a parcel of nobodies, speaks highly for his determination to spare no pains, or shrink from any ordeal, however disagreeable, that might in any way consolidate the good feeling now happily springing up between the United States and this country. We can only trust that he will let this exceptional bit of low breeding on the part of a few ignorant Englishmen serve to set off, in a still stronger light, the really genuine welcome and true British hospitality he has experienced elsewhere. He was kind enough to say something of the sort in his public reply to the letter informing him of the vulgarity to which we have referred; and it is only in keeping with his every official act since his arrival amongst us that he should have done so.

All honour, then, to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and the spirit he represents.

As to the conduct of the "Committee" that had the impertinence to address him, it has merely furnished another additional weapon for the hands of those who are gradually getting more and more opposed to the bore of the age. The working-man proper has had a good deal to answer for lately, but yet he was supposed to be up to the average in British ideas of the duties of host, and likely enough to give a man a decent dinner if he asked him to his table. However, the fact turns out quite to the contrary. A Polynesian savage seems to have better manners.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

scnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
SECOND ISSUE IS NOW READY.
Price Threepence.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzles" or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet *resigned*!!!

THE report that, rather than be party to any more so-called reforms of that admirable institution, the Secretary to the Poor-law Board intends to resign, is, we are happy to say, unfounded. Mr. Fleming loves the poor too well to desert them now, besides there is no member of his family ready to take his place. England is said to owe much to the Dutch, but how much more does she owe to the Fleming!

WE understand that it has been arranged to run a special train from Scotland every Monday, for the benefit of those Scotchmen seeking for employment in India. The Duke of Argyll has set aside Tuesday and Wednesday for the reception of such applicants. In order to prevent any inconvenient crowding of the streets, no application will be received later than nine o'clock. A strong body of police will be in attendance. Tickets, entitling the holder to a quart of whiskey and oatcake *ad libitum*, may be had in the entrance hall of the India Office.

POOR Mr. Reverdy Johnson! He has been subjected to a cruel disappointment. The Reform League asked him to dinner, as he thought, and now he finds that it was all a mistake, and that the great Adelphi Spouting Club will have nothing to do with him. We hope the worthy American Minister will get over the shock of such a calamity. Mr. Johnson has one peculiarity which the American Radicals cannot overlook, and which is an unpardonable crime in the eyes of those vulgar and self-conceited public-house orators over whom the great Beales presides; he is, in the highest sense of the word, a gentleman, and they can as little understand the courtesy which induced him not to insult certain English gentlemen, merely because they differed from him in opinion, as they can practise such courtesy themselves.

THE MOST HONEST TRADE!—Why, Toma-hawking!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN
BRIGHT, M.P.

President of the Board of Trade.

Now that, friend John, I must revere
A Minister in you,
I very much should like to hear,
In language definite and clear,
What you propose to do.

Of course, the House of Lords you will
Abolish at a blow,
And forthwith introduce a Bill
Which shall the Bench of Bishops fill
With sacerdotal woe.

The custom of Ratail, I'm sure,
You will at once forbid;
And of that blot unjust, impure,
The law of primogeniture,
The country you will rid.

The Army, as a thing of course,
Will straightway be dissolved,
War will be dried up at its source;
Questions of right with those of force
No more will be involved.

Now that in office you're installed,
We in a week, at most,
Shall see the F. O. overhauled,
All our ambassadors recalled,
And consuls take their post.

The Royal Navy shall no more
Insult the peaceful seas;
No more the wicked Armstrong's roar,
Or rude proud pemmons from the shore
Flap in the morning breeze.

Paupers will henceforth be unknown;
Taxes will drop to *nil*;
And our free breakfast-tables groan
With imports cheap from ev'ry zone,
And each man have his fill.

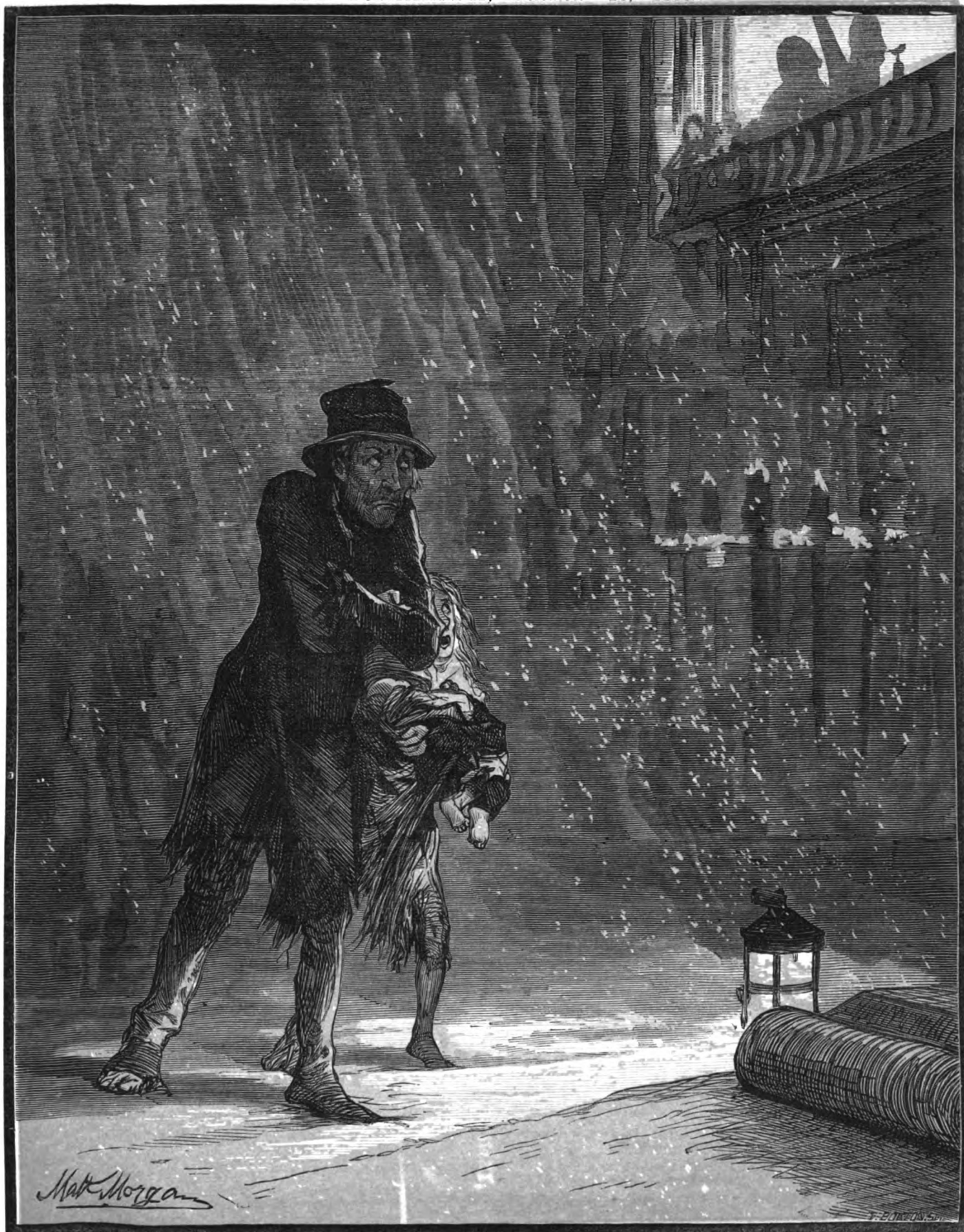
No hind will want a plot of land,
But in a trice will get;
Supply shall far surpass demand;
Tenants on their own soil shall stand,
And never be in debt.

If these fine things shall happen now—
As you have always said,
They would, if we would but allow
Plain folks like you to show us how—
Then, honours on your head!

But if they don't—and I, John, am
A sceptic, I aver—
'Tis plain you are a noisy sham;
And, not to deal in empty flam,
I always thought you were.

"TAME CATS" GOING TO THE DOGS!

THIS is our "Index Number," and we have no space to express all we think about Mr. Yates's new drama. Enough to say it is as bad as a false shilling in dialogue and plot, and like a bad shilling should be changed as quickly as possible. No words of ours can do justice, or rather injustice, to Mr. Blakey's acting. This gentleman was simply AWFUL!!! Mr. Hare was good, and Miss Wilton *piquante*. *Ad resto* we may sum up the play (remembering as we do the realistic scenery) in three words, "Doors and bores!"



"A MERRY AND CHRISTMAS!"

OR,
A SILENT APPEAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS MAY BE SENT TO

The Boys' Home, Regent's park road, W.
St. Giles's Soup Kitchen, 14 King street, Long Acre.
Providence Row Night Refuge, 22 Finsbury circus, E.C.
Model Soup Kitchen, 32 Osaburgh street.

Destitute Children's Dinner Society, 25 Grosvenor mansions, S.W.
The Bluegate Fields Ragged Schools, 44 Pigott street, East India road.
The Good Shepherd Ragged Schools, Renshaw street, New Cross road, E.C.
Christmas Dinner...

INDEX

TO

VOLUME III.

ARTICLES.

A.B.C. FOR A.B.A., 217
A Card! 90
A Farewell, 251
Abuse of Charity, the, 271
Abuse of Criticism, the, 147
Accepted! 175
Acrostic, Double, 198, 203, 218, 228, 270
Address to the Peoples by their Chosen Ones, 253
Advance America! 27
Advertisement, 198
Advice to a Friend, 19
After Dark, 51, 79
All about It, 107
All we Heard of His Speech, 231
Allen, Lord Mayor, 44
Amateurs, the:—
 Preface, 249
 Author Amateur, the, 239, 266, 273
Amusement for the People! 24
Another Murder at the Haymarket! 69
Another Poem by Milton, 43
Answers to Correspondents, 203
Appeal, an, 20
 "Arcades Ambo-sadors," 222
Archdeacon, to a very Venerable, 211
Asking for Bread and getting a Stone, 221
As Plain as a Pike-staff, 227
As the Twig is Bent, 50
At Him, Boys! 185
At the Academy, 250
At the Council, 53, 159

BALLAD of the Beaten, the, 247
Bargain for Beauclerks, a, 269
Battle of the Vestries, the, 123
Beautiful for Ever, 22
Bella! Horrida Bella! 135
Betrayed by the Lunatic! 124
Birds of Knowledge, 192
Bis dat qui cito dat, 159
Bless your Heart, it was the White-bait, 48
Blessing of Connections, the, 20
Blow for Blow; or, Milk and Honey, 115
Board of Ogres, a, 115
Book of the Year (that is to be), 270
Borrowed Plume, a, 129
Brand of Cain, the, 105
Break her Up! 242
Bright, the Right Hon. John, 274
Brighton Problem, the, 199
Brilliant Court of St. James's, the, 115
Bristol Diamonds, 9
Britannia and Hispania; or, Two Views of It, 174
Bute-ful for Ever! 131
By Authority, 227
By the Sea, 63

CAMBRIDGE Strike, the, 221
Canvassing the Ladies, 150, 170, 177, 185, 210
Cave Canes! 11
Charade-Puzzle, 148
Chatham Official, the, 84
Cheap Marmalade, 27
Chinese Ambassadors, on, 147

Chops (to follow), 83, 101, 106, 124, 135, 140, 153, 163, 174, 186, 207, 210, 224, 241
Church Snobbery, 100
Clerks of the Weather, 127
Comic French, 40
Corrupting Good Manners, 40
Corset and the Crinoline, the, 8
Court-suited to Circumstances, 10
Creatures of Rabbit, 178
Crossing the Mayne, 188
Cure for Mosquito Bites, 71
Curious Coincidence, a, 77

DEAR at any Price, 58
Death's Snuggeries, 59
Defiance, not Defence! 31
Dirge, a, 102
Disorganised Hypocrisy, 212
Ditty for the "D. T.," a, 4
Dives in the Nineteenth Century, 269
Doing the Amiable, 83
Down-hill, 134
Dura Necessitas, 188

EASE of Mind, 32
Echo of an Echo, the, 273
Echoes from Abroad, 145
Editor's Complaint, an, 127
Elections' Eve! 250
Electors of Great Britain, to the, 228
Enigmas, 238, 260
Entire, the, 2
 "En Voyage," 67
Epigram by a Timid Lover, 164
Episcopal Trustees, 206
Ex Fumo Dare Lucem, 221
Ex Officio, 105
Extraordinary Confession, 260

FACT! a, or, Canvassing the Country, 132
Fall of Tupper, the, 78
False Alarm, a, 249
Flashes in the Pan, 49
For Beckers or Worse, 127
For Sir John Fakington's Digestion, 69
Fortune for the asking, a, 106
Found near Scotland Yard, 178
French Pictures for the English, 111, 121, 133, 145, 157, 169, 181, 193, 203
Fresh from the "Mold," 44
From Pillar to Post, 232
From the Seat of War, 128
Frozen-out Candidates, 247

GENTLE Hint, a, 129
Gentlemen or Christians, 152
Gladstone's "Happy Family," Mr., 261
Gladstone's New Ally, Mr., 43
Gleam of Conscience, a, 122
Globe Upside Down, the, 233
Glorious News, 10

HEADS and Crowns, 164
Hearty Laughs for the 26th, 273
Heated Fancies, 54
Hepworth Dixon in Search of a Seat, Mr., 51
Hero Worship, 72

Highly Satisfactory, 19
Holiday-making Extraordinary, 185
Homes for Liberal Scotch M.P.s, 260
Honesty, 184
Hopeful, 84
Hotel Question, the, 101
Hot-weather Latin, 52
House Divided, a, 183
How to Use the Volunteers, 32
Humble Petition, an, 219
Humours of the Underground, 23
Hunger Knows no Law, 231

IMPERIAL Manifesto, the, 197
Imperial Wag, an, 133
Important Announcement, 112
In a Good Cause, 88
Inevitable Inference, an, 20
International Big Gooseberry Company, the, 60
International Criticism, 31
 "In the Editor's Room," 153
In the Smoking-room, 7, 17, 20

JENKINS Again, 129
Jolly Girls, 151
Just try It! 223

KALEIDOSCOPE Reflections, the, 171, 178, 200

LADIES' Miles, 102
Ladies' University Examinations, 70
Last Cur of the Season, the, 264
Late Civil War, the, 259
Latest Missionary Effort, the, 39
Law and Law, 123
Libel Tariff, the, 8
Liberalism run Mad! 123
Light Music in Paris, 228
Little Irritating, a, 114
Little Story for Little Writers, a, 250
Logic for Landlords, 178
Lover's Quarrel, a, 178
Low—to a Degree, 93
L. S. D.—lusion, 21
 "Lab" of a Club, a, 217
Lucre and Lucrezia, 217

MAKING and Marring, 18
Maniac's Column, the, 8, 18, 23, 38, 48, 58, 68, 80, 90, 102, 112
Marquis of Hastings, the, 227
Marrage à la Mode, 91
Martyred Sinners, 30
 "Manvais Soldat!" 30
Meeting a Want! 243
Merely Players, 68
Messalina, to a Modern, 211
Military Intelligence Extraordinary, 163
Military Methodism, 139
Military Reform, 174, 193, 201, 220, 240, 262
Ministerial Morality, 23
Minnie-Hawk, Madlle., 205
Miss Mutton, 202
Momentous Question, a, 153
 "Monte Cristo," 191
Morituri te Salutant! 254
Moses in the Ranks, 106

Mr. Boucicault, Please! 176
Musical Patchwork, 108
Music hath Charms! 17

NATURE's Gentlemen, 273
New National Anthem, 263
New Premier, the, 248
New Publications, 254
New Tragedian, the, 3
Next Election, the, 237
Nigger Controversy, the, 200
No Peace for the Wicked, 148
No Stopping It, 71
No Thoroughfare, 159
Not a Doubt about It! 116
Note by the Way, a, 106
Notice to Dramatists, 150
Numerical Mythological Charade, 160

OBSERVATIONS on the Weather, 51
Oh! Base Ingratitude! 84
Oh! Wonderful Man! 260
Once More Sir Richard Mayne, 218
One Swallow-tail doesn't make a Summer, 7
On Guard, 199
On Receiving a Portrait from a Golden Lily, 198
On the Bench, 192
On the Line, 11
On Trial:—
 The House of Lords, 10, 22
 Some Popular Candidates, 78
 Charity Mongers, 80
 Good Society, 94, 105, 122
 Prime Minister, a, 187
 Few Free and Independent Voters, a, 211
 Working Man's Candidate, the, 163
Onwards (!), 129
Operatic Music in Germany, 183
Our Election Intelligence, 82, 99, 126, 138
Our Literary Christmas-Boxes, 272
 "Over Head and Ears, 186
Over the Sea, 263
O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! 173

PARLIAMENTARY Pantomime, the, 222
Past Operatic Season, the, 99
Paynes and Penalties, 44
Peace! 72
Pearls among Swine, 49
Peccoliar Advertisement, a, 254
Penny for Your Thoughts, a, 263
Persecuted Jewess! the, 107
Petticoat Parliament, the, 149, 161, 173
Photographic Nuisances, 248
Playing at Soldiers, 153
Pleasant Place to Live in, a, 107
Point, to the, 8
Political Re-unions, 254
Politics and Pinafores, 84
Pollaky's Christmas Annual, 212
Poor Mr. Hubbard, 54
Poor Players! the, 37
Pot and Kettle, 183
Power that Wants Curtailing, a, 93
Pulling Together! 253

QUARTER and no Quarter, 158
Questions for Sir John Fakington, 19

Question for the Clever, 207
 "Qui S'Excuse—" 114
 Quite Reut-er, 242

RANELAGH Redivivus, 7
 Reason Why, the, 223
 Reformed Parliament, the, 70
 Requisites for the Sea-side, 12
 Respectable Poisoners, 60
 Results of Enquiring Within, the, 49
 Revisors wanting Revising, 53
 Rhyme and T-reason, 50
 Riddle that has Puzzled the Lunatics,
 the, 136
 Rightful Heir, the, 170
 Room for Walker, 169
 Royalty in Slippers, 82

"SAVE us from our Friends," 18
 Scootched; not Killed, 201
 Sermons and Sermons! or, Sweet Lies
 for Wealthy Sinners, 86
 1792 and 1868, 146
 Shame! Shame! 232
 Sign of the Times, a, 218
 Signor Babbagino, 32
 Silly Friends in Council, 8
 Single or Double, 80
 Six and Half-a-dozen, 12
 Snarl before a Snap, a, 43
 Some North Warwickshire Electors,
 to, 207
 Something worth Reading, 3
 Song for Infant Statesmen, a, 23
 Song of the Stump, the, 207
 Song of the Successful Candidate, the,
 222
 Song of the Unsuccessful Candidate,
 the, 231
 Sooner the Better, the, 198
 Sowing Tares, 12
 Spider and the Flies, the, 4
 Square-root of Evil, the, 38
 Startling Election Intelligence, 180
 Sullied Page, a, 71

TAKING a Bullfinch, 83
 Taking the Wind out of a Sale, 106
 Talking it Over, 237
 "Tame Cats" going to the Dogs, 274
 "The Burnham Scrubs R.V.C.," 37,
 47, 57, 67, 77, 89
 "The Mighty Voice?" 116
 "The Spanish Gipsy," 2
 Thespian Stables, the, 237
 Thieves, Thieves! 94
 Thimble-rig, 17
 Thinking Evil, 42
 Thoroughly at Sea, 202
 Thumping Legacy, a, 51
 Time, the Avenger, 260
 Tipperary Outrage, the, 31
 To an Outsider, 146
 To John Bright
 TOMAHAWK'S Election Address, 91
 TOMAHAWK'S Exchange Column, 221
 Too Keen by Half, 108
 To the Editor of the —, 206
 To What Base Uses, 154
 Town Crier, a, 40
 Treats for Streets, 272
 Treble Enigma, 184
 Troubled Waters, 22
 True Tragi-comedy, a, 41, 52, 61, 71,
 85, 92, 104, 114, 139, 151, 162
 Twaddle, 61
 Tweedledum and Tuileries, 230

UNDER Distinguished Patronage, 199
 Undress Uniforms, 43
 Unpacking Pakington, 198
 Unreasonable Jenkins, an, 42
 Unsound Minds, 185
 Up and Down the Boulevards, 241
 Utrum Horum Mavis Accipe, 209

V.x Victim! 1
 Venus p. Phœbus, 2
 Very Conscientious, 164
 Voici les Sabres, 140
 Void of Abuses, a, 135

WANDERING Mahomedans, 42
 Wanted, 224
 Wanted, a Horsewhip, 136
 Warsaw and Worser, 152
 Waits for Jo, 210
 Week, the, 4, 12, 24, 32, 44, 54, 62, 72,
 86, 94, 108, 116, 130, 140, 154, 164, 178,
 188, 202, 212, 221, 232, 242, 254, 261, 274
 "Welcome Home our Sailor Prince,"
 31
 What it has come to! 238
 What the Queen's Visit to Switzerland
 really Means, 72
 What will he do with it? 229
 "When a Body meet a Body," 122
 When Greek meet Turk, 272
 Where will He Stop? 209
 Who's for Spain! 199
 Why Not? 3
 Wild Boar-gia, 264
 Woman and Her Mistress, 103, 113,
 125, 137
 Woman's Word-book, 3, 11
 Wooden Heads and Wooden Ships, 176
 Word with John Morley, a, 29
 Word with South-west Lancashire, a,
 249
 Word with the Actors, a, 38
 Wrong in the Mayne, 202

CARTOONS:—

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"—or, a
 Silent Appeal, 275
 Amusement for the People! 25
 Another Spanish Marriage! 155
 "At Rest!" 55

BOUND TO THE STAKE! 190-191
 Break her Up! or, the Bad Ship,
 "Irish Church," being Towed to
 her last Home at Westminster,
 241-245
 By the Sea! 64-65

CARTOONS—(Continued).

CALLED TO THE ARENA! or, Open-
 ing the Door to Revolution, 178

DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE! or, the
 Political "Trappist," 45
 "Don't Desert Me," 236-237

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS!" 266-267

IN BAD HANDS! or, "Tufts" of
 Turfs, 131

LAST OF THE BOURBONS! or, Liberty
 Avenged, 166-167

"MORITURI TE SALUTANT, CÆSAR!"
 256-257

"NOT FOR JO" (HM STUART MILL);
 or, a Smith for Westminster, 208

ON THE VERGE! 109

PARADISE LOST! or, the House of
 Commons and the Peri, 225
 Peace! or Enjoying his Holiday,
 74-75

RACING THE TIDE, 118-119
 "Rough" Gulliver in the Toile!
 the, or, the Real Use of our
 Citizen Army, 31-35
 Running into Danger! 96-97

SERMONS AND SERMONS! or, Sweet
 Lies for Wealthy Sinners, 87
 Sowing Tares! 14-15
 Spider and the Flies! the, a Tale
 of the Turf, 5

"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!" or, the
 Modern Curtius, 142-143

WHICH WILL IT BE? or, the London
 Season 1868-69, 214-215

(The above Index does not include short Paragraphs.)



67-221-14



